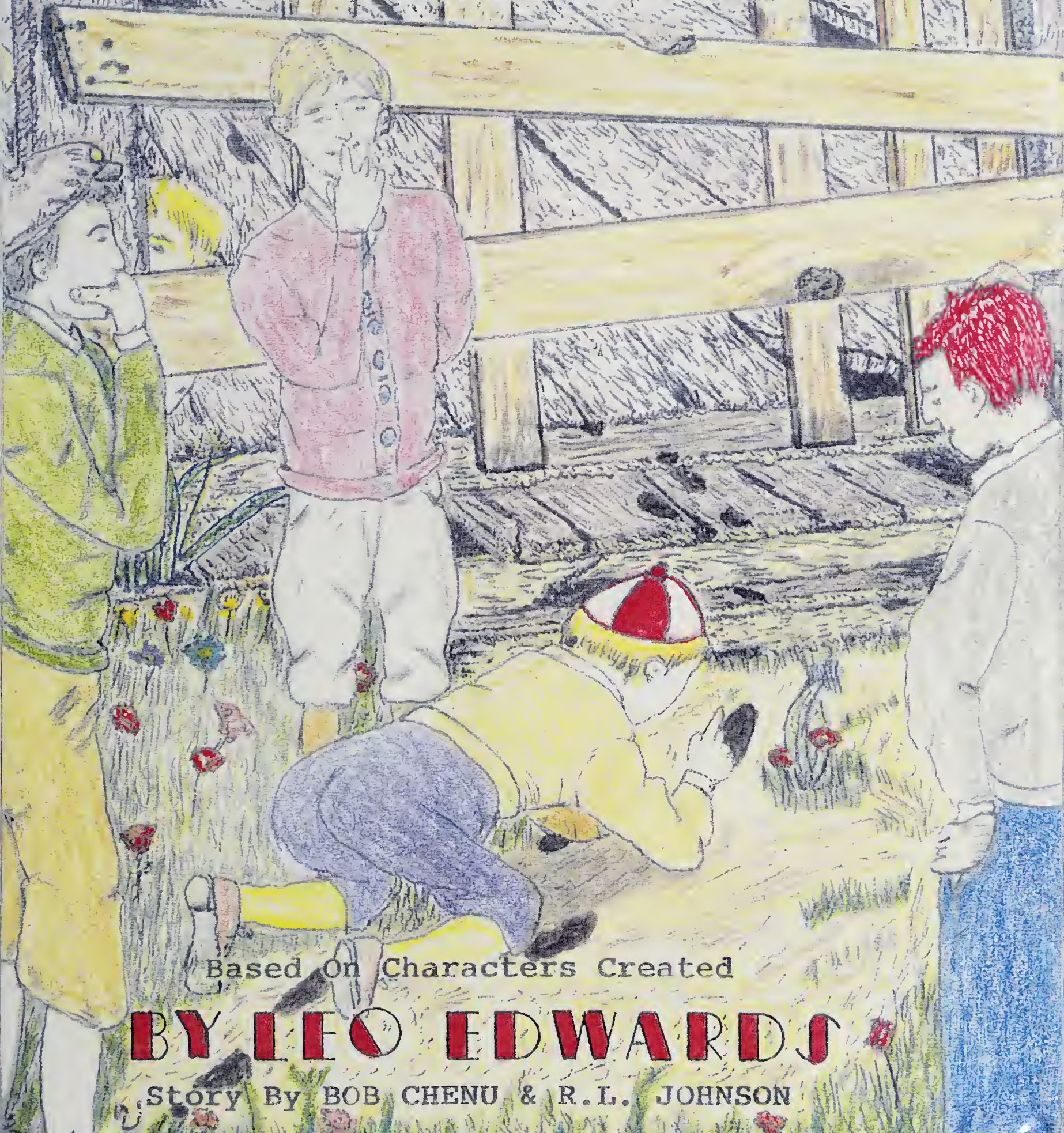


# JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

ALSO: THE WHISPERING MUMMY and  
THE REJUVENATED EGG SERIALS

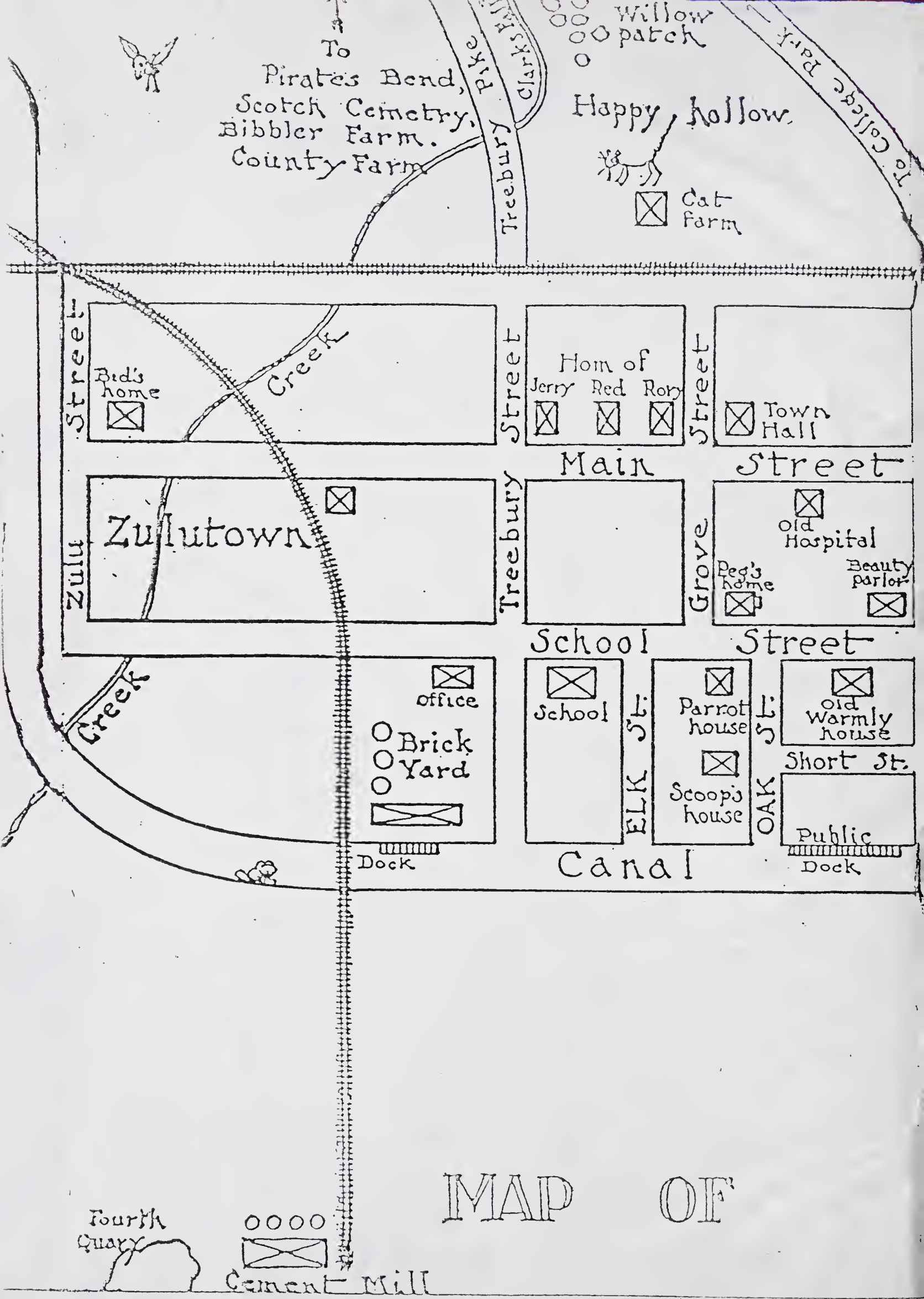


Based On Characters Created

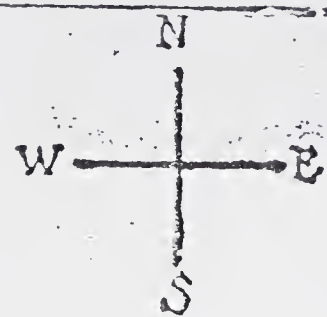
**BY LEO EDWARDS**

Story By BOB CHENU & R.L. JOHNSON





Road to Ashtown →



Depot



Chicago and Rock Island R.R.

Street

Poppy's  
pickle  
Parlor

Street

Factory district

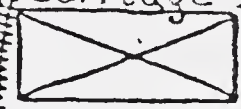
Main

Street

church

Canal

Old  
Carriage factory



School Street

Hill Street

Stores

Stores

Tutter  
Times

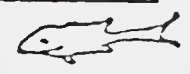
Jewelry  
store

Grant St.

Poppy's  
home

Elm St.

Canal



To Ashton →



TUTTER ILLINOIS

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# JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

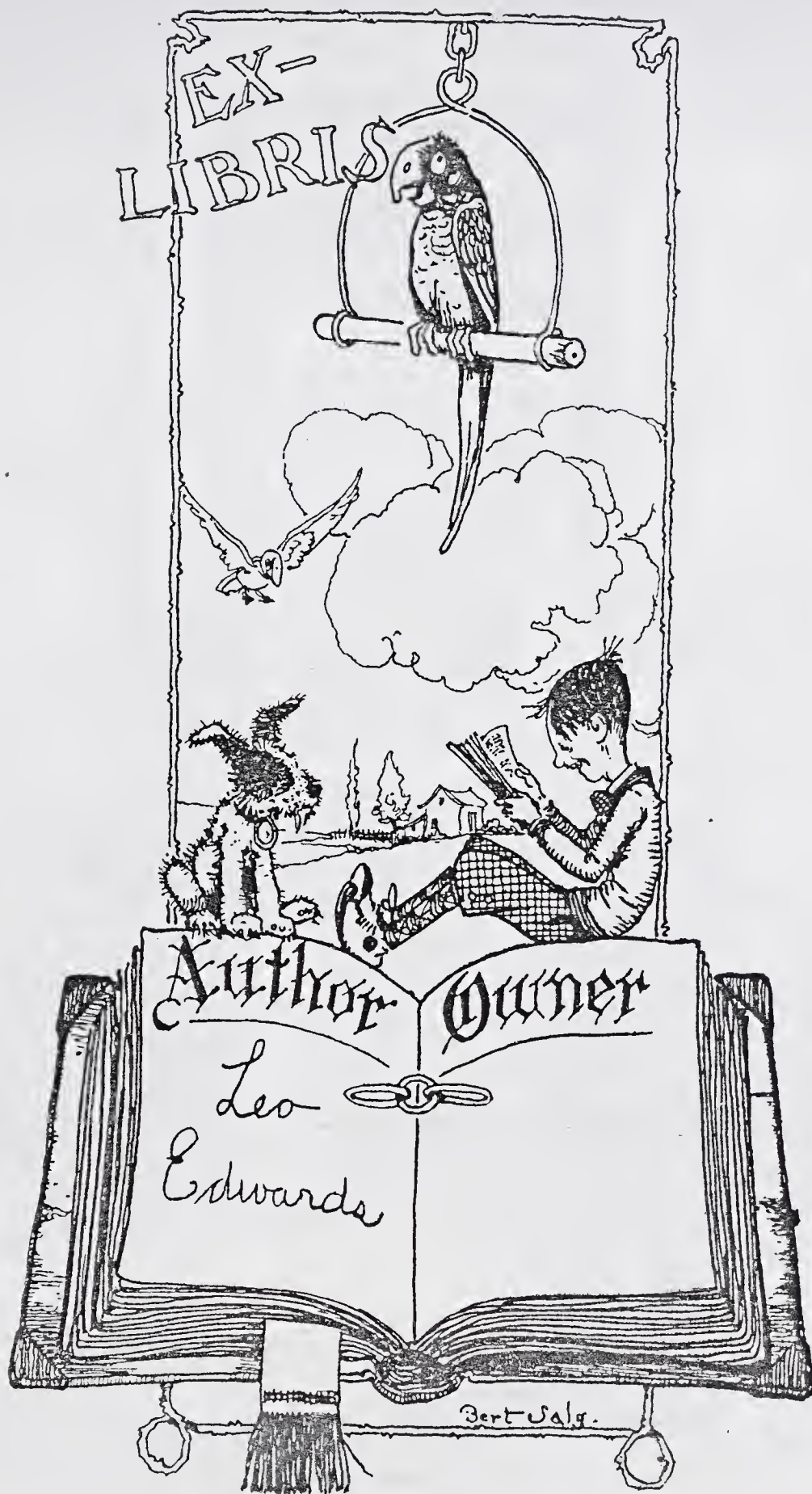




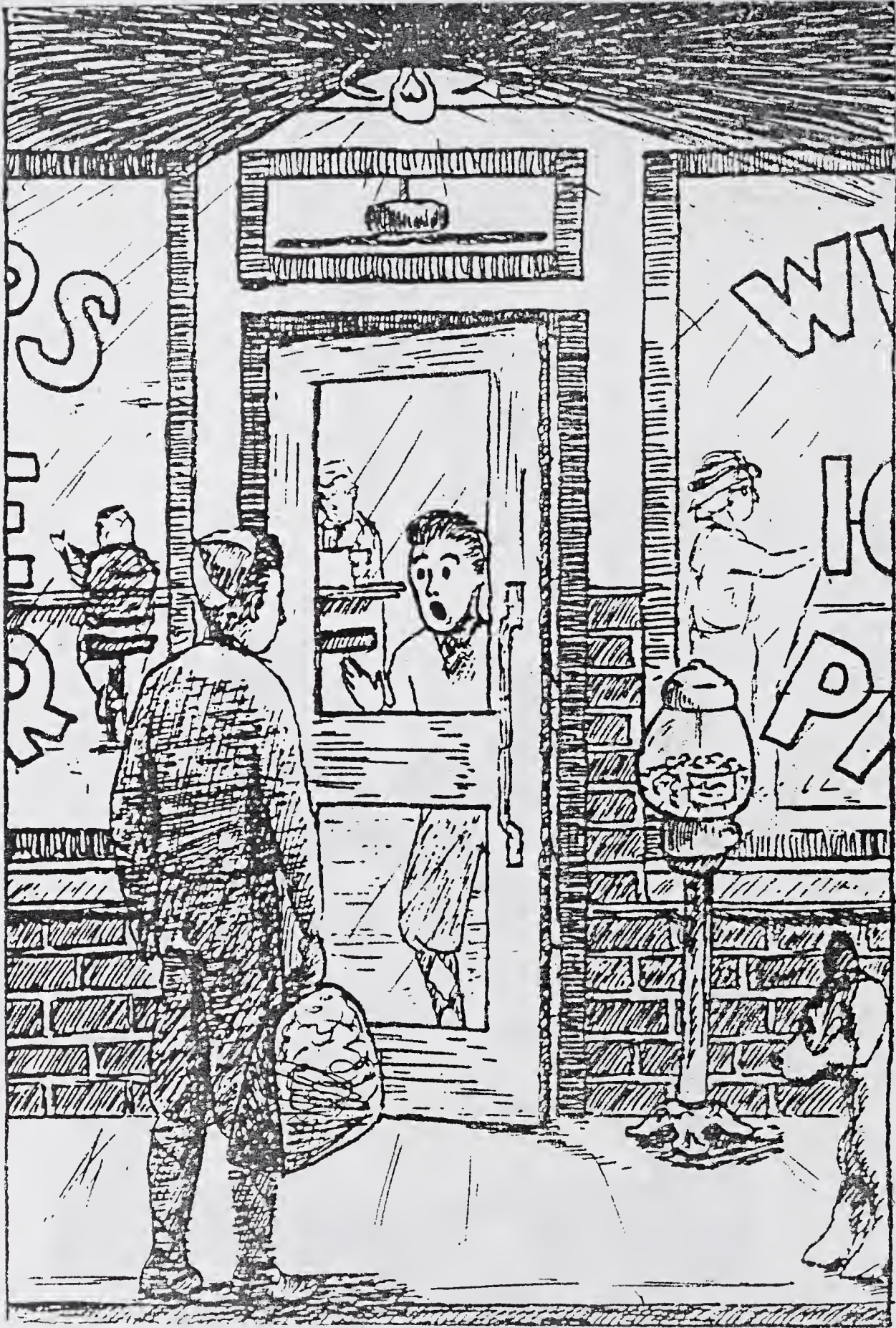
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I THOUGHT I WAS LOOKING INTO A MIRROR.



# JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

By BOB CHENU  
& Robert L. Johnson

*Detective Story Edited By*  
Joseph A. Ruttar

*Based on Characters Created By*  
LEO EDWARDS

*The Whispering Mummy and  
The Rejuvenated Egg Serials By*  
EDWARD EDSON LEE

*Frontispiece By*  
Dan Williams

*Cover By*  
Robert L. Johnson  
Phyllis Butters

THE TUTTER BUGLE

*Publishers*

—

*Bisbee, AZ*

JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

©1988 By R.L. Johnson  
and Bob Chenu

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THE WHISPERING MUMMY

©1923 by The Sprague Publishing Co.

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THE REJUVENATED EGG

©1923 by The Sprague Publishing Co.

©1926 by Grosset & Dunlap

DEDICATED TO:

The memory of an avid juvenile book collector and original author of this story, Bob Chenu. And to the many fans of Leo Edwards who read and enjoyed his books, magazine stories and articles.

Also dedicated to the following in appreciation for their assistance: Joseph A. Ruttar of Philadelphia, PA; Phyllis Butters of Salem, MA and to Jerry Clark of McMinnville, TN.

Second Printing



## JERRY TODD SAYS

"I know a fellow," Scoop Ellery told me one day while we were sitting on my front porch, "who recently needed eye surgery to correct his eyes from turning into his nose. The doctors transplanted muscles, or something like that, to pull the eyes back to their normal position so he could see the same we do.

"He said that after the bandages were taken off he saw double till he got used to seeing with both eyes at the same time, There was two of everything. He'd go out for a walk and see two sidewalks. One going to the right, the other to the left. After several weeks, however, he learned to use both eyes at the same time. But in this adventure, we saw double, even triple, and there wasn't anything wrong with our eyes."

"That's because there were two, then three, Jerry Todds," I remarked cheerfully at the leader.

Nor was this our first encounter with doubles.

In our first adventure, twin babies were

## JERRY TODD SAYS

left outside our back door, so to speak, after we foolishly talked ourselves into being quarantined in the pest house. The title of that story is JERRY TODD'S TROUBLE IN DOUBLES. Red Meyers and Peg Shaw were there with us and what we did to Clarence Carey when he landed there beside us.

"Um!" Scoop interrupted my thoughts, "I believe that our first adventure together as Juvenile Jupiter Detectives found all four of us trapped down cellar at the old Morgan place." He grinned. "We can't seem to keep away from there." He was right! The old house played a part in this mystery also.

"Right," I said, reminded of THE WHISPERING MUMMY adventure. (The serial is included in this book after JERRY TODD DETECTIVE) "At least we didn't get locked down in the cellar with a hoard of hungry mummy itchers crawling down our necks this time."

Scoop shook his head.

"Just after that Mrs. Peter Kepple and her five-hundred dollar cat came along," I continued.

I was referring to Lady Victoria in JERRY TODD AND THE ROSE-COLORED CAT.

Scoop wagged a finger at me. "Professor Ellsworth Stoner said it is a 'feline,' not 'cat,'" he scolded.



## JERRY TODD SAYS

I answered with a loud snort!

After thinking back for a moment I giggled about how embarrassed Red had been caught without his pants on when we found a girl, Elizabeth Garber, aboard our showboat, the SALLY ANN. This story is told in JERRY TODD AND THE OAK ISLAND TREASURE. All the time she had been steering the old clay scow toward Oak Island while we slept.

"Remember how the Cap'n danced up a storm till his peg-leg skidded into our 'genie well?'" Scoop said. "Then he faked his own death, after which that waltzing brown hen appeared. I can't believe we actually thought it was the Cap'n transplanted into the hen's body."

"Transmigrated," I corrected. This was in JERRY TODD AND THE WALTZING HEN.

Scoop gave a good-natured shrug.

Or the time when the talking frog and the school's Victrola had that shouting contest," he added.

"R-r-r-rats," I mimicked the sound the frog made in JERRY TODD AND THE TALKING FROG.

"Our practical joke sure backfired on us in JERRY TODD AND THE PURRING EGG," I reminded him.

Scoop winced. "I thought it was THE REJUVENATED EGG," say he.

## JERRY TODD SAYS

"Then there was Professor Hebbberloon Chatterby and his Heloderma in JERRY TODD IN THE WHISPERING CAVE," I told him.

"We almost got eaten by Cannibals," I added, "but still we went back to Oak Island in JERRY TODD, PIRATE, to go on a treasure hunt for 'The King's Silver.'"

Just after that, Red Meyers, the red-headed monkey that he is, brought Bingo, the elephant, home. It was a gift. But Bingo shoved out the back wall of the Meyers' barn, accidentally, and both Red and his elephant disappeared. This mystery story is told in JERRY TODD AND THE BOB-TAILED ELEPHANT.

I got into a lot of trouble when I took over the job of Editor-In-Chief at **The Tutter Bugle**. In fact, I got into so much hot water I even changed my title to JERRY TODD, EDITOR-IN-GRIEF.

Surviving all this, Red Meyers and Rory Ringer disappeared back into the year 8,699 B.C. (to Oak Island). By the time the rest of us caught up with them they were well set up as cavemen. It is told in JERRY TODD, CAVEMAN.

Not one to sit idle for long, Red became the proud owner of a real air glider. He was soon ready to take to the air in JERRY TODD AND THE FLYING FLAPDOODLE.

After that, Red, Horsefoot and I came



## JERRY TODD SAYS

upon that old tin bathtub in which Buffalo Bill was supposed to have once taken a bath. Red, of course, HAD to have it. This is found in JERRY TODD AND THE BUFFALO BILL BATHTUB.

"Remember that club we started?"

"Club?" I scratched my noggin a moment. "JERRY TODD'S UP-THE-LADDER CLUB! Yes, I remember.

"How about the time we helped by working in the resort and the Stricker gang caused us so much trouble," I added.

"You mean JERRY TODD'S POODLE PARLOR?"

"None other."

"That was fun as well as scary," Scoop said.

"At least our last story took us back to our favorite haunt, Oak Island, in JERRY TODD'S CUCKOO CAMP," I said. "What a nutty trip that was."

"I wonder if we'll have any more mysteries to solve?" Scoop wondered out loud.

"Hopefully not for a while," I said. "I've had enough trouble with my doubles to last me for quite some time!"

However, we were soon to find ourselves up to our Juvenile Jupiter Detective necks in mystery and other almost unexplainable and mystical happenings with oodles of fun in my new book, JERRY TODD AND THE WIZARD'S SPELL.

JERRY TODD SAYS

It's coming soon!  
Watch for it!

Your Friend,

*Jerry Todd*



## OUR CHATTER-BOX

**L**EO EDWARDS started his “Our Chatterbox” idea in 1929 with the publication of *Poppy Ott & The Tittering Totem*. It contained an introduction, such as this, letters and poems received from his many fans.

He got the Chatter-Box idea from the “CHATTERBOX” books which were published from the late 1860s through the 1930s, until the start of World War II.

*Jerry Todd Detective* was originally written by him, but never published. His manuscript, unfortunately, was lost. Bob Chenu, Our Chief Mummy Inspector of The Tutter Bugle, took the information from the final paragraphs of *Jerry Todd's Cuckoo Camp* and wrote a serialized version which appeared in The Bugle in the mid-1970s. Quoting Jerry Todd:

“What would you think if you were walking down the street and sudden-

ly met yourself face to face? Oh, you say that doesn't make sense, huh? You say it couldn't happen.

“Well, something very much like that happened to me. It was a case of a double, of course. But who was this mysterious double who looked so much like me that even my own parents were fooled? And what was he doing in Tutter?”

“It's a story with a weird ghostly angle — packed full of mystery and surprises, and with heaps of fun in it.”

Bob took the story line from there.

When The Bugle Book was planned, it was decided to publish “Detective” as a short story. It recently underwent a complete re-write in a new and updated version of The Bugle Book which will be issued sometime in the future. The illustration for The Bugle Book was drawn by Howard Rempes, an Edwards fan of long standing.

## OUR CHATTER-BOX

Bob Chenu and Robert Johnson, your Editor-In-Grief, discussed the possibility of lengthening this story, publishing it as a full-length hard-bound book and have it printed at a regular book publishing firm. However, at that time, the cost was prohibitive to our pocketbooks, so it wasn't carried to completion and the idea was put on the shelf.

Late in 1988, Bob passed away.

It seemed that this book would never come to be, but with the able assistance of Joseph A. Ruttar's editing and suggestions, work on *Jerry Todd Detective* once again got under way. This story has been completely revised and rewritten from anything previously published. A color dust jacket has been added as well as a "Jerry Todd Says" and this, "Our Chatterbox," feature. Phyllis Butters set the type for this section.

The paper isn't nearly as thick as the newsprint used by Grosset & Dunlap, so to make a thin book thicker, "The Whispering Mummy"

and "The Rejuvenated Egg" serials by Edward Edson Lee (Leo Edwards) have been included.

Jerry Clark, formerly a resident of Bisbee, Arizona, who now resides in McMinnville, Tennessee, provided the red cloth used for the cover.

The entire book has been set on a Brother Word Processor using a Brougham type face.

### POEM

#### *Ode To Hadley's Flivver*

Oh it roars like a bull  
When he's stung by a bee,  
And it sways like a boat  
In a southerly sea.  
For the engine is missing  
And the woodwork is punk,  
And there's little that runs  
On the ancient old junk.  
The headlights are dim  
And enfeebled by years,  
And pieces of seat spring  
Jab delicate rears.  
The tires are a joke



## OUR CHATTER-BOX

If your mind runs that way,  
And the inner tube patches  
Grow larger each day.  
But the looks of the flivver  
Can really go hang,  
For this Ford is as faithful  
As Jerry Todd's gang.  
A pull on the crank  
And a snort and a cough,  
And wild wave the fenders  
As Hadley takes off.  
It carries the marshall  
All over the town,  
While Poppy and Jerry  
Are painting things brown.  
The totem is chasing  
The galloping snail,  
And the whispering mummy  
Is safely in jail.  
The rose-colored cat  
Is curled up for a nap,  
The frog and the hen  
Are asleep in her lap.  
The flivver is resting,  
Its fenders are furred,  
And Hadley is happy,  
All's right with the world.

## L E T T E R S

10332 Oak Island  
Tutter, Illinois  
January 3, 1995

Dear Bob:

I noticed in the latest Tutter Bugle (long may it blow), a picture of my official Police Department's flivver. You seemed a little vague as to what it was and why it was in the Bugle in the first place or even who owned it.

As an avid reader of Leo's books you should be aware of the importance of the Police Department in apprehending malefactors, particularly the Strickers and others of that ilk. If it were not for my trusty Ford I would not be the able and effective keeper of the public weal that I am. Or at least, was.

Back in the '60's Ed Lauterbach apparently borrowed a police file photo of my car and sent it to Bob Chenu and you published it in the

## OUR CHATTER-BOX



“Marshall Bill Hadley and his (t)rusty flivver – Photo supplied by John Dizer.”

Bugle. I remember at the time it was completely unexpected to me and a big joke to all except the Tutter Police Department. I forgave them eventually.

Both the flivver and I are still doing better than most. As proof I enclose a

current picture of the noble car taken last November, together with its venerable former owner. I bought it from the Department when I retired and my son now has it. I drove it last November and impressed, nay shocked, the heck out of the local peasantry.



## OUR CHATTER-BOX

While police protection in Tutter is not the same as when I was there, it is still a good place to live.

s/ X

Bill Hadley

P.S. I also enclose an ode someone wrote to my car which may have been printed in the Tutter Bugle. (It was. Page 128 of the story section.)

P.P.S. I came across 2 copies of the original Vol.1, No.1 of the Bugle if anyone needs one. — John T. Dizer, 10332 Ridgcrest Road, Utica, NY 13502

This next letter comes from Gary LaCom, P.O. 51, Blantyre, Malawi, Africa.

“I’d like to take a moment to let you know a bit about myself and how I came to know of Leo Edwards’ books.

“My dad was given one of the Jerry Todd books as a boy. It is not surprising that he enjoyed them very much and went on to acquire more.

In his case he did this by earning premiums selling magazines, such as *Colliers*, door-to-door. This was in the early thirties. When I was about 7 or 8 he read *Jerry Todd & The Talking Frog* to me and I was hooked. I read and reread all the books he had, which was all the Jerry Todds, except *Poodle Parlor* and *Poppy Ott & The Prancing Pancake*.

“I began looking in used book stores for the books I had not read, while I was in college in the sixties. Somehow, I never paid much attention to the Chatter-Box and missing the opportunity of reading the key segments found in *The Tittering Totem* and *Poppy Ott Hits The Trail*. It simply never occurred to me that Tutter might actually exist or that many of the characters were named after real people. Then in 1986, just before we moved to Africa, we visited my uncle, another Leo Edwards fan, and we got to talking about the books.

“In the course of the conversation he dropped the bombshell (to me) that

## OUR CHATTER-BOX

he had been to Tutter and even visited Eugene Lee. I was absolutely floored. In all my searchings for the books I never encountered anyone else who had even heard of Leo Edwards and they only knew that they were hard to find.

“On furlough in 1989 we took the opportunity to visit Utica. Unfortunately, we arrived at a time when both the museum and library were closed. We had only a few hours to spend. Another trip in 1993, though, proved far more successful. Along with one of my sons, my Mother and Father and my sister and her entire family, we made the pilgrimage to Utica. We stayed two days and covered the entire town and as much of the surrounding countryside as we could. One whole morning was spent in the museum pouring over their Leo Edwards files. It was from there I learned about you and the Bugle and the existence of other fans.

“So, as you can see, my love of Leo

Edwards and his stories goes back forty years. I am also a real novice with regard to what had been going on. That brings us, sort of, to the present. I happened across Leonard Francis’ effort at placing ‘Jerry Todd’s Trouble In Doubles’ in book form on that same trip.”

Gary has redone the “Doubles” story. Ed Lee’s original story in “Boy Partners” is full of errors. One of the hazards of trying to edit one’s own writing. In fact, one major change was made by Leonard Francis in the story. Jerry’s last name was “Morris,” not “Todd.” Hard to imagine the “Jerry Morris Series,” isn’t it?

For now, we’re out of room in the Chatter-Box. See you again soon in “Jerry Todd And The Wizard’s Spell.”

Robert L. Johnson  
*Editor-In-Grief*  
The Tutter Bugle  
Feb. 16, 1995



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## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

By Bob Chenu and Robert Johnson

WHAT would you think if you were walking down the street and suddenly met yourself face to face? Oh, you say that doesn't make sense, huh? You say it couldn't happen. Well, something very much like that happens to Jerry Todd! It's a case of a double, of course. But who is this person who looks so much like Jerry that even his own parents are fooled? And what is he doing in Tutter? It's a story with a weird ghostly angle — packed full of mystery and surprises.

### BOOKS IN PREPARATION

#### JERRY TODD & THE WHISPERING MUMMY

By Leo Edwards

While at the Tutter College museum, Jerry and his gang are startled and frightened when an Egyptian mummy, dead for thousands of years, groans, then whispers — "I AM NOT DEAD! I AM SLEEPING."

For information write:

**THE TUTTER BUGLE**

317 Pittsburg Ave.

Bisbee, AZ 85603

# J E R R Y   T O D D D E T E C T I V E

## CHAPTER ONE.

### Soaking Wet.

Our cat suddenly raised her head instantly alert to the impending menace. Looking quickly about, her ears cocked, she located the peril that was rapidly approaching. Still she didn't move but lay there, her eyes wide open, ready to scamper for her life within a split second.

There was now no doubt about it! Danger was about to engulf her. With a "yowl", a quick "phfffttt" of anger and a fast swipe of her left paw, she sprang aside and scurried away to relative safety under the front porch.

It was my weekly job to lower the grass with the old lawn mower during the summer vacation and I'd disturbed the family cat, who had been snoozing peacefully in her favorite spot on the lawn. She was quick to complain to me about being bothered and was meowing and scolding very loudly.

But I didn't mind. Finally finishing that chore, I put the mower back into the garage and grabbed the rake. It didn't take very long to finish up



## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

this sweaty task.

Wiping my face with a rag I carry around tucked in my back pocket just for such a purpose when I'm working on these chores, I headed toward the house and went up the back porch steps.

Mother stopped me.

"Be sure to use the whisk broom to brush the grass cuttings from your shoes before you come into the kitchen," she reminded me. "Really, Jerry, I don't know which one of you track in more dirt and trash from yard work, you or your father."

"Sure thing," I grinned, brushing the few blades of grass and other truck from the soles of my shoes.

"I've finished my chores, so, if it's all right, I'll head on over to Red's house."

"Of course," she said. "What do you boys have planned for to-day? More rose-colored mummy mysteries?"

"Rose-Colored Cat and the Whispering Mummy," I corrected, replying to her question. "Nothing in particular," I told her, "but I'm sure we'll find something to do, but no mysteries to-day." Was I ever wrong when I said that!

"I'm going now," I told her, hurrying through the dining room. I hooked

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

a banana and an apple from the bowl of fruit sitting on our dining room table. "I'll be home for supper," I added.

"All right, Jerry," she replied, as I went through the front hall and out onto the porch, the screen door accidentally slamming shut behind me.

I wended my way toward Red Meyers' house, which is two doors from where I live on Main Street, in Tutter, Illinois. I've known Red all my life. When we were little, we used to play together much of the time.

Now that we're older, we are still good pals. Generally whatever we do, we do together. Red's dad runs the local moving picture theater and a lot of times when school doesn't get in the way, we help out with some of the sweeping and other chores. We get to see most of the new films when they come to town in exchange for our work.

My father owns the Tutter Vitri-fied Brick Company that my Grandfather Todd started. It's located on the edge of Zulutown, which is the rough part of Tutter, right next to the canal.

Along with Red and myself, our gang's chief members' are Scoop Ellery and Peg Shaw. Scoop is sort of the leader of our four-cornered group. His

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

ready wits especially fit him to direct things and think up stuff for us to do. He lives on Oak Street a few blocks away. His father has a grocery store here in town.

Peg Shaw is our fourth member and the last, but certainly not the least. He's a big, strong, gritty and smart pal. His dad is in the painting and papering business. They live on Grove Street.

We also have a good chum by the name of Poppy Ott around whom I have written a separate set of books. Good old Poppy! He and I have had loads of fun together. We've solved several odd mysteries together, involving GALLOPING SNAILS, FRECKLED GOLDFISH and STUTTERING PARROTS, to name a few. But Poppy was out of town on business at the time the events of this story took place, so therefore doesn't figure in this weird mystery.

The endpapers of some of my books have a map of our town. Tutter is the best small town in the entire United States. Anyway we think it is. Though I dare say that boys in Wisconsin, New York, California and all over the country think the same thing about their own home towns.



## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

I've written about some of our fun and adventures in my books. From them, you can get pretty well acquainted with Tutter, and the canal, Oak Island and the rest of the surrounding countryside. Oak Island, in particular, is one of my favorite places. We have had a lot of fun there. It's figured in five of my books. JERRY TODD & THE OAK ISLAND TREASURE, JERRY TODD IN THE WHISPERING CAVE, JERRY TODD PIRATE, JERRY TODD CAVEMAN and my last book, JERRY TODD'S CUCKOO CAMP.

If you've read it, you'll recall what a nutty camping trip that was. Swiss Family Robinson style! Complete with a shipwreck (more or less) and a mysterious giant footprint in the sand near the fresh water spring.

Little did I realize, however, as I tripped over a croquet arch left on the Meyers' side lawn, that another mystery was about to pop up and engulf us. And I would be involved in a way I still find hard to believe.

Our freckled-face member, was engaged in washing his Dad's flivver in their big back yard. I heard giggling and saw Scoop and Peg lounging in the shade of the old barn, making sport of the sweating worker, while he soaped and

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

rinsed in the hot July sun.

"Hello fellows!" I said, joining Scoop and Peg in the shade. "Say, Red! I NEVER expected to find YOU working."

"Look at him, Jerry," Peg laughed. "There's more water dripping from his over-stuffed carcass than there is from the Ford! Is it hot work in the sun, Reddy-Redskin?"

"I'll Reddy Redskin you - you big stiff if you don't keep shut!" snapped Red. "It's a wonder . . ."

Here his voice trailed off as he stepped back a pace and viewed the flivver's right fender with a critical eye. Slowly shaking his head, he stepped forward and soaped the same spot again. He rinsed and continued on with what he had been saying:

"It's a wonder you wouldn't do a little something to help out once in a while besides sitting around and yapping at someone who's got ambition."

Scoop and Peg and I grinned.

"Ambition! Now that's something you were never introduced to, Red," Scoop hooted. "You're more than likely washing your Pa's automobile because he told you to."

"Jerry," the big one continued with our kidding, "I think that the freckles

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

look like they're melting right off. Maybe he's doing this as a brand new beauty and freckle remover treatment and to lose weight at the same time."

Red silently stepped back and once more surveyed the same shaky front fender. Again he soaped and scrubbed and rinsed. "It doesn't matter what you fellows say! This sort of job suits me just fine," the tricky one said, polishing so hard the fender almost fell off.

Peg snickered loudly. "We've all read TOM SAWYER," he told the schemer, "and we are NOT about to whitewash any fences; nor will we wash your Pa's car for you!"

Peg said a mouthful there!

"Red, you look so wet and drip so much, it's hard to tell if it's perspiration or did you turned the hose on yourself by mistake?" Scoop asked, adding his two cents worth to our kidding.

This was finally too much for Red's fiery temper. Clamping his thumb over the hose nozzle to make the water squirt farther, he soaked the leader from head to foot.

"Mistake!" he howled. "You bet I made a mistake!"

Peg's guffawing drew the squirter's attention. "And you Mister Big Mouth!"



## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

he yipped, giving Peg a similar soaking. Then he turned the hose on me.

Scrambling to our feet as the water hit us, old hefty used his noggin and made a lunge for Red.

"I'll tie that red topknot to a tree branch, and . . . " but here Red got him right in the mouth with the water, so his threat ended in a sputtering squawk.

Though drenched, Scoop had his wits bone dry and working full time. He scrambled and grabbed the hose, doubling it up so the flow of water was stopped. Red and he then engaged in a yanking match. Peg bailed out his mouth, as well as his eyes, then sprang and took hold of Red's topknot. He held the squirmer tightly and pulled the end of the hose out of Red's hand, stuffing it down the back of the freckled one's knickers.

"I'll fix you now," he howled, holding Red in a tight bear hug. "Let go of the hose, Scoop."

Scoop gladly let go of it. Red yelled and kicked while water poured down his legs in a regular torrent. Old hefty received a kick to his shin. Releasing Red and holding his leg, while hopping around and wailing loudly, Red

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

quickly retreated to safety. With Red now out of our reach, I turned the water off at the faucet.

Here Mr. Meyers percolated into view on the back porch. "Looks like the Illinois River is on the rampage through my back yard," he said. "I only asked you to wash Old Betsy, Donald, not drown her."

"We were just taking a morning swim because it's such a hot day, Mr. Meyers," Peg grinned.

"Um! Well, it seems like there's enough water to go deep sea fishing, to say nothing about going swimming," joked Red's father. "Now if Donald has finished with Old Betsy, I'll be getting down to the theater. If there's a certain gang of boys, who wish to get out of the hot sun, they can show up at the Lyric Theater, and we'll see if we can't sit them in the front of the silver screen where it's shady."

"Aw, but Dad. There's nothing but two of those silly old romantic pictures being shown today. We'll wait until you get the new talking ones. We're not that bad off for something to do."

"Suit yourselves," said Mr. Meyers, as he draped himself behind the wheel. "But coming up soon is a shoot-em-up

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western picture with one of your favorite heroes, so you can come then, if you prefer."

The new talking pictures are really fascinating to me. Red, being mechanically inclined, of course, had immediately discovered just how the sound worked. However, I'm not so inclined. I just sit and watch and listen.

"Your Dad's all right, Red," Peg said, as we watched "Old Betsy" almost float out of the driveway. "Now that you've finished the flivver washing job, let's do something. Let's go swimming at the Fourth Quarry. Or maybe we could go fishing."

"I've had enough of swimming with Red and the hose," scowled Scoop. "How about going over to the river and fish?"

"I saw Cap'n Tinkertop last night and he said he was going to do that to-day. Maybe we can catch a bigger bullhead," he added.

"That would get his goat for sure. He prides himself on his fishing skill. But it's awfully hot for rowing and even if we only drifted downstream a ways, we'd have to row back again," Red objected.

He was right. It WAS much too hot to do any rowing. A thought struck me as



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how we could solve this problem.

"I just had a sudden thought," I said. Then Scoop interrupted me:

"Did it hurt?

I stared at him, my mouth open.

"Your sudden thought," said he. "Did it hurt your head when it struck you there?"

"Not so you'd notice it," I told him, adding: "Because there's nothing between my ears to be bothered by such things." Then explaining my idea:

"Maybe our friend, Deacon Pillpopper would lend us one of his motorboats. Last Tuesday, when you were all over at Ashton, I was down at the Deacon's. He was repairing his dock, so I pitched in and helped all afternoon.

"He wanted me to take a motorboat out after we finished the job, but it was too late in the day. I heard the five o'clock whistles blowing, so had to get home. Maybe he'll let me borrow one now if they aren't rented out.

"He knows us all, so I don't think he'd mind if we wanted to use one of them to do some fishing. What do you fellows say we go and ask?"

Deacon Pillpopper is the man who built the big community incubator that I tell about in my WHISPERING MUMMY book.

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He lives at the end of the long bridge that spans the Illinois River south of Tutter. He keeps a boat livery there and has a dozen rowboats and two motorboats which he rents out to fishermen.

"That sounds a lot better than rowing, Jerry," Scoop said. "Let's all get dry clothes, pick up some food as well as our fishing tackle and spend the day on the river."

The rest of us agreed, so we headed for home to get our stuff and permission from our parents. We were to meet again at Red's house.

Dripping my way home, I clattered into the kitchen where I explained our proposed fishing trip to Mother.

"Well, first, go get into some dry clothes," she sputtered. "You're dripping water all over my just waxed floor. Here's a towel to dry off with."

"If you'll bring your canteen, I'll fill it with lemonade I just made. Also I'll put up several nice ham sandwiches for you and your friends," she said, as I dried myself and started toward the stairs, heading for my room and dry clothes.

"But if you bring home any fish, YOU are the one who has to clean them. And out in the back yard at that. I re-

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member the last time you cleaned fish in the kitchen sink. It took me a month of Sundays to get rid of that smell. And be sure," Mother added, while I headed for the stairs, "to bury the remains in the garden."

Telling her I'd be sure and do that, I hurried to my room, excited about a whole day of fishing and fun. But I didn't know what mysterious and strange events lay ahead.



## CHAPTER TWO.

### Mysterious Occurrences.

After removing my wet things and drying myself with the towel Mother had given me, I put on other clothes. Then I dug my fishing pole out of the closet.

Returning to the kitchen I found mother still in the process of making the sandwiches. She surprised me when she said: "When I was down town earlier, Jerry, I met Mrs. Maloney and was very shocked when she told me that you had met her face to face in front of Ellery's store, but didn't acknowledge her greeting. She said that you just hurried past. Whatever made you act that way?"

I stared at her. My mind was in a state of confusion. I couldn't remember such an incident. Had I met Mrs. Maloney and snubbed her unknowingly? I certainly would never do such a thing deliberately, because she is a nice old lady and a good friend of ours. I recalled how she had helped out by giving us some skimmed milk when we were so desperate for something to feed the inmates of our Feline Rest Farm started by Professor Ellsworth Stoner, who said

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he was an authority and expert on cats, only he called them "felines." He hired the four of us to help him start a Feline Rest Farm. Oh, Baby! What a nightmare that turned into. I tell this story in, JERRY TODD & THE ROSE-COLORED CAT.

"Gee-miny! I don't recall meeting Mrs. Maloney, Mother. When did this happen?"

"Day before yesterday, in the afternoon."

I stirred the cobwebs around.

"There's some mix-up. I would never high-hat Mrs. Maloney like that. And if she says it was the day before yesterday in the afternoon, she is confused. That was the day I rode over to Ashton with Dad when he had to go see Mr. Nate Fleming on business. I wasn't even in town that afternoon at all. Remember? Dad and I left right after lunch and we didn't get back home till almost supper-time."

"You're right, Jerry. I should have thought of that," Mother said slowly. "However, I do wish you would make a special effort to see Mrs. Maloney and explain this to her."

As I gathered my things, I promised I would see her and clear up this error. Arriving at Red's, I found him almost

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ready. When Scoop and Peg arrived, we started our walk to the Illinois River Bridge and the Deacon's boat livery.

Since we were in no great hurry, we sort of sauntered along enjoying our walk even though it was a hot day.

As we were passing by the Emergency Rooms, Doc Leland came waddling out to the curb where his flivver was parked.

"Mornin' boys," he puffed, pulling at his gravy-stained vest. "Jerry, I'm sorry I almost run you down yesterday. I was in a big hurry to get out to the Fredericks' place. The hired man had got knocked 'round by their ornery mule an' when I swung 'round that corner an' seen you in the street, I barely managed to miss you." He chuckled and added: "You sure jumped lively though! I'm sorry I came so close. Glad you weren't hurt."

Old Doc must have stripped a gear or two in his upper story.

I stood there with my lower jaw hanging down as he climbed into his reliable black tin-Lizzie and rattled away down the street. His tires squealed as he waved good-bye. Doc is not the best driver in Tutter. It's quite the opposite. He's one of the worst. Then clinging to the steering wheel, he shoves the gas pedal against the floor-



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board and honks his squeaky horn!

But what had he been talking about? He has never come close to running me down, ever, so what he said didn't make any sense to me.

"Have a close shave with Doc's driving, Jerry?" Scoop asked, nudging me in the slats with his elbow to bring me out of my trance.

I told him there had NEVER been a close call of the sort that Doc had just described to us. "The closest call I had which Doc was involved in, was the time he bailed out my stomach with his stomach pump after Poppy Ott and I had been tasting pickles all over town." We had been hunting for the maker of our swell jar of pickles that Poppy discovered. I tell about our adventure in my book, POPPY OTT'S PEDIGREED PICKLES. "I thought sure I was going to 'kick the bucket' that time," I said. We were puzzled by what Doc had just said.

Going on through town without further mishap or incident and talking of our proposed fishing trip, we soon came to the boat livery. We spotted Deacon Pillpopper's untidy white mop bobbing around beside the old shed in back of his livery. Sure enough, he was underneath all that hair and was busy chop-

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ping weeds in his tomato patch. He looked up and waved when he heard us.

"Waal, waal!" he cackled when we joined him. "if it hain't Jerry Todd an' his pals! You made a faster trip than you figured on. Did you change your mind when you seed the other boys?"

I looked at him puzzled-like. What was the old gentleman talking about? Were his elderly brain cells slipping? I edged away a little bit and was beginning to get very nervous.

"Jerry ain't got much of a mind to change," Scoop laughed. "He does change his socks once a month, though, whether they need it or not."

"Waal then," the old man nodded, "I'd say that is plum good for any boy. Did you tie the boat up tight, Jerry?"

We all stared at him. "We haven't untied it yet," I said. "We were just going to ask you if we could borrow one of your motorboats for a little fishing trip. We wouldn't take it without first getting your permission."

"Waal neow I swan!" the old boatman blinked at us. "Jerry Todd! You mean to stand there an' tell me you didn't borry my red motorboat this very morning at 'bout nine o'clock, an' tell me you was

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a-goin' to bring her back this evenin'?"

I stood there completely dumbfounded. What on earth was he talking about? "I never borrowed your red, blue, green or yellow boat this morning," I protested. "I haven't seen you since Tuesday afternoon when I helped you fix up your dock. We just decided it would be fun to go fishing and I thought I would ask you if we could use one of your motorboats."

We all glanced nervously at each other. No one seemed to know what to say. He looked at us in a funny way and then said: "Waal it makes no difference. Morning or afternoon, you can borrry the boat whenever you wish, Jerry."

Going out to the dock, however, we found that the Deacon's red boat wasn't there. He turned to me. "Why, it ain't here! Neow whar'd you leave my red boat, Jerry?"

"I tell you that I never took it," I told him, getting pretty hot under the collar at his continued accusation that I had taken his old boat. Was the Deacon losing his memory? Still, as I reflected thoughtfully, the red boat was NOT tied up at the river dock in its usual place. But WHY did he keep insisting it had been me who had taken it?



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"You did too borry my red boat this morning, Jerry Todd!" he roared back at me. "An' you better stop this dumb foolishness an' bring my boat back or I'll get the law on you! I saw and talked to you this very morning, I did!"

There was a stunned silence.

Then we all jumped, startled-like, when another voice thundered out almost under our very feet.

Unnoticed by anyone in the tension caused by the Deacon's angry complaint, a rowboat came up behind us and tied up at the dock. Its peg-legged occupant let out a vocal blast, one apparently directed especially at me!

Cap'n Boaz Tinkertop had his birch cane fishing pole in his hand and looked very fierce. "You heered me good, Jerry Todd!" he roared at me. "Ding-bust your worm-eaten timbers! You passed me right by! What's the big idee jest a-wavin' at me like an idjit an' a-scootin' by in the Deacon's red motorboat a-leavin' me to row my arms off. An' with me a-hollerin' at you to give me a tow?"

He shook his fishing pole at me to emphasize his statement!

I'm sure, if you've read JERRY TODD AND THE WALTZING HEN, you'll remember

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our old friend when he was almost married to a circus fat lady.

As I mentioned, he has a peg-leg. His left leg was pinched off between two canal boats at the knee many years ago.

It was the first book which prominently features the old gentleman, peg-leg and all - as a DANCER! And then he disappears. With the sudden appearance of a hen that waltzes just like the Cap'n, brings us face to face with the reality that he might have died and come back as a hen. If you haven't read this book, you've missed an unusual and funny adventure.

The old trickster returned in JERRY TODD AND THE PURRING EGG where we find a giant stone-shaped egg in a cave and try to make him believe it's a valuable dodo egg. But do our faces get red at the end of the book.

In POPPY OTT & THE STUTTERING PARROT the Cap'n's brother, Ham Tinkertop, passes away and leaves him two-thousand dollars plus a big black parrot named Solomon Grundy. The parrot stutters just like its dead master, giving out with some very eerie, "b-b-bucket of b-b-blood" and "Rattle their skulls, H-H-Ham" stuff. Spooky and scary and funny. We first met our good chum, Poppy

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Ott in this story.

So, the Cap'n is not only a good friend, but an old acquaintance and I was shocked at his sudden anger at me. I just stood and gaped at him. Had he gone crazy too? Coming on top of Deacon Pillpopper's accusation, this left me speechless! The incident with Mrs. Maloney and Doc Leland's strange comments leapt into my mind. Why was I being falsely charged with all these things? Or, maybe it was a bad practical joke being played on me.

A terrifying thought struck me when I saw my chums staring at me. I WAS going crazy! I HAD really done all these things and didn't remember doing them! I was wallowing in total confusion.

"But - But - But," I gurgled, helplessly.

"Cap'n, it wasn't Jerry who passed you. It must have been somebody else," the leader came to my rescue. "Jerry and the rest of us were all at Red's house the entire morning from about nine o'clock on. He couldn't have been there and passing you on the river too! There is some mix-up here. It means he DIDN'T borrow your boat this morning, Deacon."

"That's right," said Peg. "We were all hanging around there while Red was



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washing his Pa's flivver."

"Yeth!" Red said, speaking around a big cherry flavored jawbreaker, "and my Pa wash there too, ssso if you don't believe usssh you can asssh him 'bout it."

Good old Scoop! His ready wits had pointed the way to clear me. And even better, I KNEW I was all right upstairs. The whole thing seemed strange, however, with all the weird happenings that had been apparently going on, involving people who believed they'd seen me. The Cap'n, Deacon Pillpopper, Mrs. Maloney and Doc Leland all know me very well. Too well for them to have mistaken somebody else for me. It just didn't make sense to me.

Deacon Pillpopper had cooled off by now and he said: "Jerry an' the rest of these boys is all good truthful boys, Cap'n. You know that! I don't know what IS goin' on, fur it all seems pretty strange. It 'minds me of a story I heerd from a feller I knowed a while back, who told me 'bout a Doppleganger!"

"Doppleganger - Hoppleganger!" said the Cap'n. "Lay offen that fairy-tale stuff. I'm hot, an' I'm tired, I be, an' I'm a-goin' home an' sot deown an' stay sot." And with that he went stumping off

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up the dusty road toward town, his peg-leg kicking up clouds of dust as he went angrily along, muttering to himself and waving his arms about.

## CHAPTER THREE.

### Dopplegangers & Other Mysteries!

We stood staring at the Deacon. He had been pretty upset about his missing boat a few minutes ago, but he'd cooled down by now and his helpful words to the Cap'n in our defense showed that he was trying to be fair to us giving us the benefit of the doubt which I knew must still be lingering in his thoughts.

"What's a Doppleganger, Deacon?" says Scoop. "Sounds sort of like a foreign word. I've never heard it before."

"You got it right that time. 'Tis a foreign word," the old man nodded. "I heerd of it from a German feller what was a professor up at the Tutter College 'while back. He taught the college boys geology. It's a kind of science class what teaches 'bout rocks an' sech. I got to know him quite well, as he used to rent a boat from me real often to travel along the river a-huntin' specimens.

"He was a great talker, he was. The stories he used to tell 'bout the early days here 'bouts was pretty excitin', let me tell you. Fur instance, up 'round Clark's Falls, an' the creek what feeds



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into it, is where some early settlers of the area was supposed to have buried a lot of gold, silver an' precious jewels when they was attacked by hostiles. He didn't take much stock in that tale. But he was most interested in things here 'bout the river," the Deacon waved his arm at the running water, "an' he'd tell me all 'bout how this here valley was once the bed of a giant river millions of years back. An' how the Illinois River here is jest a tiny creek neow an' all that's left of it. He knew what he was talking 'bout, I reckon, though some of it seems pretty hard to swaller.

"Anyways, you boys know that big mirror I got in the front room? Waal, one day it come up a big black thundercloud when he was out on the river with a boat an' he jest got back to the dock as the storm was coming onto us. He tied the boat up at the dock, whilst I stowed the oars away an' we hustled for the front door. We barely got there jest as the downpour started an' the lightin' had begun snapping 'round us something fierce.

"'Twas pretty dark in the house, with the storm an' all as I led the way into the front room to git a lamp lit.

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"Waal, sir, all of a sudden-like he gives a gasp an' a funny yell an' says: 'Das Doppleganger!'

"I got the oil lamp lit an' turned 'round to him. An' there he was as pale as if he'd seed a ghost. I asked him what was the matter? He pulled hisself together, an' said he'd seed hisself in the big mirror which had looked to him like he was a-walking right at someone.

"He seemed mighty upset 'bout it, so I asked him what in tarnation he meant by hollering, 'Doppleganger' and what it meant, 'cause I'd never heerd of such a word.

"Then he told me 'bout the Doppleganger an' how it was a German word an' how it meant a second self, sort of, kind-a like a ghost of somebody that is still alive. An exact double - or identical twin. 'Twas supposed to be a an omen to see it.

"An' so with all the mix up, 'bout Jerry, with me an' the Cap'n claiming we'd seed Jerry an' Jerry telling us he hadn't bin there fur us to see 'cause he was with you boys, was why I said what I did 'bout a Doppleganger."

None of us had ever heard of a Doppleganger before and didn't know what

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to make of the Deacon's story. We questioned him further, but he didn't know much more about it. The only added piece of information we received was finally he had been able to recall the professor's name. The name was Lauterbach, Ed Lauterbach, the Deacon said it was, but he didn't know how it was spelled for sure. He did know, however, that the man had left the local college staff and moved away.

With all of the excitement over the missing red motorboat, the angry accusation made by the Cap'n and the Deacon's weird Doppelganger story, we abandoned our plans to go fishing. We parked our fishing poles inside the Deacon's barn, with his permission, right next to the big incubator and told him we'd do our fishing another day.

It was at this time the noon whistle at the cement mill cut loose while we were trying to decide our next move. So, sitting down on the Deacon's dock, our feet dangling over the edge, we ate lunch and discussed all of the strange events of the morning.

"What do you think of this whole strange business, Jerry?" Peg asked me, as he wrapped his mouth around a hunk of one of my Mother's ham sandwiches.



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"I just can't figure it out," I told him, shaking my head in bewilderment. "I wasn't anywhere near any of the Deacon's boats this morning, but yet both he and the Cap'n were positive that they'd talked to, or seen me.

"Also my mother said that Mrs. Maloney told her she met me in front of Ellery's store the day before yesterday. But I was never near there either. I was in Ashton with Dad. Then Doc Leland claimed that he'd come very close to running me down with his flivver. And I KNOW that never happened to me," I wagged.

When questioned by the others, I repeated in detail what Mother had told me Mrs. Maloney said, which wasn't much.

"Mrs. Maloney knows me just as well as the Cap'n and the Deacon," I pointed out, "and Doc Leland has known me since birth. So how could they be mistaken? Why would they identify another boy as me? There's nobody in town who has the same features."

"Ain't it a good thing for the fair metropolis of Tutter, that there's only one mug, and one Jerry Todd, who lives here," Peg committed, polishing off his second ham sandwich.

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"Good night, Jerry! Your ghost - your Doppelganger - may be loose and running around town. Maybe you'll meet yourself face to face and drop dead, or something worse!" Red put in his two cents worth, easily keeping up with Peg in the sandwich eating category.

Scoop, munching slowly on his first sandwich, was looking very puzzled. It was then I realized he had been strangely quiet for a long time and knew he had been busily thinking about what had happened to me. I was hopeful he would find a solution.

"It IS a sure enough mystery," Scoop said finally, "and doesn't make sense. All of these people who should know you when they see you, are mistaking another boy for you, Jerry, Now tell us just HOW in the world you can be in two places at the same time! If you can do that, it would be wonderful to be able to go to school when it starts and at the same time be out having loads of fun."

"I'll bet it's his Doppelganger!" our red-headed cracked record cheerfully repeated himself.

Scoop continued, "Doppelganger or not, it's a mystery. ANY mystery is the specialty of the Juvenile Jupiter De-

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detective Agency, Tutter Branch. What we should do now is get ourselves going and solve it before Jerry gets into more trouble than he can handle."

In my WHISPERING MUMMY book, I tell about the old gentleman, Anson Arnold-smith. He claimed that he was the Chief Mummy Inspector and sold us membership in his Juvenile Jupiter Detective Association. Like four fools we'd shelled out a whole dollar and a quarter each for membership and our detective badges. Bill Hadley, the Tutter cop, still loves to kid us about it. But we HAVE solved some very strange mysteries since then. And it looked like another one had just popped up and grabbed us.

"Tell me, Jerry," old hefty said, helping himself to a handful of home-made cookies Mrs. Meyers had sent along with Red, "have you been hiding an identical twin brother in the family closet all of these years?"

Unlike Peg and Scoop and Red, I have no brothers or sisters, so that was not the answer to our problem - or to be more specific . . . MY problem!

And I couldn't really swallow that Doppleganger story of the Deacon's. But since I wasn't dead, that I knew of, I was reasonably certain it wasn't me who



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had been running around town impersonating myself as the Doppelganger.

Here Scoop interrupted my tangled web of thoughts.

"Do you have ANY relatives who look like you?" he asked.

"None that I am aware of," I replied after several moments of concentration.

"Well," Scoop said again: "we can sit here all day and take guesses and make up theories, but that won't get us any closer to finding the solution.

"We need to find out more. Let's see what Mrs. Maloney and the rest who claim to have seen Jerry have to say. If we can find Doc at the Emergency Rooms, I want to question him in more detail about what he thinks he saw yesterday. He actually thought he saw you, Jerry, and almost ran you down with his automobile."

"Do you think that maybe someone is playing a trick or a practical joke on Jerry?" Peg asked.

"Nooooooooo," Scoop said slowly after a pause. "Something else is going on here. Mrs. Maloney wouldn't be a part of a joke like that, even if Doc, the Cap'n and the Deacon were. That's why I'd like to hear directly from her the complete

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story of her encounter with your double as we can get."

Here, Scoop paused for a moment.

I remembered how the Cap'n had tricked us into believing that the rock "dodo" egg was real. I tell this story in, JERRY TODD & THE PURRING EGG. The Cap'n's a prankster all right.

As for Doc Leland and the Deacon, both of these old gentlemen dearly love a good practical joke, unless it's played on them, of course. Then you've never seen such sour faces and bad tempers in all your born life.

"Jerry," Scoop again interrupted my train of thought, "it might be a good idea if you were to ask your mother and father about any relatives you haven't met and might not know about. They could know of someone who looks enough like you which would explain just what is going on around town."

I nodded. I've met and visited quite a few of my cousins and other relatives, but none of them, that I knew of, looked enough like me to fool anyone. But maybe they'd know for sure.

However, their name wouldn't be Jerry Todd, or to be more exact, Gerald Todd, Jr. I did think that one or two might have my first name, but none that

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I could recall for certain.

In spite of my belief that the Deacon was wrong in his Doppleganger theory, I wasn't quite ready to completely discount it. But then with all of the unusual happenings, I just didn't know which way to turn.

Scoop was right, however.

We had to find out much more about these mysterious events which seemed to be suddenly surrounding me.

And the faster, the better!



## CHAPTER FOUR.

### In Zulutown.

Hurriedly finishing our lunch, we decided our first step would be to pay Mrs. Maloney a visit. This way I could explain things to her, as I'd promised mother I'd do, and we could also hear from her own lips about meeting my double. I was glad to have my chums with me because she lives in Zulutown and a neighbor of Bid Stricker. It would be bad for yours truly if I made the visit alone and the Stricker cousins spotted me. They would really enjoy jumping at the chance to mess me up, especially if the odds were heavily in their favor. But since the fellows were with me things would be even.

We hiked up the road and into town, turning left from Hill onto Main Street and continuing across the railroad tracks which divide Tutter from the tougher section of town known as Zulutown. Coming to Mrs. Maloney's house, we knocked on her back screen door and got the bustling woman's attention. She was in her kitchen baking. It sure smelled delightful where we were standing.

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"Sure and it's Jerry Todd and his friends! And is it milk for a million cats that brings ye this time? Or is it a sackful of stone eggs that yer after?" she laughed, inviting us in.

I was glad to see that she didn't act angry. Telling her that it was neither milk nor eggs that brought us, I explained how mother had told me about her thinking she met me in front of Scoop's store and why it couldn't have been me at all. I went on to tell her about the strange experiences Doc Leland, the Cap'n and Deacon Pillpopper had and about them mistaking somebody else for me.

"For goodness sakes, Jerry! I never did hear the likes of it. And who do ye think it is that looks so much like ye? Sure and I thought for certain it was yerself I seen, but if ye was over to Ashton with yer Pa, of course, it couldn't possibly have been."

"We have no idea who it could be," I told her.

Always hospitable, she pressed a handful of fresh, homemade oatmeal and raisin cookies on each of us. And then treated us to a glass of her just made lemonade. While we munched, we continued talking about her meeting my double.

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Questioning her, trying to obtain more details, we found there was really nothing much more she could add.

About to enter Ellery's grocery store, "I" had accidentally bumped into her. She told us the boy looked right at her as if he had never seen her before. She'd even turned and called after him. However, several people walked between the two of them and he'd just disappeared.

Mrs. Maloney had been positive that it was "me" until she heard of the other strange sightings.

Thanking her, we left.

As we headed for Main Street, we spotted Bid Stricker and his cousin, Jimmy. They were sitting on Bid's front porch steps. They both looked like they had lost a race with a railroad train. Bid had a shiner was a beauty and Jimmy looked to be badly bruised along his cheekbone.

"Lookit, gang!" Red hissed softly.  
"Look at those two!"

"And look at Bid," snickered Peg.  
"That's some black eye!"

"What happened Bid? Run into a door?" Peg asked.

"You'll think you ran into a raging tornado if you don't shut up," Bid said



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angrily.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" Peg boomed, "And Jimmy too! Lookit at the marks on his so called face. Meet a gorilla in a dark alley?"

"We'll get you for this, Jerry Todd!" screeched Jimmy, jumping up from his perch on the front porch step and shaking a big fist at me.

"You two couldn't get wet if you fell in the canal," was my brilliant return.

"Come on, gang. No use wasting time on this pair. We've got other matters to attend to," Scoop showed his good sense. He started off down the street for town.

Bid, Jimmy and three other Zulutown boys comprise Bid's gang. They are always trying to mess things up for us.

One time they locked me inside of the Deacon's huge community incubator, as described in THE WHISPERING MUMMY book. And the rotten tomato fights! WOUGH! Now that's really talking about a stinking subject!

"I wonder why Jimmy picked me out to yell at, when it was Peg who was the one hollering?" I puzzled out loud as we wended our way down the sidewalk.

"Because he knows he can't lick me, EVER," Peg said with a grin.

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We soon forgot about the Strickers and our conversation once again turned back to my mysterious double, or Doppleganger.

Here Barney Kelly, Dad's foreman at the brickyard, caught up with us as we walked along. Barney has worked for Dad for years and years. He lives in Zulutown and was evidently on his way back to the brickyard, having been home for his noon meal.

"Shure and Oy hurd some av thot catterwallin' from thim Strickers," he said. "It's a mysthery to me how use-liss thim byes be. And 'tis a bigger mysthery to me how they git the nerve to sass at ye now, Jerry, after the way ye wiped the shtreet up wid the pair av thim jest yestiddy."

"What do you mean, Barney?" I asked quickly, suddenly stopping dead in my tracks. I stopped so fast that Red ran into me from behind.

"Shure and the trimmin' ye gave thim both whould do thim a whoile, Jerry, but the loikes av them niver seems to larn."

"Tell us about it, Barney," Scoop said, as Peg and Red and I crowded in close beside him, staring, our mouths hanging open.

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"And is Jerry so modist he didn't tell ye hisself?

"Well, yestiddy mornin', Oy was lookin' out back av the kiln, searching for a lost tool and Oy seen Jerry comin' 'long all by hisself. And Bid and Jimmy comin' 'long the opposite direction. And whin they met, Oy could see thot Bid made some crack to Jerry, and bedad, Jerry let him have wan reight in the eye. Shure and it did me heart good to see it. Ye couldn't have hit him harder with a pavin' brick.

"Then Bid gits up, and the pair av thim sails into Jerry and Oy thinks 'tis toime fer me to be breakin' it up. But a-fore Oy gits halfway there, the pair av thim was a-hittin' only at the air. Jerry dusts hisself off and goes on down the shtreet.

"Shure Jerry, yer a roight-tailed wizzer. They'll have to be havin' their whole gang and be catchin' ye alone, afore ye have anythin' to worry about. Well, Oy had better be gittin' back to work. Thot's what yer Pa's a-payin' me fer," and Barney left us at the corner, heading for School Street.

Scoop stared at me with his eyes dancing. "Jerry, you don't have to tell us. It was your Doppleganger!"



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"Maybe we should swap Jerry for his Doppleganger," was Red's grinning suggestion.

"If my Doppleganger can punch like that, I'd better not get him mad at me," I wagged soberly.

"Judging from the looks of Bid's eye and Jimmy's face, it was a solid pair of fists that hit them," Scoop said, "so, whoever or whatever your Doppleganger is, he's got a hefty punch in him. And I must admit he shows good sense who he uses that punch on!"

"Say," Peg said, "if we manage to locate this double of yours, Jerry, what should we do then? Put salt on his tail, or call for 'Black Jack' Pershing? Maybe we'd better take out some type of insurance before we tackle him."

"I think I hear my Ma calling me," Red shuddered. "I'll let you fellows meet this Doppleganger first. If he's friendly, then I'll help you out." Here Red hitched up his pants and made like he was going to walk away.

The rest of us laughed, which broke the tension. Red is the smallest of our gang, but he is chock full of grit. While he talks a lot about being scared before something happens, we knew if a scrap should start Red would be in the

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thick of things right beside the rest  
of us.

## CHAPTER FIVE.

### Jupiter Detectives On The Job.

This was a REAL mystery, I told myself. Barney Kelly made the seventh person who thought they saw "me" we knew about.

So far, there was no real harm done, except that Deacon Pillpopper's red motorboat WAS missing, but fortunately, I could prove my whereabouts at the time it had been taken, thanks to Red's pa and with Scoop's quick thinking.

Suppose, however, I had no such alibi? Suppose I had gone off by myself someplace and couldn't prove where I was? I would have been blamed for the boats mysterious loss. I thought about it uneasily, recalling the old boatman's angry threat to have the law on me.

What if some similar loss should occur when I didn't have anyone to back up my story that I was elsewhere? Boy, would I be in trouble then! And for all I knew, something else might already have happened. If seven people believed they had seen me, that we knew about, maybe there might be seven more we



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didn't yet know about! Maybe Bill Hadley, our Town Marshal, was already looking for me to throw me in the lock-up for something I hadn't done!

When I told the gang my thoughts, they stared. "Jerry," Scoop said slowly, "it would sure put you in an awful fix. We must make some sort of a plan which will prevent anything of this nature getting you into trouble." He looked thoughtfully at me.

"There's one thing we could do," suggested Red. "One of us can be with Jerry all the time. Then he would always have a witness to say he didn't do whatever he might get blamed for."

"That's a good idea, Red," Peg said. "Another thing we can do is catch this mysterious Doppleganger, or whatever it is," he added.

This showed that Peg wasn't afraid of my look alike, no matter who it was. The only time I've ever seen Peg at a loss to know exactly what to do, was when he was invited to a party. I tell about it in POPPY OTT & THE PRANCING PANCAKE. He was supposed to bring a date with him. But then, I'm no whiz myself. Especially with silver screen stars. Give me a few years to grow some more!

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"You're both right!" Scoop said. "From now on, until this mystery is solved, at least one of us should be sticking to Jerry like glue, except when he is with his parents. We then need to find this double. So if you see Jerry without one of us, or he isn't with his mother or dad, grab him, quick! That will be the Doppleganger. Capturing him is THE most important thing on our list!"

"All by myself?" Red sputtered. "I don't think so!"

"Just how DO you capture a Doppleganger?" I wondered out loud.

Scoop gave a scattered laugh and said: "If one way doesn't work, try something else. However, I think we should first find out more about this, whatever you call it."

"What if it's like a ghost and hasn't got a solid body?" Red asked, his teeth chattering like castanets.

"Maybe we could locate this German college professor who told the Deacon about a Doppleganger in the first place and find out from him," I said.

The leader pondered. "That's not a bad idea, Jerry. But if he has left the local college, as Deacon Pillpopper believes he has, than that might take

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some time. Also, it might be a good idea to go by Town Hall and talk to Bill Hadley, if he's there. We can tell him about all of these strange things that have been happening to Jerry. Then if anything does happen, our story of a mysterious second Jerry Todd won't come as a complete surprise."

Agreeing that this would be a good start toward keeping yours truly out of future hot water, we headed straight down the street toward the red brick building where Bill has an office in a small room at the front.

Doc Leland's flivver wasn't parked at the Emergency Rooms so we didn't stop there.

There are two iron-barred cells in back of the office. When I was a kid I used to play in them and sometimes help Bill sweep and clean them out when he asked.

As we tumbled into the cluttered office, we found our old friend with his feet propped up on the desk. As usual, his left cheek was puffed out with a big wad of chewing tobacco.

"Well, if it ain't my old 'detective' buddies," he boomed showing us a gold-tooth grin and aiming a squirt of tobacco at the spittoon. He missed it by



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a mile. And from the puddles on the floor around it, he hadn't come very close a number of times.

"Are you boys solving any mysteries or capturing any waltzing frogs?" he said, laughing about his bad aim.

"Or maybe you're after some kind of rejuvenatin' egg to-day," he guffawed loudly, splattering the floor right next to Peg's left shoe — accidentally, of course.

Peg moved to relative safety, but it was like putting the cart before the horse, or closing the barn door after the horse had already escaped.

"Not to-day," Scoop grinned at him. "We're here to keep Jerry from getting into serious trouble!"

"What be you talkin' 'bout?" Bill suddenly scowled at us. "Have you boys been up to some mischief? If you have, you know I'll come down on you jest as hard as I would anyone else." Here he lowered a leg down to the floor.

Scoop quickly side-stepped another wide tobacco miss and said: "No, Bill! There's another kid in Tutter who looks EXACTLY like Jerry. People have been believing they've seen Jerry!"

And then Scoop went on to tell him about the strange sightings and the

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seven events that we knew had already happened.

When he had finished, Bill thought for several minutes. Then his homely face broke into a wide grin, almost from ear to ear, as he put his leg back up on the desk. "Old Doc, the Cap'n and the Deacon's having some fun with you," says Bill cheerfully, the good mood fully restored again.

"And the others?" Scoop asked.

"They're jest mistaken," he said. "As for the Strickers, they took a beating from someone and are blamin' you. Barney wasn't close. You said he was a-comin' up from the rear of the brickyard and therefur he was a distance away. So he could have been wrong about who it was. It could have been a young stranger what looked something like Jerry.

"Mrs. Maloney, no doubt, wasn't paying that much attention when she came across the kid. Her eyes ain't as good as they used to be and she could have been in error, too." Bill added, guffawing some more and showering the floor for the umpteenth time.

Bill could be right. We had talked briefly about the possibility of a practical joke being played by Tutter's big-

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gest practical jokers. Maybe the rest were going along with the joke, too, for some unknown reason we hadn't discovered as yet, but I really wasn't convinced. I could tell by Scoop's eyes he didn't agree with Bill's solution to this puzzle either.

"Tell you what I'll do," Bill said, taking aim again at the spittoon and actually hitting it, dead center. "Well, I'll be," he says, wiping his chin with the back of his hand. He looked amazed. "That's the first time today," and I believed him completely. "Anyway, Jerry, if anything happens, I'll be sure it ain't you before I haul him in and throw the kid in the calaboose."

Bill was still chuckling over his bad aim. We thanked him, turned and left the office. The tobacco shower had taken its toll on all of us. We cleaned our shoes with an old newspaper found in a barrel, used for holding trash, behind the building.

We wanted to mull over the possibility that a practical joke WAS being played.

It was then that Scoop's younger brother, and his chum, Tommy Hegan, all breathless and excited-like, came dashing up to where we were talking.



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"Say, Scoop, are you fellows camping out at the old Morgan house?" Jimmy asked. "Can me and Tommy join you?"

"No! We aren't camping anywhere. Whatever gave you that notion?" says Scoop, scowling at the pair.

"Me and Tommy were over at the old Morgan house and saw smoke comin' out of the chimney, so we went over to see who it was. But before we got there, Jerry come out the door and cut across toward the Treebury pike. We yelled at you, Jerry, but you didn't hear us. Then, when we peeked in, we saw the camping truck there. We'd sure like to camp with you fellows if you'd let us. We wouldn't bother you none, honest we wouldn't!"

We stared at one another. Here was our first real clue. The old Morgan house was the Doppelganger's hide-out! So it WASN'T a big joke as Bill had thought! This was a real stroke of luck to have this bit of information dropped into our laps, so to speak. We hadn't even thought about looking for my double's lair! And WE called ourselves, "detectives!"

Scoop fished around in his pocket. "Here's ten cents Jimmy," he grinned. "You and Tommy get yourselves some ice

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cream or something. We aren't camping out now, but before the summer's over, I promise I'll take you and Tommy on a real camping trip."

Jim was surprised at Scoop's sudden generosity, but not too surprised to refuse to accept it. "Gee, thanks, Scoop! Come on, Tommy!" The two quickly scurried off down the street in the direction of Wheeler's Drug Store before Scoop had a chance to change his mind and demand his change returned.

After they had disappeared from view, Scoop turned to us with dancing eyes. "We'd better do some fast exploring at the old Morgan house for ourselves," he told us, "as soon as we go back and tell Bill about this."

The old Morgan house, I should explain, for those who don't recall it, is an old deserted stone building. At one time it was an inn when the canal was being used to tow barges back and forth. The two-story building is empty and now stands rotting away in the middle of a cow pasture located between the canal and the Treebury pike. The railroad put an end to the canal and the old inn many years ago. But in its prime, men hauling grain and many other things to market, to and from Chicago,

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would stop there overnight.

Today, it's just a ghost of its former self. The big pasture is owned by Charley Wilson, a local farmer. All of the doors and windows are decayed and gone and have been for many years. Charley put bars over the door openings, but nailed boards over the big front hole when several of the bars got broken. He installed the bars years ago after a cow broke its leg by stepping through one of the rotten floor timbers. Many of the local kids play here, sometimes pretending it's a haunted house, or play pirates and the like. However, it stands far enough out of town so that it isn't visited very often, except by an occasional hobo or tramp.

I must also add that it was in the dank, dark cellar we found ourselves trapped by that scoundrel, Anson Arnoldsmith, Chief Mummy Inspector, and head of our Juvenile Jupiter Detective Association. He locked the heavy trap door on Scoop and Peg and Red and me while we were digging a hole to bury the mummy of an Egyptian Pharaoh, old Ramses II, after we accidentally gave him a bath in the canal while transporting the mummy so Mr. Arnoldsmith could inspect it for mummy itchers. Oh, baby



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did we ever get fooled then. There we were, scratching and dancing around believing we had a bad case of the mummy itch. And all of the time the old man was destroying the mummy. That was so he wouldn't get caught with the evidence of his forgery and be sent to jail. I'll never forget that night and I still get chills up and down my backbone when I even think about it.

We peered through the screen door, which led to Bill's office. He was still sitting, but had his feet on the floor. He was sorting through a pile of paperwork which cluttered the top of the desk.

"We've just gotten a report of another sighting, Bill," Scoop said as we carefully weaved around the hazardous area by the old brass spittoon.

"You don't say!" says he, his eyes growing wide with surprise.

"Yes," Scoop said, "my brother, Jimmy, told us he saw 'Jerry' walking on the Treebury pike a short while ago. But he has been with us since quite early this morning, so we shall go out in that direction and investigate this on our own. We'd appreciate it if you'd keep your eyes open here in Tutter."

"Sure will!" He gave us a tobacco

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tooth-stained grin. "But how'll I know if it's Jerry, or this here double?"

"That's the easiest part," laughed Scoop. "One of us will be with Jerry at all times, when he isn't with his pa or ma."

"That's good thinkin'," Bill said, ruffling up Scoop's hair. "If I see this here double, I'll grab 'em by the scruff of his neck and haul him into jail and throw the key away."

"That'll be fine with us," Peg said, just managing to dodge another close miss at the spittoon.

"Haw! Haw!" Bill further hee-hawed. "An' then I'll search him and see if he's got a Juvenile Jupiter Detective badge on him. I can take it I've got the real Jerry Todd if I find one. I reckon there's only four of them badges in the hull state of Illinois! And if I nab the other one, I'll let you help me give him the third degree to find out who's who, an' what's what!"

"Dog-gone Bill," Scoop growled, when we were back out on the street. "He keeps it up about us being Juvenile Jupiter Detectives all the time. He believes he's smart, but if we can find this boy who looks like Jerry ourselves, the last laugh will be on him. That's

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why I didn't tell him our real clue. That the boy was seen at the old Morgan house. Let's get busy and get out there and see just what we can find out about this 'double' mystery of ours."



## CHAPTER SIX.

### At the Old Morgan House.

The busy bustle of town fell behind us as we headed out the winding Treebury pike, our feet kicking up dust.

"Tell me," Scoop said as we walked along at a steady pace, "where does this road go?"

We slowed down a bit and stared at Scoop with puzzled expressions.

He looked us straight in the eyes, not smiling or showing any change of expression.

"What's the rip?" Peg asked.

He strolled along for a few moments before he replied:

"I've lived around here all of my life," he said slowly, "and I've NEVER seen it get UP and GO, anywhere!"

Say, he caught us napping and he'd broken the somber mood I was in. He'd given all of us a hardy laugh when it was really needed.

We neared the third bridge that crosses Clark's Creek. Turning, we left the road and took to the grass and mustard weeds growing along the bank of the creek. When we reached the point nearest

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Charley Wilson's cow pasture and were able to see the top of the house, we cautiously peered through the thicket.

There wasn't any smoke coming from the partially tumbled down chimney and absolutely no sign of human life around. The old house stood there, grim and silent and lonely in the sultry afternoon sunshine. We waited and watched. There was no reason to believe that ANYONE had been here recently.

Slipping under the old rusty barb wire fence that keeps Charley's cows from straying, we advanced as quickly and quietly as possible, taking advantage of every tree and shrub that we could for cover. Reaching a clump of bushes about half way to the house, we paused and listened carefully. But the only thing we heard was the sound of some crows cawing at each other in the woods, with other birds adding their voices into the conversation once in a while.

"Stay still and keep an eye out and your ears open while I sneak up to that side window," Scoop whispered to us.

We watched as he worked his way silently to the window opening. Once there he squatted under the wide gaping, windowless hole. He paused and lis-

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tened for a moment. Slowly he stood up and peered cautiously through the opening. Then he gradually straightened up, listening for any unusual sounds from within the house. Then he turned and beckoned to us, holding a finger to his lips for us to move stealthily forward.

We advanced as quietly as we could to where he was standing. When I peeked into the shadowy room through the yawning hole, I could see there wasn't anyone in the big room. And so, with Scoop leading the way, we tiptoed around the building, peering inside as we went along and listening alertly for any sort of sound which meant a human being was inside. However, we saw or heard nothing unusual.

Presently Scoop straightened up and mopped his sweaty brow. It seemed odd to hear him speak in his normal tone of voice.

"Apparently there's nobody here right now, but it looks to me as if there has been someone using the big room where the cellar trap-door is," he said. "I saw some blankets and other camping truck there. Let's look around, shall we?"

The sagging porch floor and steps creaked and swayed as we walked on them.



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Ducking under the new boards, which were nailed across the door opening to keep the cows out, we looked around us and entered the big room.

"There are the blankets I mentioned," Scoop pointed to a pile of stuff in the corner by the fireplace.

"And look here! There's some fresh canned goods. Beans, eggs, bread and some other things," Peg said. "Someone's staying here."

There was a jacket hanging on a nail, so I took it down and started looking through the pockets. I noted that it was a red and gray school coat, with a "B" on the front. "Say! Here's a letter in one of the pockets, and it's - it's . . ."

"What is it, Jerry?" Scoop said, picking the envelope from my fingers. I stood there, open-mouthed. "Suffering cat fish!" he exclaimed. "It's addressed to YOU, Jerry!"

Snatching it back from the leader, as the others quickly crowded around, I examined our find more closely. It was not really a letter, but just an empty envelope from which a letter had been removed. Sure enough it was addressed to "Jerry Todd, Jr., c/o General Delivery, Ashton, Illinois." The postmark was from

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a place named Bisbee, Arizona, and the postmark only three days old. The return address was a printed hotel name. "Copper King Hotel, 12 Howell Road, Bisbee, Arizona." The address handwriting was unfamiliar to me.

"Who do you know in Bisbee, Arizona, Jerry?" Scoop asked me.

"I don't know anyone there," I stammered slowly. "I've never even heard of the place before, so why would anyone there write to me?"

"Maybe it was someone just passing through. It's evidently hotel stationery," Scoop said.

"But why was the letter sent to Jerry at General Delivery in Ashton?" Peg asked.

"Say, Jerry, your second self is getting your mail," Red snickered. "Maybe it was a love letter. Now your secret romance has been discovered."

I was all set to annihilate him.

"Nix," Scoop scowled at the two of us. "We've got enough problems trying to sort out what is going on around here without you two playing around."

"Who's playing?" I growled.

"Sure you were," Peg said, putting his big arms around our shoulders. "Now shake hands." And to really emphasize

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his point, he shook me by the scruff of the neck until my eye teeth were clattering like castanets,

"Good night!" I said hurriedly. "I just let my temper get away from me. This puzzle is getting to me more than I thought," pumping Red's arm up and down vigorously. Peg certainly has a way of making anyone see his point of view in a jiffy.

We couldn't figure it out. Our discovery had only made the mystery more confusing. There seemed to be absolutely no sense to all of these happenings. We discussed what possible reasons this kid could have for calling himself "Jerry Todd." Why was he here in Tutter? Was he here for a sinister purpose like getting ME into serious trouble? He already had a good start by taking the Deacon's red motorboat.

Carefully searching the big room, we put things back just like we found them, but didn't find any other clues as to the identity of the boy, or person, staying here at the house. The cellar trap door was bolted on the outside, so no one was down there. I really had no desire to go down there anyway. I could see the other fellows felt the very same way. We were all remembering



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our previous misadventure down there.

"Let's put the jacket back on that peg and go out and hide so we can watch the house," Scoop suggested. "Maybe we'll get to see who this kid is and why he's here in Tutter causing all this trouble for Jerry."

Searching around the rest of the first floor proved completely unproductive. When we got to the old stairs which led to the second floor, we realized there was no way anyone could have used them. They were too old and rotten. Peg quickly jumped to safety after taking only two steps up. The whole staircase shook and swayed, almost crashing down from his weight and debris rained down from above.

"Gee-miny!" Peg said, dusting himself off. A cloud of dust and dirt hung heavily in the still air. "That WAS a close call! No one could have gone upstairs."

"I agree," Scoop said, helping Peg by brushing the back of his coat.

Following Scoop's earlier suggestion, we picked the shadiest spot we could find where we could see the house, but not be seen. We were hidden by a thicket of weeds and underbrush as we settled down to wait and watch.

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Had I known what was GOING to happen and was NOW happening in Tutter and Ashton, I would have been scurrying down the Treebury pike for home as fast as my legs could have carried me. But, none of us there did. We were quietly awaiting the arrival of my Doppleganger, and the anticipated solution of this puzzling "double" mystery!

## CHAPTER SEVEN.

### An Elusive Doppelganger.

At first my mind was busily trying to make some sense of the days' events.

But, as Scoop whispered to me when I edged over to discuss the situation in barely audible tones, we just didn't have enough information to find any sort of solution yet. My double apparently WAS the solution. However, he was being very elusive so far.

Time dragged along and I found it harder and harder to stay awake. It was very hot in our hiding place, even in the shade from a big oak tree. Scoop had dozed off after our whispered conversation slacked off. Red's eyes were closed and he was breathing deeply. Peg was nodding.

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw some movement up on the steps of the old house. At first I thought it had been one of Charley Wilson's more inquisitive cows, but then I realized it was a boy, on his hands and knees, crawling into the old stone building under the bottom board nailed over the



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big front doorway.

My mind snapped to full awareness, instantly.

Excitedly I poked the others awake.

"Wake up!" I hissed softly. "I just saw someone go into the house!" My voice showed the strain from the excited tension I was feeling.

Scoop came to life. "What do you mean, 'wake up?'" he said. "I've been wide awake all the time."

"Sure you have, like fun!" I said. "You and Red have been sawing logs for almost an hour now."

"Not me," the freckled one yawned like a healthy steam engine as he stretched his legs. "I was thinking!"

"You've both been asleep, and I was dozing off myself. But what's the difference?" Peg showed his good sense. "Shut up, or whoever it is up there'll hear you and beat it. It's a good thing for us that Jerry was awake. Did you get a good look at him, Jerry?"

"I was about to drop off from the heat, too. I only caught a glimpse as he went out of sight into the big room from the front porch," I told them. "Let's sneak up like we did before, and see if we can try to capture him. It's four to one. And it's just a boy,

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about my size since he's been mistaken for me."

Our leader had gathered his wits by now. "Very good thinking, Jerry. But let's spread out and rush him from two directions at once. You and Red take the window on this side of the room he camps in and Peg and I will go in the door. When I yell 'Thirteen,' we'll charge in!"

Crawling up to the old house to escape being seen was nerve wracking.

Especially since we KNEW that there WAS someone inside this time. We kept ducking down and stopping every few feet, then slowly raising our heads to see if he was watching from the window. We carefully worked our way to the side of the house.

Scoop and Peg left us at the corner and continued on. Red and I crouched under the window opening, waiting for Scoop's signal. We could hear somebody moving about in the big room. I heard an unusual sound. It was a high-pitched squealing noise, sort of like a squeaky door, but I quickly forgot about it.

All at once there was a splintering crash. It came from the direction of the front porch! Scoop started yelling "Thirteen," over and over for all

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he was worth and Peg joining in belatedly. I heard sounds of rapid movement from the big room and the strange squeaking sound again. Getting a boost through the opening from Red, I scrambled into the room falling with a hard thump to the floor. Red landed on top of me. Scoop came crawling under the bottom door board.

Picking myself up, I stared with amazement around the room. No one else but Scoop and Red and I were present!

There was more crashing and Peg finally joined us.

"Where'd he go? Didn't you see him? What did he look like?" Scoop fired question after question at us.

"I don't know!" I gasped. "I didn't see anyone. What was all the noise from out front?" I fired back.

"Never mind about that now! Quick! Search the house!" Scoop commanded.

Hastily we ran through the various rooms searching everywhere. We looked out the windows into the pasture, but saw no one. The only sounds I heard were the ones we were making. Returning to the big room empty handed we stood beside the fireplace again and compared notes.

"Whoever it was sure vanished like



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a puff of smoke after the Civil War broke out on the front porch," I observed. "What happened out there anyway? It sounded like the two of you were tearing down the wall to get in."

"The rotten old porch boards gave way and Peg fell through," Scoop said, "and the steps fell apart at the same time. Trying to sneak up on somebody with you, Peg, is like taking an elephant along."

"Haw! Haw! Haw! you big oaf," Red hooted at Peg. "Old clumsy has done it this time all right!"

"I'll 'Haw! Haw!' you, you freckled faced runt," Peg growled, picking splinters out of his left leg. "Anybody would have fallen through that shaky old thing. It's not my fault."

"How could anybody just vanish that fast? Even with all the noise we made, we were just seconds getting into the room. If he DID turn into a puff of smoke and went up the chimney, he certainly couldn't have disappeared any faster and any quieter," Scoop shook his head.

I was at a complete loss.

"How about a Doppleganger?" Red shivered uneasily. "Maybe they can just vanish whenever they want to. Turn in-

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visible. Maybe he is right here in this room, watching and listening to us this very second." He glanced around acting very nervous-like.

When we searched the entire house even more thoroughly, Peg managed to climb up to the second floor. Red even looked up the fireplace chimney in the big room where the cellar trapdoor is located, but found nothing. There were no clues to explain the strange disappearance of who - or whatever - had been there.

"Well," I said after we had arrived back in the big room and were standing by the fireplace, "Doppleganger or Applestrudler, there's no use of hanging around here any longer. He won't be back while he KNOWS we're here. And I'd like to go back and talk to the Deacon before supper while heading home, even if it is out of our way a bit. I want to find out if he's found any trace of the missing motorboat. Also, maybe he might be able to tell us something more about a Doppleganger now that he has had most of the afternoon to think on it."

"I hate admitting getting beat like this," Scoop growled, "but Jerry's right. There's no use hanging around

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here any longer. We'd better get moving if we're going to stop at the Deacon's."

Gingerly crossing the now shakier front porch, we jumped down to the ground. The steps were a complete wreck and I could see how Peg had come to grief. The entire porch had been rickety to begin with and where the boards were freshly broken you could see how rotten and termite eaten they were.

Heading across the pasture and coming to the barbed wire fence, we quickly climbed through and hurried toward town. It felt good to stretch our legs after a long afternoon of inactivity.

However, when I glanced back at the old stone house, I felt uneasy . . . like we were being watched.

We discussed the days events again and again, but as before, made no real progress. It seemed like it was a jumbled maze that made no sense to us at all.

The elderly boatman was standing on the dock slapping at the numerous mosquitoes. As we approached he spotted us and called out cheerfully, "The red boat's back, boys."

Upon hearing this, we shifted into high gear and hurried up to where he was



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standing. Sure enough! his red motorboat was tied securely at its usual place.

"Where'd you find it?"

"Who had it?"

"When was it returned?"

We were throwing questions at him faster than the Strickers could toss rotten tomatoes at us.

"Easy now, one at a time! I kain't answer all of you at once. I went up to the depot to git a package what had come fur me. I was gone 'bout three quarters of an hour, or thereabouts. When I got back the boat was here all tied up proper-like. She's all safe an' sound, too, fur I checked 'er over mighty careful considerin' the mysterious way it was took.

"I kain't say whar she's been, nor who brung 'er back, nuther, fur I didn't see nobody. So I kain't answer all them questions of yourn.

"But with all the mix up over who took it this mornin', I kin tell you I'm plumb glad to see 'er back again.

"I did find this piece of paper in the bottom near the stern. An' its got somethin' on it what makes no sense at all to me."

The Deacon reached into his pants pocket, fished around and pulled out a

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torn scrap of paper. He gave it to Scoop as the rest of us crowded around straining to see what was written on it. One by one we fell back in total surprise.

There were just four words hand printed on it. They were:

"From, Miss Jerri Todd."

Scoop wagged his lower jaw a few times trying to get something to come out of his throat besides a squeaky croaking sound.

"Are you SURE it was a boy who borrowed your boat this morning, Deacon?"

"Positive!" he replied firmly. "That's the one thing I'm sure about."

Peg took hold of my arm and shook me. "Are you all right, Jerry?" he says, when I staggered back a few paces.

I managed to nod at him, but I still couldn't say a word because my mind was completely numb. First there was a Doppelganger who looked EXACTLY like me. Now there was a GIRL! With MY name, except she used an "i" instead of a "y." Did she also look exactly like me? Was this her REAL name? Had the Deacon been wrong and it HAD been a girl dressed up like a boy who took his red motorboat this morning?

Although we questioned him on every point we could think of, he could tell

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us nothing more. Nor could he add any other facts about a Doppleganger. It was discouraging.

Red wondered if this ghost could change and become a girl or a boy at will. We had no idea even though the whole theory seemed far-fetched.

"Jerry," Peg said, turning to me, "was it a boy you saw going into the old Morgan house?"

"I don't know," I said miserably. "All I saw was some movement and a pair of feet disappearing through the front door as he, or she, or whatever, crawled under the bottom board that's nailed over it."

"We DO know it was a boy that walloped the Strickers and was here at the Deacon's, but can only guess it was a boy the others saw," Scoop said, as he scratched an itchy spot on his leg, "at least till we talk to them again."

Thanking the Deacon and telling him we were happy his boat was safely back, we wearily headed for town still talking about this new twist in the puzzle. To-morrow, all agreed, we would be visiting the Tutter college to find out just how and where this Professor Lauterbach could be reached. Then we'd be able to ask him for fur-



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ther information about this mysterious German ghost and exactly how to deal with it.

In our discussion we zigzagged back and forth. A ghost, whether a German Doppelganger type or not, was something we found almost impossible to believe. On the other hand, it seemed equally improbable to me that there was another boy - or girl - or both - in Tutter so exactly like me that lifelong friends and acquaintances would mistake him, or her, for me. And there didn't seem to be any possible explanation for the empty envelope that we had found addressed to me. If somebody way out in Arizona knew me, why had they written to me at the Ashton Post Office instead of here at Tutter? But I didn't know anyone in Arizona. And I'd NEVER even heard of a place named Bisbee!

As we reached Hill Street, we parted, Red accompanying me home and taking me right up to my front door according to our plan that I should not be left alone at any time.

"I'll come over and tuck you into beddy - bye after supper, Jerry," he giggled. "Then I'll call for you after breakfast to-morrow morning."

"You come over in the morning, but

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try any of that beddy - bye stuff with me, kid and you'll find yourself pushing up dandelions in the Tutter cemetery," I scowled, shoving out my lower jaw.

This kidding around was beginning to help both of us relax a little from the unusual events which had taken place earlier.

"Yo-ho and a bottle of bay rum!" he vocalized. "You sure SOUND like an ol' sea dog, Jerry, but are you tough enough to lick that double of yours?"

"You forget, kid, I've known you since you dabbled in bright talk like: 'Goo Goo' or 'gurgle gurgle!' Anyway, try to stay out of trouble tonight. I'll be over in the morning about seven bells."

"What!" I said, surprised-like, "you're going to get out of bed before noon?"

He gave me a wide grin as he turned and hurried toward his home. I opened the screen door and slowly trudged into the house where yet another shock awaited me.

## CHAPTER EIGHT.

### My Parents Are Fooled.

Upon entering the house, it was easy to tell where mother was because a mouth-watering aroma filled the air.

"Hi, Mother!" I said, hurrying into the kitchen. "It sure smells good in here. Supper almost ready?"

"In a few minutes, Jerry. Hurry and get yourself washed up and ready." She glanced at me and added: "My goodness! How can one boy get so dirty? And for pity sakes, wash the dirt off, don't just splash water on yourself and wipe it off on my good towels. And," came more instructions, "don't dawdle because your father is in a hurry. He has to go back to the brickyard.

"Why didn't you go fishing as you planned on doing? And how come you changed clothes and didn't wash up first? When your father and I saw you downtown this afternoon and called to you, why was it you just waved and then ducked down the alley behind the Commercial House? You were wearing your green shirt, blue pants and red necktie then, weren't you? That was a very strange



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performance and one we didn't appreciate."

I stood there gaping at her because my lower jaw lost its ability to stay up. Had my own parents seen my Doppelganger and been fooled? If even THEY could mistake the other boy for me then there must indeed be an exact likeness. I began questioning Mother, but she was in such a tizzy getting supper off the stove and onto the table I had to postpone it. She wanted me to get washed and ready for supper.

Hurrying to the bathroom to soap and scrub as had been told, I quickly finished and headed back to the table arriving just as mother was calling Dad in for supper.

I gathered from what he was telling us over the mashed potatoes, there was a problem with one of the kilns in which the clay products are fired. This was the reason he was going back after we finished eating. I was finishing my dessert and sleuthing around the edges of the dish for the final traces of whipped cream the strawberry shortcake had been topped with when Dad observed, "If you get that plate any cleaner, we won't have to wash it! The next thing to come off will be the

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glazing. How did your day go after you drowned the Meyers' automobile this morning?"

I saw right off Mrs. Meyers had given Mother her version of the flood we unleashed in their yard.

Figuring this would be a good opening to tell about the day's strange events and find out more about them believing they'd seen me by the Commercial House, I began with the water squirting horseplay at Red's house and was just getting to the proposed fishing trip when the telephone jingled interrupting my story.

Dad went to answer it. Barney Kelly was calling seeking information as to where he could find a thing-um-a-jig Dad had used earlier. He gave Barney the location and wound up with, "I'll be down in a few minutes. We're almost finished with our supper, so if you still can't find it, sit tight. I'll be there directly."

Returning to the kitchen to finish his coffee, Dad said, "Jerry, why don't you come down to the yard with me tonight? I have to go back for a little while. Barney and John Sullivan stayed late to work on that troublesome kiln to get it ready for tomorrow's firing.

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Barney believes they have spotted the problem, but I want to be sure. Maybe my Junior Partner could run errands or move the clay sheds around should the need arise."

He was joking of course, about moving the clay sheds. They are solidly constructed brick buildings.

I like it when he calls me his Junior Partner, as he often does in our fooling around. Some day I will truly be his "Junior Partner," but that will be when I'm older and finish my schooling. I look forward to working along side Dad in the business. The Tutter Vitrified Brick Company was started by my Grandfather Todd back in the latter part of the last century. Just as Dad started in the business with his father, so I will too when the time comes.

It makes me proud when I look at the buildings of brick construction in this part of the country and imagine that OUR brickyard probably made them. Bricks are long lasting and are necessary. They do a lot of good if you think about them the way I do.

So I was happy that Dad invited me to go along with him. "Sure, I'll come. I'm the best clay shed mover around and



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the best errand runnerer in Tutter," I bragged, letting my chest swell out. "I'm ready whenever you are."

Shortly we were in the family car, joggling our way through town. Although the time was past seven o'clock it was still daylight and people were sitting on their front porches enjoying the gentle cool evening breezes and relaxing after their evening meal. As we continued toward the brickyard, I couldn't help but marvel at the golden setting sun and the way it reflected different hues of orange and yellow off the few fluffy white clouds.

Pulling into the yard by passing through the big open front gate used by the big trucks which haul the materials, Dad parked back of the small office building. We headed immediately for the shed housing the kilns where we could hear voices and the clink of metal tools. Barney and John were the only ones still there.

"Shure, Mистер Todd, an' ye didn't need to be a-draggin' yersilf back down here," Barney said in greeting. "Sully an me kin git the ol' thing fixed. The reason Oy called ye was 'cause Oy wasn't able to find the wrench in the tool shed. We kin fix this thing up in 'bout

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an hour wid Sully's hilp."

"I'm sure you can, Barney," said Dad, "however, if the two of you can spend your evening here getting everything set for to-morrow, I and my Junior Partner can stand by and run errands for you and grunt and groan while you work. In case there's anything we need, and haven't got on hand, I've brought the car so I can go after it.

"Um! Since you say I'm not needed here, there's some things I'd like to take care of at the office. If you need me, have Jerry come get me." Here he went toward the small building, whistling while he walked.

Barney grinned at us. "Shure an' yer Dad's all roight, Jerry. Tis twenty-foive years now. Oy worked wid yer grandpa afore yer Dad came into the bizniss. He wuz jist about the age of ye now whin Oy furst knowed him. Him an Jeremiah used to come down ivery Satiddy mornin' an' hilp out on straitenin' up the yard. An' a foine cheerful b'y he wuz an' a foine cheerful mon now."

It made me feel good to hear Barney speak of Dad this way. His mention of my Uncle Jeremiah interested me. He was my father's younger brother who had died in an accident when he was a boy

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only a little older than I am now. That happened long before I was born. He is buried in the family plot at the City Cemetery, along side my Grandfather and Grandmother Todd.

"What was my uncle like, Barney?" I said.

"He was a noice lad too, an' a hard worker. Koind o' hot headed he wuz, whereas yer Pa is so evin timpered an' aisy goin'. Oy remimber wan toime him an' yer Dad was a poilin' up some lumber, an' they had shtarted the poile in the wrong place. Whin yer Grandpa an' Oy come out av the shed an' he seen it, he sez to thim, an' as noice as pie too it wuz he said it, 'Boys, don't poile it there, it'll block the passage up. Put it over against the side of thot shed.'"

"Well, yer Dad jest laffed an' shtarted fer the new place wid the board he was carryin', but Jeremiah lost his timper an' hauled off an' give the poile a hefty kick. O' course it didn't hurrt the wood none, but he wuz hoppin' 'round on one foot an' yellin'. Whin we all laffed at him, he got really set off. A hot fhiery timper he had, indade, indade.

"Ah, Jerry, shure an' yer kapin' us shtandin' here a chinnin' whin we should



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be busy gittin' this old thing in shape fer tomorra. Come on, Sully! Let's get her fixed." Barney turned and walked toward the kiln.

"What can I do to help, Barney?" I asked.

"There's nothin' here thot ye can do, Jerry, but if its eager thot ye are to wurk, ye could take the old burlap sack there an' pick up some of the paper an' sich thots a layin' 'round. Whin it blows up in a corner in this dry whither we bin havin', 'tis mesilf thot kapes wurryin' fer fear a shpark moight set her to blazin' an' burrn the place down."

Picking up the old brown sack, I began to gather up the trash which was scattered around the yard. I gradually worked my way to the corner of the shed. My eye caught a quick movement in the gathering darkness at the front end of the yard. My first thought was that Ed Mulford, our night watchman, had arrived.

My mind instantly wandered back to the time that old Horatio Calabash Ott had become the night watchman here at the brickyard and how the old gentleman had allowed the office safe to be robbed. That was when my good pal, Poppy Ott, had become the fifth member

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of our gang. He helped solve the mystery and clear his dad's name. We also found out why the Cap'n had hidden the big black stuttering parrot behind the picture of his dead brother in his bird store. This is told in POPPY OTT AND THE STUTTERING PARROT.

I was standing at the corner of the shed, sort of hidden in the shadows, lost in thought. Then I realized the shadowy figure I was watching wasn't that of Ed Mulford. I could not make out who it was, but the person was acting very strangely. Too stealthy-like to be up to any good.

It was then I became aware that there were now two separate shadows coming toward me. The one I had seen first was coming from the front, while this new shadow was sneaking up from the rear of the brickyard. As they approached I noted both were about the same height and seemed to be coming toward the very spot where I was standing. I began to sweat when I discovered the pickle I was in.

## CHAPTER NINE.

Doppleganger! Doppleganger!

Standing, as I was not moving in the oncoming darkness at the side of the shed, I was quite sure neither of the prowlers had spotted me. I didn't know if they knew about each other or not. One must have come from the canal side, while the other through the main gate following the same route Dad and I followed earlier.

One would cautiously move a few steps and duck down with only the top of his head showing in the darkening shadows. Then the other would pop up and do the same. I was watching both with a growing curiosity.

However, there was something quite familiar about them so I stayed put and let both inch their way closer before I raised a cry for help. I knew that Barney and Sully would come running in two shakes of a lamb's tail and Dad was in his office within range of the sound of my voice.

The prowler who had come from the front of the brickyard began moving again. His movements finally brought him very close and I could now make



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out enough details to see it was a boy and not a full grown man.

My first thoughts were the two prowlers might be Bid and Jimmy Stricker who'd found out I was here at the brickyard and were now trying to get even for the beating they got from my Doppelganger.

But I soon realized it wasn't any boy I knew. I thought, while I watched the two shadows working their way toward me, I should know the one coming from the front. Nevertheless, if it was a friend then why was he sneaking around?

Then I knew why there was something so familiar about him. I gasped with shock and surprise.

He looked EXACTLY like me. HE was ME! It was my double! My mysterious Doppelganger! I stepped forward. When I moved, he saw me. Quick as scat he whirled around and darted for the School Street entrance.

Now was my chance to solve the mystery! Even though I remembered later smelling a sweetly perfumed scent in the air, I ignored it and completely forgot about the second prowler as I dashed after my double without a second thought about the other person. I will

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always wonder whether or not this was a wise choice. Had I decided to go after the one coming in from the canal, the mystery might have been solved sooner.

The Street lights came on just as I ran through the front gate and the bright glare blurred my vision for a moment. When it cleared the only person I saw anywhere near me was Ed Mulford coming to work.

"Howdy, Jerry," he greeted. "Be you lookin' for me?"

Hastily explaining what had just happened, I asked if he had seen anyone come running out of the front gate.

"Jest you, Jerry," he said. "Nobody came out till I seen you. If'n they had I'd seen 'em and heard 'em. Maybe they went the other direction, toward town."

Thanking him, I scurried for Hill Street and he headed back to the rear entrance. Most of the town's businesses were closed for the day. The only time they stay open late is when the farmers come in to shop on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

As I walked up Hill to Main Street, I found myself standing in front of Wheeler's Drug Store and Ice Cream Parlor.

I hurried in and looked around,

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but my Doppelganger wasn't there. I was stumped. It seemed he had vanished again. Turning around I headed for the front door and was about to leave. I glanced up and there I was standing on the other side of the screen door looking in. His mouth dropped open and his eyes got as big as saucers. For a moment I actually felt I was staring into a mirror.

Getting the paralysis out of his legs, he turned and ran back down the street.

I reached out to open the screen door and give chase but was stopped dead in my tracks by a big hand which fell heavily on my shoulder.

"Hold on there, you young scamp," a gruff voice boomed behind me. "I want to talk to you!"

It was Bill Hadley!

Quickly as I could, I told Bill I was the real Jerry Todd and that my double had just vanished from the front door seconds ago. Both of us hurried to the street and looked all about. Bill went down one side of Main Street, while I, the other.

We checked into alleys and all around. When we met back in front of Wheeler's, neither of us had seen him.



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I thanked Bill for his help and told him I would head back for the brickyard. He said he'd call Dad at the office shortly to be sure I arrived there safely.

Bill turned and went back into the drug store as I started off.

I was still keeping an eye out for my double. When I stopped at the corner of Main and Hill Streets I looked up and down the road, but I saw only a few grown men walking toward College Hill.

When I stepped off the curb I saw something shining on the paving bricks. Picking it up from where it lay, I found it was a brass store token that businessmen use from time to time in order to advertise their business. The token is usually good for a free something or other and can be worth anywhere from 2½¢ up.

It was good for a free ice cream cone and I was suddenly hungry for one. Turning it over to see which store was giving the ice cream away, I read "Old Friends' Ice Cream Parlour." I stood stock still with surprise when I read the name of the town. It was from Bisbee, Arizona!

I pocketed the token and continued

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on toward the brickyard where I found Mr. Mulford standing by the canal entrance scratching his head.

"You say there was another one back here, Jerry?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "but I followed the one who ran out the front gate and never even thought about this one again. You're sure no one but me came out?"

"The street lights come on and then I saw you run out," he says.

"Was probably a tramp lookin' for a place to sleep for the night. But I did smell some sweet smellin' perfume as I come down this way. You think it could be a gurl?"

Why on earth would a girl be here this late? Then it came to me. It COULD have been a girl. This MIGHT have been the mysterious Jerri Todd!

If it was, why had she been sneaking into the brickyard after dark? I smoothed the matter over by suggesting the tramp might have found some perfume and used it.

"Um! Could be," he nodded as we headed for Dad's office.

On the way we met Barney and Sully coming out of the kiln shed where they'd just finished the repairs.

I picked up the burlap bag and

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carried it along with me and put it in the huge trash barrel. We all stopped at the office where Dad and Barney briefly discussed to-morrow's schedule.

After they'd gone and our night watchman left on his routine patrol, I finally had the chance to tell Dad about the two prowlers and that one of them looked like me. I also told him about Mrs. Maloney, Barney and all the others thinking they'd seen me. I also mentioned that Mother said they had seen me earlier in the afternoon, but I was at the old Morgan house with the gang at the time.

He questioned me very thoroughly about some of the things I'd said and I answered them the best I could. He told me it was about twelve-thirty when they thought they saw me by the Commercial House alley. He was returning to work, but dropped Mother off downtown on his way to the brickyard.

"I think that would have been before we went to the Morgan house," I said. "We were either at Mrs. Maloney's house, or walking with Barney. If you have any doubts, you could ask them. You and Mother must have spotted this double of mine who's been running all over Tutter."



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"Jerry," Dad told me soberly, "I have never had any reason to believe that you were in the habit of telling lies in the past, so I don't think you are now. It won't be necessary for me to question anyone. I believe you. However, this entire story does sound very strange."

Remembering the token I'd found, I dug it out and showed it to him.

"Strange!" he repeated again, shaking his head. Handing the thing back, I again shoved it in my pocket so I could show it to the fellows in the morning.

"Strange is too weak," I grinned at him. "Eerie is more like it. And it's one mystery I have a mighty big interest in solving."

"Who is this kid? Is there a girl named Jerri Todd here in Tutter who also looks like me? Are they both from Bisbee, Arizona? But MOST important, WHY are they here?"

"I sure hope the gang and I can put our Juvenile Jupiter Detective minds to work and solve these puzzling happenings!"

Dad put some papers in the desk drawer and was preparing to leave when the 'phone rang. It was Bill. Dad told

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him I was present and accounted for and everything was all right.

He put the receiver back on the hook and we left for home pausing at the brickyard gate to talk to Mr. Mulford for a moment. He promised to keep an eye open in case the two prowlers should return.

It was after ten o'clock when we arrived back at the house. Dad and I raided the ice box for more strawberry shortcake with gobs of whipped cream on top after which we headed for the stairs and bed.

"Quite a day!" I thought to myself, as I lay there yawning. Some mystery! It was a good thing I had some detective experience as well as three loyal pals to help me find a solution.

While I lay there, mulling over the day's events, I suddenly remembered that Mother said when she'd seen my double by the alley, I was wearing my green shirt, blue pants and red necktie.

Quickly scrambling out of bed, I turned on the closet light and started digging through the freshly ironed shirts hanging on the pole. There, never worn, was my green shirt. The blue pants were where I'd left them in

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the dirty clothes basket which was on the floor by the closet door. At last I had something to show Mother and Dad which absolutely PROVED I hadn't been the one they saw down town.

I have heard that everyone has an exact double somewhere in the world, but I'd never expected to come face to face with mine. Just WHO he was, of course, was part of the puzzle. I had such a quick look when we met at Wheeler's I never got a chance for a good look.

And then there was the added problem of the girl. No one mentioned seeing a girl who looked like me. I thought of her mysterious appearance for a bit. Then I had an idea. Maybe she'd just arrived in Tutter and was looking the burg over. If that WAS the case we'd most likely run into her in person soon enough.

Everyone knows that there's no such thing as a ghost, not even a German Doppelganger kind of a spirit. But it was fun to think there MIGHT be. That gave the whole thing a more wild flavor.

While my mind was wandering I remembered what Mr. Mulford said when I asked him about anyone other than



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myself running out of the School Street gate:

"I saw you come out just as the street lights come on," he said.

I arrived at the street just after they'd been turned on. Both Mr. Mulford and I must have been blinded for a moment by the sudden glare of the bright light. My Doppelganger had run onto the street and vanished by the time I ran out the gate. Mr. Mulford had seen my double, the lights flared up and he vanished as I appeared. Our eyes adjusted to the glare and Mr. Mulford saw ME, never realizing the prowler and I looked exactly alike. To him there was only one Jerry Todd who ran out the gate.

The last thing I remember thinking about before falling into a troubled sleep, was the surprising way both the prowlers suddenly appeared and vanished. Then there was the ghostly disappearance at the ice cream store. I was delayed by Bill, but it didn't seem like it was long enough for him to get clean away. But he did.

All at once I was grabbed and shaken by hands belonging to a gang of boys and girls who looked EXACTLY like me. I tried to struggle and yell, but

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they kept shaking me.

"Come on, Jerry, old pal, wake up," a deep voice broke through my sleep-numbed mind. Slowly opening one eye, I finally recognized Dad. He was shaking me by the shoulders.

"Wake up, Jerry," he repeated. "Mr. Ellery is on the telephone. He wants to know where Howard is. He hasn't returned home from your fishing trip. Is he staying overnight with one of the other fellows?"

I glanced at the clock on my bureau. It wasn't quite eleven-thirty. What Dad said finally sunk into my fogged brain.

"What!" I yipped crazily, throwing the sheet aside. "He and Peg left us at School Street to go home about five-thirty. He should have been there long ago."

"He never showed up for supper, nor has he telephoned. He's among the missing. Mr. Ellery has Bill Hadley out looking and they've called in all the neighbors. Donald and Peg are on their way over to talk to you."

## CHAPTER TEN.

### Lost To Found!

It didn't take me long to pile out of bed and throw on my clothes. I ran down the stairs, almost tripping on my still untied shoestrings, I found Peg and Red talking to their fathers and several of the neighbors who live nearby. The men were standing excitedly in the parlor listening closely to what was being said.

"Scoop and I turned and left Red and Jerry at School Street," Peg said, "then he left me and went down Oak headed toward home. I continued on to my house."

"No sign of any trouble?" one of the men wanted to know.

"No sir."

"What time was this?" my Dad asked then.

"It was almost a quarter of six when we turned into School Street," Peg replied. "I remember noticing the time on the big clock outside Brehm's Jewelry store which chimed the quarter hour as we left Red and Jerry. It didn't take us long to walk to where Scoop



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left me to go home."

"Then Oak Street is the most logical place for us to start our search," Dad said, as he dug in the china cabinet drawer for our big flash-light.

I remembered the small light I'd gotten for my last birthday and dashed upstairs to get it, tripping once again on the troublesome shoestrings while going UP the stairs. Picking myself up, I hurriedly laced them and dashed quickly to my room.

The little hand flash-light was on top of my dresser. The men, along with Peg and Red, were just leaving the house as I tumbled down the last two steps in my haste.

"Careful, Jerry," Mother scolded, "or you'll end up at the Emergency Rooms with something broken."

I grinned at her as I left.

When I came alongside them, Peg drew us aside as we neared Oak Street. "Let's start from the canal end and go toward Scoop's house. We'll meet the men as they come down our way," he suggested.

"Good idea," Red said, hitching up his pants. A lock of red hair tumbled into his eyes and he brushed it back with a careless gesture.

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Arriving at the canal, we looked around. Peg had sensibly remembered to bring along a lantern. He struck a match to the wick and lowered the glass cover.

"Search along the bank," he suggested, wading into the knee-high weeds which lined the canal shoreline.

"I can't see without a light," Red objected.

Peg stopped moving through the thicket long enough to scowl at him and grumble: "Then search along the road where the street light reaches."

"But the Stricker's might be hiding there," Red shivered.

"You big goof!" Peg screeched at the complainer. "I'll get you if you don't get over there."

"But ——" Red sputtered. However, when Peg headed up the bank with a low throaty growl he scurried to the base of the pole which held the weak street light and began looking. But his "looking" consisted mainly of just turning his head this way and that, pretending he was busily searching, all the time standing under the supposed safety of the electric bulb.

Peg gave a disgusted sigh and went back to kicking through the tall undergrowth.

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I was working my way toward Peg when all at once I spotted a cap laying on the ground almost hidden by the weeds.

"Lookit!" I cried, bounding forward and picking it up."

Both Red and Peg came on the run while I quickly pushed through more mustard weeds to see if I'd missed anything.

"Is it Scoop's?" Red asked as he came puffing up, with Peg right at his heels.

"It sure looks like his," I said.

Peg took the cap from my nervous fingers and pulled the inside band down. In the dim light of my flash-light, we could see the initials, "S. E." inked on the inside of the worn band.

"It's Scoop's all right!" Peg declared confidently.

We could hear the men shouting Scoop's name.

It was then they reached the area where we were standing. They were all excited about the discovery of Scoop's cap so near the water.

"We better get some boats and begin draggin' the canal," one of them spoke.

"Not until daybreak," Dad said.



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"I don't believe that Howard would have gone into the water at night by himself. Remember also, he's an excellent swimmer and wouldn't have had any trouble making it to either bank of the canal even if he had accidentally fallen in."

"That's quite true!" a voice gritted behind us, "but I got marooned in the middle of the canal on a sand bank and HAD to swim ashore."

It was Scoop.

"The Strickers?" Peg and I said almost together.

"Yes," he growled. And a madder kid you never saw in all your born days. He was so angry he could have started a fire with the sparks flashing from his eyes, even in the soaking wet condition he was in.

"Are you all right otherwise?" Peg wanted to know.

It took Scoop several minutes to get control of himself and then nodded at everyone. "Yes, except for being chilled, wet and very hungry."

Here, Mr. Ellery and Bill, came forward. They had lagged behind the group searching along the canal bank.

Mr. Ellery put his arm around his son's shoulders and said, "We'd better

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get you home, dry you off and put something good inside. You can give us the details later."

"But, Pa, I have something important to tell the fellows," Scoop said.

"It'll have to keep until morning," Mr. Ellery insisted, pushing the dripping Scoop toward home.

It didn't take long for the bunch of men to break up and call it a night. We left Peg at School Street and Red, Dad and I continued on. Dad insisted I go right to bed because it was now almost one o'clock.

So, once again I lay there trying to calm down. I wondered what it was that Scoop had wanted to tell us. And how had the Strickers caught him off guard? They would certainly pay for this little adventure. As I relaxed, my mind drifted and sleep once again overtook me.

True to his promise, Red called for me right after breakfast. The sun was shining and puddles of sunshine danced as the leaves moved gently in the morning breezes.

Red and I went out on the front porch and parked ourselves in the shade of a big elm tree to await the arrival of Peg and Scoop. Peg had told me he

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would pick up Scoop and meet us here.

"How come you didn't come over for breakfast?" said I.

Red grinned. "I didn't wake up in time."

His eyes bugged out like peeled onions when I told him the story of my meeting twice with the Doppleganger and the strange disappearing act. Then I said:

"And if that wasn't enough, a second prowler came in from the back entrance almost at the same time. But that one got clean away when I chased after the first one."

"Gee-miny Christmas! He melted away into thin air right in front of you," he gurgled. "It's just got to be a ghost to do that, Jerry! Nothing human could do that!"

"They didn't 'melt away,'" I said, "but they sure made themselves scarce. And that's only a part of what I've got to tell you about. Yesterday, around noon, my Ma and Pa thought they saw me at the alley entrance behind the Commercial House. When my double saw them he waved and ducked behind the hotel and vanished."

"Your own parents? Quit stuffing me with your fairy tales. I should have



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known it was a story you were giving me. You had me fooled with that yarn about the brickyard because I saw you and your pa headed that way last night when I was in front of my house, so I believed that part. But you spread it on too thick."

Here Peg and Scoop percolated on the scene. They cut across the grass and joined us.

"Hi, fellow detectives," the big one greeted us, a grin spreading across his face. "How is everyone feeling this hot morning? Do you have any new Doppleganger sightings to report?"

"Humph!" Red sputtered grumpily.

"What's the matter, Red," Scoop said. "Did you miss breakfast?"

"Aw," the grumpy one growled, "He's been feeding me tales."

"Puppy dogs or pussy cats?" Peg further grinned.

"Huh?" Red grunted, looking at Peg questioningly.

"You said Jerry's been feeding you tails."

Red scowled. "How'd you get that way?"

Peg laughed, "What do you care what kind of tails, Red, as long as you're stuffed full of something. With your

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appetite anything is food."

"You should talk," Red sputtered. "You eat more than I do in a whole day filling up on in between meal snacks."

"Yes, Peg," Scoop joined in on the fun, "let him be. You know he has the appetite of a bird."

"A bird!" Peg snorted. "How about a buzzard or a vulture? Like Red they eat anything and everything in sight."

I was glad Scoop had suffered no lasting ill effects at the hands of the Strickers from his unexpected bath.

We do lots of kidding like this. If anyone who doesn't know us hears, they might get the idea that war is about to break out. But it's all in fun. This is our way of adding to our being together.

"Now, what was the tall tale Jerry was feeding you?" Scoop turned the conversation back to the main subject.

"He's been trying to tell me his own Pa and Ma saw his double yesterday and mistook him for Jerry," Red said.

They listened closely, even Red, while I once again repeated the events of what happened at the brickyard for the fellows, then finished by telling them about my parents seeing my double by the Commercial House.

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"You got a GOOD look at the kid?" Scoop asked.

"Only for a couple of seconds," I said. "Then he turned and beat it. For a moment I thought I was looking into a mirror."

We discussed these new events, trying to make some sense of the whole mess. But once again we came up short with no solution to the puzzle.

Scoop shook his head: "I don't really know if what happened to me after I left Peg will help or confuse matters more, but I do have an interesting story to tell."

"How'd you come to get tangled up with the Strickers?" I interrupted him. "I know you just wouldn't waltz up to them and say 'Hello.'"

He gave us a sheepish grin and said, "I wasn't watching out like I should have been. As I was walking home I looked up and there was Jerry about half a block ahead of me going down Oak Street headed toward the canal."

"Me!" I cried. "Why, I was with Red at the time. We were almost home by then."

"Yep!" Red broke in, "It had to be Jerry's Doppelganger."

Scoop motioned for silence while



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he gave us a contemptuous up and down look.

"I figured that out for myself," he scowled.

Peg sat down beside me. Scoop stood in front of us and continued:

"When the double got close to the canal he started moving cautiously and acting like he didn't want anyone to see him. So, I shadowed him and waited to see what was going to happen.

"When he got to the canal bank, he turned to the right and headed directly for the entrance to the brickyard. I followed, but at a safe distance.

"It was almost dark by then and the street lights hadn't come on yet. It was hard to see him, but I followed the kid to the canal gate. Then I lost him when I was bothered by a dog snapping at my heels."

"That should have been about the time I saw both of them and chased the one out the front gate," I told the leader.

"It's too bad he spotted you, Jerry," Scoop waggled. "If he had gotten closer you could have gotten a longer look at him and maybe have captured our elusive Doppleganger. He probably ducked down the alley which leads to the canal

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

and hid in the mustard weeds along the bank. He then could have hot-footed it away after I got out of sight."

"You didn't see him?"

"No. I walked on past the brickyard, just beyond the Cap'n's house, thinking maybe I'd been mistaken that he'd gone in the back gate. But I never saw him again. I turned back and headed toward my house when the Strickers jumped me out of the weeds. I never had a chance against all five of them. They tied me up and dragged me over to a rowboat which they had hidden under the brickyard pier.

"They rowed around for a while trying to decide what to do. Jimmy finally told them to leave me on a small sand bank which is in mid-stream just above the Cap'n's place still tied, of course.

"It took me quite a while to work the knots loose enough so I could slip an arm out and free myself. Then I had to swim ashore. That's when I ran into you fellows and the rest of the search party."

"When did you lose your cap?" Peg said.

"During the struggle with the Strickers, I guess."

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"If your Doppelganger can fight like Barney says," Peg chuckled, "it's a good thing for you, Jerry, you didn't catch up with him."

"Yes," Red chimed in. "If he had tangled with the ghost the mystery would be over all right. There'd be only one Jerry Todd left here in Tutter . . . the other one!"

"G-r-r-r-r," I growled cheerfully at them.

Turning to Scoop I asked, "What do we start with today? How about going to Tutter college to trace the whereabouts of Professor Lauterbach?"

"We don't have to," Scoop said. "This morning when I was in the store with pa, Professor Dizer and his wife came in to pick up some groceries. They are regular customers of ours so I have gotten to know him pretty good. You probably know him by sight even if you don't recognize the name. He's the one who drives that crazy old Stanley Steamer around town."

"Anyway, while pa was waiting on his wife I asked him about Professor Lauterbach. He knows him very well and they are close friends. He said Professor Lauterbach has left Tutter and is now teaching at a college in Indiana."



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"He asked why we wanted to talk to him, so I explained the Deacon's theory about the Doppleganger."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He just laughed," Scoop replied, "and said Lauterbach must have been making up some kind of a joke on the Deacon because all that is just a lot of nonsense."

"These college people are a queer bunch," Peg wagged. "If we are to believe Professor Dizer, his friend and fellow teacher was pulling the Deacon's funny bone, which to my way of thinking is very odd for a man who is supposed to be dignified. And, on the other hand, Professor Dizer himself goes dashing around Illinois in a runaway teakettle. That's a bit queer, too."

"In that case," I spoke up, "I guess our best bet is to watch the old Morgan house again. If our raid yesterday didn't scare him away, he should go back there and then we can get another crack at capturing him to-day. But we'll have to put a muffler on Peg's feet first," I added, grinning at him.

He aimed a playful swat at me.

"We ought to be able to smell him,"

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Scoop said.

"What do you mean?" says I, picking myself up from the grass where I fell dodging Peg's big mitt.

"While I was trailing the kid last night, I got close enough several times to smell some sort of perfume."

I choked.

"Mr. Mulford, our night watchman, and I noticed there was the scent of perfume in the air at the back of the brickyard last night," I said. "To the best of my knowledge, it came from the one who came in from the canal entrance because I didn't smell anything like that when I was after the other kid."

Then I stopped talking as a thought suddenly popped into my head.

"Do you suppose you could have been following the GIRL whose name is Jerri Todd?" I asked Scoop.

On the instant Scoop's face showed surprise . . . and then a bright red as a flush flitted across his map.

"I never thought that it might have been a girl I was following," he said slowly. "If it WAS a girl, she sure disguised herself. She had a cap over most of her hair, so I wasn't able to tell that way. But the kid was

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dressed like a boy."

"What sort of clothes?" Peg said.

"Just like Jerry," Scoop said, "right down to the tie. The only difference was the cap. She was wearing a cap like mine, with a brass button."

"I'll bet it was so she could hid her longer hair," Red tittered.

"Unless someone has a better suggestion," I interrupted, anxious to get started, "let's head out for the old Morgan place."

No one spoke up, so I got up and headed for the street. Scoop and Peg and Red fell into step beside me. Once again we found ourselves on the Treebury pike headed out of town.

"I see the old pike still hasn't gotten up and gone any place yet," Peg said, as we jogged along at a good pace.

Scoop gave a weak grunt. He was apparently thinking about the "Jerry" he'd followed being a girl.

"Don't worry, Scoop," Red laughed. "Just because one girl got away from you, it doesn't mean you can't get another."

"Good night!" he screeched, tearing at his hair. "Can't you fellows change your tune?"



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We just smiled at him.

"Wait until I see her again," Scoop sighed. "She won't give me the slip so easily."

We were still kidding around when we cut over to the tow path which runs along side the canal. We decided to come up on the old house from this side because of the heavy thickets and trees which grew along the bank.

After leaving the path, the mustard weeds were plenty thick and we had no trouble keeping under cover. The undergrowth thinned out a bit as we got to Charley Wilson's cow pasture, so we used the tall clumps of wild barberry and other bushes to hide behind.

The first sight of the old house made us feel good. There was a thin column of white smoke rising from one of the old crumbling brick chimneys!

Was it the elusive Jerry Todd? Or maybe it might be "Miss Jerri" Todd? Could it be someone else? Or perhaps a SOME THING!

## CHAPTER ELEVEN.

### Troubles And Doubles.

"Someone's there!" Scoop motioned us to go slow. "Let's see to it he doesn't get away THIS time."

"Be careful of that old porch," I joked nervously. "My stomach feels like a herd of cattle is roaming around inside of it."

"We'll surround him," Scoop decided, ignoring my chattering. "And if we're careful we'll be able to sneak up from all four sides of the house at once. Then, whoever is in there can't get away from us without one of us seeing him. Peg, you take the back side. When you hear me yell THIRTEEN, go in the back door on the double."

"Red, you circle around to the far side and come in through the window. The one which goes into the big room where the trapdoor is."

"I'll take the front."

"What about me?" I said.

"You use the same window you and Red went in yesterday," Scoop told me.

"Why do I always have to go to the place the furthest away?" Red growled

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

unhappily.

"Because you're the fattest and need the most exercise," Peg grinned at the chubby one.

Red gave a snort and said, "Well my mother and sister and pa love me."

"With a face like that? I'm surprised!" Peg continued his funny banter.

"SSSSHHHH!" Scoop shushed the two squabblers, "or he'll hear you. You've got your places - so GO! And be QUIET!" came the further reminder.

I remained where I was for a few minutes giving the other fellows time to work their way around the house. My mind was in a whirl, eager to get started.

At last we would find out who my mysterious double was and hopefully about the girl who had suddenly appeared. Were both the boy and the girl inside? Could they be the same person? I ran over in my thoughts all of our guesses and theories again as to what the stranger(s) were doing here in Tutter. I WAS quite sure that neither one was a ghost. There ARE no such things. But still, their sudden vanishing acts were hard for me to explain.

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I wondered how even one boy could look so much like me that Mrs. Maloney and the rest, even my own pa and ma, had mistaken him for me. Did the girl look just like me too? Was she from Arizona also? In another minute or two maybe I'd find out the answers to some of these puzzling questions.

I'd been keeping an eye on Peg, who was hiding behind a big oak tree not far from the canal bank. When Red was in position, he signaled to me that both were ready. I waited for Scoop to give me the high sign to start toward the house.

Pretty soon he waved his cap. I started for my place beneath the window opening. Crawling carefully from bush to bush, moving, with scarcely a sound, I finally reached my spot without anyone raising any sort of an alarm or outcry. Even though my body was covered with sweat, I found myself shivering as I crouched under the window.

As I listened, there were sounds of movement inside over the chirping of the birds. Someone was in the big room. There were footsteps and then I heard a squeaking noise like a rusty hinge would make.

Since there were no doors or win-



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dows left in the place, I wondered what made this sound.

Then it dawned on me what the squeaking noise was. I KNEW what had happened to the kid yesterday and I felt foolish. He'd NEVER left the old Morgan house when we'd burst in on him. He'd simply pulled up the cellar trapdoor and gone down the steps. We looked everywhere BUT down cellar.

Peg had opened the trapdoor and looked when we first searched hunting for clues. But when we'd gone crashing in and found no one there it had been thought my double escaped through one of the window or door openings and we forgot to check there on the second search.

Taking a chance, I silently raised up and peeked in.

The room was empty save for his camping stuff. The trapdoor was open.

"THIRTEEN!" I yipped at the top of my lungs, as I shinned through the window landing on my feet. Running to the trapdoor I slammed it shut and held it down with my 113 pounds.

I heard a surprised muffled cry from the deep and the door heaved up a bit as it was pushed from below.

"THIRTEEN! THIRTEEN!" I bellowed

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

again and again. The others finally came piling in. Although it had been only seconds since I captured the Doppelganger, it seemed like hours before the gang came running excitedly to answer my cry for help.

"What's the rip, Jerry?" Scoop panted, as he came crawling in through the front door. "Where's is he?"

"I've got him! I've got him trapped in the cellar," I told the leader as the door raised up an inch or two before banging down with a dull thud.

"There's no other way out. Help me hold the door shut!"

Peg and Red had arrived and seeing what was happening Peg simply slid the bolt home and my double was a prisoner like we had been when Mr. Arnoldsmitth tricked us.

I must admit I felt foolish. I forgot about the bolt in all the excitement.

"Quick, Red," Scoop ordered, "smash up that old chair over by the fireplace and bring us the legs. We'll use them as clubs if we need to." There was pounding on the trapdoor as my double tried and failed to budge the heavy timbers even a fraction with the bolt in place.

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"We'll keep him shut in there until we arm ourselves," Scoop said breathlessly. "Then we can find out just what Jerry captured."

Red scampered to the old chair. When he picked it up two of the legs fell off, so it wasn't hard for him to get the other two free from the wooden seat.

"Here you are," he said as he came running back, the legs clutched in his hands.

We each took one. Scoop and Peg stood at each side of the door while I stood in front. Red was breathing rapidly down the back of my neck.

Scoop glanced at us and said, "All right! We're ready now. Open the bolt, Jerry, and let's see just who we've caught."

Steadying my shaking fingers, I threw the bolt free and raised my club in case our prisoner came boiling up the stairs at me. Peg reached down and slowly opened the door.

"WHAT - What - what - " I stammered, unable to get anything out of my windpipe I was so stunned.

The others, too, gaped at the Doppleganger in shock.

There I stood on the cellar stairs

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staring up at myself!

For a moment nobody moved or said a word. My double seemed as surprised as we were.

Then he spoke, his voice even sounded almost like mine: "What's the big idea locking me in this dark hole? How'd you like a sock in the snoot?"

"You just come on up out of there slow and easy-like," said Peg, in a low steady voice as he drew himself up to his full height, flexing his muscles as a warning. "No one is looking for trouble, but if you get any bright notions about socking anyone you'll end up with bumps all over your bean. You've been going around Tutter and everybody believes you're Jerry Todd. We believe you own Jerry an explanation."

After looking Peg over, our captive thought better of his "sock in the snoot" gab and climbed cautiously up the remaining few steps. He stood still as he looked us over. He seemed especially interested in me. I could see why he would be. It was now plain as day why people had mistaken him for me. We were exactly alike. Just like identical twins. All I could do was stare back at him.



## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

"Gee-miny Christmas," Red put my thoughts into words as he and Scoop and Peg kept looking first at my double, then back at me, "the two of you look enough alike to be twins!"

"Who ARE you?" I demanded.

"My name's Jerry Todd," says he. "What's yours?"

Say you could have knocked me over with a horse feather!

"MY name is Jerry Todd! I don't understand how we can be so alike and even have the same name. What sort of stunt are you trying to pull?"

I bristled as I added, "You go around town and everyone thinks you're me. I got blamed for taking the Deacon's red motorboat, Bid and Jimmy Stricker are laying for me with blood in their eyes and the Cap'n yelled at me because you whizzed right by him yesterday and didn't give him a tow. I want an explanation and it better be a corking GOOD one!"

"Pull in on the reins, Jerry," Scoop stepped in to take charge in his usual sensible fashion. "It's not going to do anybody any good if you two start swinging at each other. This IS a strange mystery and a lot of talking is needed to clear things up.

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

"You say your name is Jerry Todd," he said, turning to the kid who nodded, so Scoop continued: "Was the envelope we found in that jacket pocket over there, addressed to 'Jerry Todd, care of General Delivery, Ashton, Illinois,' yours?"

He nodded a second time.

"Well, HIS name," Scoop continued, pointing at me, "is also Jerry Todd. He lives here in Tutter and we've known him all of our lives. As he told you just now, a lot of people who know him have been seeing you and believed they were seeing him. Since it's you who is the stranger here we think YOU owe everyone an explanation."

The kid grinned. When he did I couldn't help liking him in spite of all that had happened.

"It's no wonder those people I kept meeting around town seemed to think they knew me," he chuckled. "Now I understand why. I thought I was having eye trouble when I ran into YOUR Jerry Todd at the drug store last night. Those people even called me by my name. It had me baffled at first, but then I figured I must look like somebody named Jerry who lived in Tutter."

"I never dreamed there could be

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

anyone here with a mug like mine. If I had stuck around the drug store last night we might have gotten together sooner, but I saw the town marshal coming up behind him so I got out of there fast and hid on the fire escape at the side of the building until he and your Jerry stopped running up and down the street."

So that was how he had gotten away. Bill and I hadn't thought about looking up. I'd have to kid Bill about this.

"But where do you hail from? Why did you come to Tutter? Why are you hiding out here in this place? I asked. "If you have the answers we'd all be very interested in hearing them. If you're in trouble and there's something we can do to help that's not illegal, maybe we'll be able to help."

"Illegal," Red said with a straight face, butting into the conversation. "I'll bet a cookie Peg doesn't even know what 'illegal' means."

"What do you mean?" Peg looked with suspicion at the red-headed one. "Suppose YOU tell ME what YOU think it means, then I'll tell you the RIGHT answer!"

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" Red boomed. "Got

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

you this time. An ill eagle is a sick bird!"

Peg scowled while the stranger grinned at this horseplay. "That's not just a sick bird," he countered, "but an even sicker joke."

Then Peg laughed. "Don't let Red bother you. We let him out of his cage for a little fresh air and exercise from time to time. He's not dangerous, though."

Scoop motioned at us impatiently to sit down on Charley Wilson's hay bales so the kid could tell us his story.



## CHAPTER TWELVE.

### My Double's Troubles.

"An explanation to this will take a bit of time," my double said, glancing at me. "I don't see how it can do any harm. It IS easy to see that TWO Jerry Todds galloping all over the place is something that really needs some explaining."

He wrestled one of Charley's hay bales to the center of the room and sat down facing us. It reminded me of the time when Mr. Arnoldsmith first told us about the mummy itch in this very room.

"To, start my story off," he began his tale, "my name really IS Jerry Todd. Jeremiah Clarence Todd, to be precise, but I sure hate that Clarence part. Middle or otherwise. Everybody calls me Jerry in Bisbee. So you can see that I wasn't falsely using yours, or anybody else's identity.

"I was born and raised in Bisbee, Arizona, which is a mining town. It's not a large town, something like Tutter, down close to the Mexican border nestled snugly in the Mule Mountains. It is

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

near Tombstone, which you may have read about in your history books. My pa owns and operates a hotel there."

"Bisbee is where the envelope was postmarked. We found it in your jacket hanging on the nail over there," I said, pointing. "I've never heard of the place before, but I remember the name of Tombstone. It does sound familiar. But that's not important. Go on with your story."

"Well, to get to the part you fellows want to hear, I came to Illinois to try and solve a mystery. And to do so, I believed it best if I kept it a secret. However, in snooping around and trying to learn things, I haven't been very successful. From what little I have discovered, I don't think it's as important to keep my being here a secret any longer.

"I couldn't anyway, now that you've found me.

"To be truthful, your Jerry Todd is one of the ones I didn't want to find out about me until I was ready. I think it's time to pay a visit to my Uncle Gerald. You would have met me at that time."

I sat opposite him and was listening closely to every word.

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

"You see, when I found out about my father's secret, part of it was that he had a brother, Gerald, who he thought still lived here in Tutter. As I tell you the whole story, you'll see why I believed it was best to try and find out what sort of a man this uncle of mine was before I let him know I was here."

"My dad's name is Gerald, the same as mine," I said. "So, I suppose you think my father is your uncle. But he couldn't be! His younger brother was killed in an accident when he was a boy. He has no other brothers or sisters, so he couldn't be related to your pa. My Uncle Jeremiah is buried in the family plot in the cemetery here in Tutter."

It was his turn to be surprised. He stared at me like I had suddenly sprouted wings. Then he said: "But my pa ISN'T dead! He's alive and well at our home in Bisbee right now. He was pretty sick last spring. That was when he told me all about his family. He's fully recovered now, however."

"It was because of this story he told me when he was sick that I decided to come and see what I could find out about my family and the cloud

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

of suspicion he was under when he left."

The other fellows had been listening eagerly, looking first at my double, then me and back again. It was now that Scoop spoke up:

"It sure seems like there's some big mixup here," he wagged. "But why don't you tell us the whole story and then maybe 'our' Jerry can explain some of it and then we can decide what to do next!"

"You go ahead and we won't interrupt you," I said pointedly. "When you finish maybe I'll be able to clear some of this puzzle up for you. If I can't, maybe my dad can. Anyway, go ahead and tell it in your own way."

"One thing I am sure of," he says, scratching an itchy spot on the back of his neck, "is that my dad IS NOT buried in your town cemetery, no matter what you may say. He told me all about how he used to live here in Tutter when he was a kid. He lived with his mother and father and brother, Greald. There were no other children in the family when he left. What you just said matches with what he told me.

"My Grandfather Todd owned a brickyard here. In fact, I believe he started



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it. Since the two of us look so much alike proves to me we ARE related."

Thinking it over for a few moments, I slowly nodded in agreement. What he said seemed to make sense. "We must be cousins," I told the other soberly. "But I am still confused and don't understand how you CAN be. This entire story comes as quite a surprise to say the least."

Scoop's eyes were dancing. "By finding you solves at least one of our mysteries," he said. "And now here's another one. You fellows look more like identical twins than cousins, so I think you HAVE to be a Todd. There's no other explanation!"

"Let him finish his story, Scoop," I said. "What's your father's story?"

"When he was so ill," Jerry continued, "he told me about living here with his family and how he ran away from home when he was about fifteen. He did this because his father had accused him of taking some payroll money from the desk in the brickyard office. Not having anything to do with the missing money, he got quite angry at his Dad. They had hot words and yelled at each other. Dad ran out of the office and went down to the canal.

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"A barge was being towed by at the time and he doesn't remember why he did it, but he flagged them down and got a ride down the canal as far as Peru, Illinois.

"From there he walked over to the Illinois River where he stole a rowboat he found tied up at a dock. Pa continued down river until coming to the Mississippi in the rowboat. By this time he was sorry about running away, but was afraid to return because he HAD stolen the skiff. Dad tied the rowboat up at one of the many docks on the big river and continued hitchhiking and stowing away on paddle-wheelers, stopping here and there to work for meals by doing odd jobs, farm work and other chores."

Here a spider dropped down on Red's neck and he jumped up and did a jig for us. Peg helped him get it off. My newfound cousin and I sat and grinned at the sufferer.

"Dad finally landed in Texas," he went on, "and got a job in a small town, called Rock Springs, at a livery stable. The man who owned it was good to him and sort of raised him. Several years later, the man died and the stable was sold. Dad was twenty-three by then.

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He drifted on farther west ending up in southeastern Arizona.

"Dad tried first one thing and then another. When he arrived in Cochise County, he even did some gold prospecting near Tombstone and made a lucky find. Deciding he'd rather sell his claim than do all the hard work of digging the ore out of the rocky soil, he found a buyer and had a good sized bankroll. There was a livery stable and hotel for sale in Bisbee, so he bought them both. We still have the hotel, but the livery was put out of business by the automobile. We built a motion picture theater where the stable was. We still own and operate the Lyric Theater."

There were four audible gasps when Jerry told us the name of his pa's theater.

"That's the name of my pa's theater here in Tutter," Red stammered.

"I noticed that when I was looking around," my cousin told the red-headed one.

"Anyway, my dad met my mother there and they were married at the theater. Time passed and I came into the picture. Slightly over a year later, my sister, Nancy, was born.

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He never told us anything about his family and I assumed he was an orphan.

But last spring dad had a close call with a burst appendix. While he was in the hospital he told me all about his past. Pa swore he NEVER touched the payroll money his father accused him of taking and how he felt he could never go back home again because of that and he DID take the boat."

Here the kid paused, looking from one of us to another and back again. We were hanging on his every word.

"Gee-miny!" said Red, letting his breath out with a long, loud, hissing sound, something like hot steam escaping from a radiator, "this all sounds like a dime novel."

"It's true, just like I told you," he said tossing his yellow-hair away from his eyes.

"I made up my mind that this summer I'd come to Tutter and find what had become of our family. And I wanted to find what had become of the missing payroll money that my Grandfather accused Dad of stealing. I decided it would be best if I could do as much searching as possible without letting



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my relatives know.

"However," he said, looking at me, "all I've learned so far is that you're well thought of here in Tutter. Except for those two boys that I had a fight with by the brickyard. They seemed to hate you, Jerry. I'd just about decided I should introduce myself to my Uncle Gerald, then I went down in the cellar for the milk bought at a nearby farm and BANG! the trap door went shut on me. There I was in the dark and didn't have any idea what was happening."

"You're in good company," I told my cousin. "The four of us got locked down there, so we know how it feels."

The other fellows grinned as they remembered that night we brought the whispering mummy here.

"You don't have to worry about what Jerry's pa is like, Red spoke. "He's a square shooter and a good person. It would have made a lot less trouble if you'd taken the train to town and presented yourself at their front door."

"It certainly would have been quite a shock to both of us," I laughed a bit nervously, "if I had answered that knock at the door. I'd have thought I was seeing a Doppelganger for sure!"

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"Can you shed some light on his story, Jerry?" Peg asked. "I've known you almost all my life but I don't remember ever knowing you had an uncle, dead or alive."

"There's no mystery about him," I said. "At least from what I can recall. No one's ever said much about him, but I suppose that's because we believed he died so long ago."

"The way I heard it, my dad had one brother named Jeremiah. He ran away from home when he was a boy of about fifteen. So that far, there isn't any disagreement. I don't know why he ran off, except he had some kind of big misunderstanding with his father. Grandpa searched for him and had the police all over this part of the country looking for his son."

"A short while later, Grandpa Todd received a telephone call from the Chicago police. There had been an accident in the railroad stock yards. My uncle was supposedly involved in it and was killed. He fell under a moving cattle car onto the tracks and the body was badly mangled from what I've been told."

"Grandpa went to Chicago and identified the body and had it brought

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back here for the funeral and burial in the family plot at the cemetery. Of course, this all happened long before I was born, so all I know is what I heard Dad and Mother say at one time or another. But there was never any secret or mystery about him."

"Were you the one who borrowed the Deacon's red motorboat?" Scoop asked.

Jerry nodded.

"I returned it that afternoon. He wasn't around when I got there, so I tied it up at the dock and took off. The old man seemed to know me when I went to rent the boat for a trip to Ashton. Wouldn't even take any money for it. Said my help the other day was more than good for use of the boat." He paused a moment and then added: "I guess you must have done some work for him and thought he was letting you use his boat," he said, grinning at me.

I gave a nod. "Yes, but now that I understand why, I'm not mad about it. Just a mixup. But you went right by the Cap'n without giving him a tow."

The other looked blank.

"There was another man in a rowboat waving to you to give him a tow," I

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explained.

His face cleared.

"Sorry, I thought he was just being friendly. Couldn't hear him over the sound of the motor."

That solved those two points.

Reaching into my pocket I pulled out the slip of paper with the name, "Jerri Todd" written on it and handed the torn piece to him.

"What do you make of this? The Deacon found it in the motorboat when he returned from the depot."



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

### Soaking The Strickers.

My cousin Jerry stared at the paper I handed him. A look of amazement darted across his face.

"I . . . I can't . . . I don't know what to make of it," he said slowly. "I do have a sister, but she's still in Bisbee. I haven't any idea how this got into the Deacon's boat. I know I didn't drop it because this is the first time I've seen it."

"Is her nickname spelled that way, with an 'i?'" Scoop said.

"Yes!"

"Is there any way she could be here in Tutter?" Peg chimed in.

"If she is I haven't seen her."

Which meant we solved the mysterious Doppelganger puzzle, but still had a missing Jerri Todd.

"Does she look a lot like us?" I questioned.

He thought for a moment and then said:

"Only if she were to hide her long hair and dress in boys clothing, but still I don't see how . . ."

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I was full of questions it seemed. "Why didn't your pa ever write to anyone," I said, changing the subject, "or come back home? Grandma and Grandpa Todd would have been overjoyed to know he was alive. They both passed away still believing he'd been killed in the Chicago accident."

"I asked him that and was told at first he was too angry after being accused of something that somebody else did. Then Pa was afraid because he HAD stolen the rowboat. Later on, I guess, it was some stubbornness and partly because he thought it might be his brother who took the money."

"Why that ridiculous!" I sputtered. "Dad would never do anything like that! Anybody who really knows him will tell you so." I was quite upset to think this long lost uncle would have the nerve to think something like that. He could blame well STAY LOST, I told myself.

Sensing my anger, he added:

"From what Dad said, he did have a good reason to think this. There were only the two of them and Grandfather Todd there. However, since I've been here and done some investigating, I'm convinced he was wrong. This is

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why I decided it was about time to visit my Uncle Gerald and tell him my story.

"After all, you have to remember I never met any of my father's kin-folks and had no way of knowing what you were like."

He was right about that, so I calmed down as he continued:

"Remember also, when he ran away my father was only fifteen and very angry at being accused of something he hadn't done. Dad has a temper, as everyone who knows him, will tell you.

"When I first got here, I thought one way to check out what had happened might be to look over the back newspaper files to see what I could find about the missing money. I stopped first at the paper in Ashton since it is the county seat. While there I made arrangements to pick up my mail at the General Delivery window. Then walked to the newspaper office and found the back issues for the week when Dad ran away and for the following month.

"I couldn't find anything about the missing money or Dad's disappearance. This seemed mighty strange if the payroll money had been taken. But I figured maybe it wasn't reported

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because a family member HAD stolen the money.

"Knowing my grandfather thought Pa HAD taken it I could see how this MIGHT be the reason. But it wasn't helping me to find out anything. I hitchhiked to Tutter and while scouting around I came across this old empty house. It seemed like a good place to camp out as I did my snooping around in Tutter. So, I've used it as a home away from home.

"While trying to learn the information I wanted, it surprised me to find so many people knew my name and acted like they'd known me all my life. It was eerie."

The story made good sense to me, if I were to put myself in his shoes. The missing payroll part was something I never heard about before. As a matter of fact, I never heard any particular reason given why my Uncle Jeremiah ran away in the first place, except that he had an argument with Grandpa Todd.

I explained this to everyone, ending with, "The best way to clear all this up about what actually happened is to go ask my father. It was something which never came up, but I'm



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sure he'll tell us. Then you can come home and 'camp out' at our house during your stay here in Tutter. There's no need of you staying here in this old place. If your pa is his brother, Dad will welcome the news.

"I believe it'll be best if he hears the story from you, in person, right from the start instead of me trying to tell it to him. I'm still in a daze from all that's happened since yesterday."

Jerry nodded and said, "Yes, I guess that is the thing to do now that you've found me. But I'm still puzzled about this other 'double' you've told me about. Do you have any other information about her.?"

Scoop told my cousin about following the girl down Oak Street and losing her at the canal entrance to the brickyard. Then I told him about seeing the two intruders.

"I was the one who came in the front gate," Jerry said. "However, I didn't notice the other one. The only person I saw was your Jerry when he stepped out of the shadows by that shed. It was then I turned and scooted away as fast as possible." He paused and looked at Scoop, thoughtfully. "I

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know you think it could be my sister, Jerri, but she has dark eyes and long blonde hair which hangs down well past her shoulders. The last letter I got from Bisbee was from her. It was post-marked four days ago. I picked it up yesterday when I went to Ashton. The only way she could have gotten here from Bisbee is by train. But I can't see why she'd make such a trip."

"I'm sure now it was a girl I followed," Scoop wagged at us, "because the one I trailed was wearing some sort of perfume. But at the time I thought it was you since the face sure resembled Jerry's and yours. I never really got close enough to see the color of her hair or eyes though. The cap, something like the one I'm wearing, could have hidden the long hair. However, I'm not sure about that. Anyway, we've not only got our Jerry here, but you as well. That's two down and apparently one still to corral."

Jerry scratched his head and said, "Here I thought it was strange to find I had a cousin who looked like me, but another one? My sister is a year younger than I, but I guess I've never noticed whether we look enough alike to be sure."

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My cousin quickly piled his truck together and shoved it down onto the cellar steps. "I'll come back and pick this stuff up later," he told us. "Shall we go see Uncle Gerald?" He shut the trapdoor and closed the bolt.

Knowing Dad would be at the brickyard, we decided to take the most direct route there by following the tow path along the canal into town, right to the brickyard pier.

We cut across the pasture from the old Morgan house to the canal. Nearing the tow path, the sudden sound of voices, straining in loud, toneless harmony, cut through the hot morning air.

*"We're bummers, We're bummers,  
We're a long ways from home;  
And if you don't like us,  
You can leave us alone . . . ."*

"Shhhhh!" Scoop hissed at us, motioning us down into the tall, thick weeds, "that sounds like the whole Stricker gang."

Listening closely I was sure it was the entire crummy bunch who were parked on the the tow path on this side of the canal. We could hear better

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as we crawled cautiously closer toward the canal bank using the thicket for cover. Listening, I heard my name mentioned when they took time out to catch their breath from singing.

"We owe Jerry Todd a lot of lumps on his noggin," Bid strutted his stuff in front and Jimmy standing right beside him, "so we'll all sneak up and fix him good like we did that snooty Ellery kid."

Scoop tensed his muscles, ready to jump out of the bushes right then and there. But Peg held him back, whispering something into our leader's ear I couldn't make out. Slowly, Scoop relaxed and squatted back down, nodding at Peg in agreement.

"But why are you so sure we'll catch Jerry here all by himself? He's always with the rest of his gang. And if you think I want to tackle that big gorilla Shaw kid, even with a club, you've got another think comin'," Hib Milden's voice spoke up in a whine.

Peg grinned at us and flexed his arm muscles.

"Jimmy and I hiked out this way yesterday and saw Jerry coming out of the old Morgan place alone. We took a look and saw his camping truck there,"



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Bid said. "I don't know why he's camping there all by himself, but it's to our good. The rest of his gang ain't with him, either."

"What are we goin' to do to him?" another voice joined the conversation. I was pretty sure it was Jum Prater. He's the one with the big mouth. Jum needs two clothespins to keep from turning inside out when he opens his mouth to yawn.

"We'll lay a trap and nab him when he comes out the door," Bid told them. "And, when we've got him all tied up, we'll give him the works."

"Aw, gee-miny, Bid," Chet Milden's squeaky voice chimed in, "I hope you ain't asking all of us to capture just one guy. You planning to murder him?"

"The more the merrier," Jimmy laughed meanly, "so, when all of us grab him he won't be able to fight back. We've got it all figured out. We'll take his clothes, then haul him to the canal and toss him in all tied up like a Christmas package. He won't be hurt much, but he'll be madder than a wet hen, as well as soaking wet and stuck out here in the country with nothing on."

"Grrrrrrrrr!" Jerry growled. "Let

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me at them!"

Quickly putting his finger to his lips to silence both Jerry and myself, Scoop softly whispered to us: "Let's fix them good. There's five of them and five of us. When we jump 'em, we'll each take one and toss them all into the canal. They won't be expecting anything like this, so it should be an easy victory!"

"Jum is the biggest," whispered Peg, "so I'll take him. Scoop, you grab Hib. Red'll jump Chet. Our Jerry will take Bid and cousin Jerry can have Bid's cousin, Jimmy." He pointed him out to Jerry.

"If any of us has trouble with his guy, the ones who sink their victim right away will pitch in and help."

All of us silently got into position. With loud yells, we leaped out of the weeds like crazed madmen at the stunned Stricker gang.

Let me tell you. It worked like a charm! When we pounced on them, they were frozen, standing almost like statues. Bid was the only one who put up any sort of a fight. As I took hold of his shoulders, I heard four separate yelps, followed by the same number of splashes, which told me the others had

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dunked their target right off the bat.

Another pair of hands took hold of Bid by one arm. Bid's eyes bugged out and he gave a wild, gurgling screech and stared from me to my cousin and then down the tow path.

I couldn't understand why Bid was staring down the weedy trail until I stared startled at the same spot. There I stood down by the bend in the canal, looking back at both Jerry and myself!

Bid gave another wild yell and pulled loose from Jerry's and my grip. He turned and leaped, feet first, into the canal quickly following the rest of his gang by swimming across the wide waters to the opposite bank so fast he must have set a record. After all had reached the shore, they scrambled up the steep bank and ran for home as fast as their legs could carry them, dripping water at every step.

My double, or was it triple? stood staring back at us, but moved quickly when Scoop shouted:

"Get him! Don't let 'em get away," and he ran pellmell down the path.

But by the time he arrived at the spot, the person disappeared.

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Try as we might, we couldn't find my other self. Was this the Dopple-ganger? Or was it the girl, Jerri?

Why had she run if it was? If it was cousin Jerri, why hadn't she joined us?

We discussed these questions while walking toward town.



## CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

### Dad's Story.

"I wish I could have been able to see the other guy's face better," my cousin said thoughtfully while we made our way toward Tutter, "but the sun was against us and his cap was pulled down too far to see the eyes and face clearly. It also covered the hair, but I was too surprised to notice that anyway."

"Whoever it was," Peg said, "was dressed like the two of you . . . even down to the same color tie."

"If it is a girl," Red put in his opinion, "she must be more of a tomboy than a girl."

"After we see your pa," Scoop told me, "and sort of get your cousin's problems out of the way, then we can work on this next double mystery and learn all we can about this 'Jerri Todd.'"

The others agreed. We joked and laughed the rest of the way down the canal tow path until we reached the brickyard dock.

While the rest waited outside the

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office door, I went in to see Dad and prepare him for the shock of meeting my cousin Jerry. He looked up with a smile as I entered, greeting me:

"Hi, there, junior partner. What's new in the Juvenile Juniper Detective business? Any leads on this case of your mystery double?"

"It's Jupiter Detectives," I corrected with a wide grin spreading across my face. "As for the 'double mystery,' have we got a story to tell you."

I took in a deep breath and began while Dad leaned back in his swivel chair to listen.

"We went back to the old Morgan house again to-day and finally caught up with my Doppleganger. The story he tells is just so amazing it'll knock you right off your chair!"

"First of all," I continued, going to the door and motioning for my cousin to come in, "I want to introduce you to cousin, Jeremiah Clarence Todd."

"He's also called 'Jerry' Todd."

"However, I'm going to let him tell you his story in his own words, because I'm still shaken up by all that's happened the past couple of days."

Dad hesitantly stood when Jerry entered the room, but had the presence

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of mind to greet him and shake his hand. He did stare at Cousin Jerry first and then me. I could understand his confusion.

My cousin began his story while both Dad and I sat down to listen. Dad listened intently, only interrupting once to ask him to repeat the part about his brother going down the canal to the Mississippi.

"And so," Jerry came to the end of his amazing story, "your Jerry and the gang brought me to town to tell you my story."

Dad sat thoughtfully for a long moment and arose, tears of happiness welling up in his eyes. He came around the desk to stand in front of my cousin. Both stood silently and looked at each other, then gave each other a hug.

Dad spoke, his voice choked with emotion: "I don't know how this can be, but the fact is you are a dead-ringer for my son, Gerald. I can understand now how every body thought it was him they saw. Even my wife and I believed it was our Jerry we saw by the Commercial House yesterday.

"I believe you ARE my brother Jeremiah's boy. You say he IS alive? Is he here in Tutter with you? If so,

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why didn't he come here with you to see me?"

"My pa's still in Bisbee, with my Mother and sister, Geraldine." He paused a moment and added, "At least I think they're all still back there. On our way here we all saw another kid who looked exactly like us," he pointed at me and then himself, "but we don't know if it was a boy or girl. The kid was dressed like us, except for a cap pulled low over the head and face."

"It's a great shock to me," dad said, "since we believed my brother had been killed in a train mishap many years ago."

"That's what cousin Jerry told me," the other waggled. "My father was born here in Tutter. His parents were Jeremiah Gerald and Elizabeth Ann Todd. He had one brother, whose name was Gerald. There were no other children in the family at the time he ran away. He was slightly over fifteen. My pa and ma now own the Copper King Hotel in Bisbee, Arizona."

"Jeremiah is alive! It's true! I'm SURE - I - I don't grasp it all yet, but it HAS to be so," Dad said. He was trembling from the strain. There's



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so much I want to ask you I hardly know where to start." He put his hand on Jerry's shoulder. "I am SO pleased and happy to hear all this. Tell me more. Why didn't you come to see us when you first arrived? Why didn't your father ever contact us?"

Scoop and Red and Peg had stayed outside, not wanting to intrude on a family matter. But Scoop entered the office at this moment and said:

"You're not going to believe this, but Jerri Todd is just outside the door. Her name is Nancy Geraldine (Jerri) Todd."

My cousin gasped, exclaiming, "My sister?"

Scoop motioned for her to come in and left the room.

"Nan!" Jerry said, startled-like, "what are you doing here in Tutter? Are Mom and Dad with you? Is something wrong?"

She was still dressed in knee pants with shirt, coat and tie. She had taken her cap off revealing long golden curls which hung down past her shoulders. She was still trying to arrange it to her satisfaction, as girls do, when she entered.

Jerry introduced us.

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"I'm very pleased to finally met you," she murmured in a soft musical voice. Her voice trailed away as she looked from me to Jerry and back again. "You two look like twins instead of cousins."

"I'm here by myself. Dad and Mother didn't know I'd left. I telephoned them from Benson after taking the mail train from Bisbee. I had to come and make sure you didn't get into trouble while here. You know your temper is a lot like Dad's," her dark blue eyes twinkled merrily.

Jerry grinned, his face coloring a bit. "Yes, I guess I AM a lot like Dad. I try not to be, but it happens before I realize it."

Turning to my pa, he said, "When I came, Uncle Gerald, I didn't know what sort of people you were. Since my father left under a cloud, accused of taking money by grandfather which he swears he didn't take, I thought it best to scout around first. Pa knows his act of running away must have made everyone think he took it."

Dad pulled the chair from behind Miss Tubb's desk and Nancy sat down. He paused on his way back to his own chair and said: "Put that out of your

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mind, Jeremiah. Your grandfather died a broken-hearted man knowing he had wrongfully accused your father. Believing he was dead he had no way of undoing the wrong he'd done. Your father was a hot-headed lad, but he came by it naturally from our father. People often commented your father had his Dad's temper and I my Mother's. How that temper has harmed us all!"

"And I don't want it to do the same to my brother," Nancy said.

Dad nodded agreement, continuing:

"The missing money was never really missing. Your grandfather left it laying on top of his desk while he went to the clay sheds for something. The office girl, who'd already left for home, returned for a forgotten letter she was supposed to mail. She noticed the money on top of the desk. Not wanting to leave it there in plain view, she put it in grandfather's desk drawer. Jeremiah and I were back at the clay sheds. Dad sent 'Miah to the office on an errand. When Dad returned to the office he thought the money had been stolen.

"He lost his temper and accused your father of taking it. 'Miah, in turn, did the same and both had harsh

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words. Your father rushed out and disappeared. It was terrible! Father found the money a short while later, but he couldn't find his missing son.

"We searched and searched, trying in every way possible to locate 'Miah — er, your father. When the Chicago police contacted our father about the train accident where a boy was killed and possibly your Dad, your Grandfather felt sure he was Jeremiah. He believed he headed for Chicago and notified the authorities to be on the lookout for him. I remember he often talked about going there.

"Father went to Chicago and identified the body as his son's. It was returned to Tutter. After the funeral he was buried in the family plot.

"Dad was deeply saddened over the loss and his treatment of him which occasioned the tragedy. From that day until the time of his own death, he never again displayed that terrible temper. So you see, your father was truly wrongfully accused. No one ever believed him guilty of anything."

Dad leaned over and picked up the telephone receiver. He jiggled the receiver hook until central answered.

"Carrie!" he paused, "Get me long



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distance, please. Yes, Carrie, long distance . . . Hello? I'd like to speak with Jeremiah Todd, at the Copper King Hotel in Bisbee, Arizona. Their number is 48 . . . Yes, Arizona. The receiver sputtered and he sat holding it to his ear while looking at his newly discovered niece and nephew.

Several minutes passed which must have seemed like hours to Dad. I know it did that way to me.

More spluttering came from the instrument.

"Hello? Hello? Is this Jeremiah Todd?" Dad's face was pale as the receiver made more noises. Tears of happiness ran freely down his face.

"Miah? Miah, this is Gerry! Oh, Miah, why didn't you let us know? We thought you were dead! Your son and daughter just told me . . . yes . . . they're both here with me."

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

### Brothers Reunited!

My story really ends here, although there should be a few more words of explanation added. The telephone conversation resulted in arrangements for my Uncle Jeremiah and Aunt Elizabeth to visit Tutter for a joyous reunion. During their stay many things that puzzled us were resolved.

Nancy decided to follow her brother to Tutter since she knew he was hot-headed, like his dad, and lost his temper easily. She was afraid if she asked her parents, they would have both said no to her coming alone by herself. So she left a note, dressed like a boy and took the train from a town about 50 miles north of Bisbee straight through to Ashton.

She trailed her brother's movements and followed him to Tutter. When 'Cousin Jerry borrowed the Deacon's red motorboat and went to Ashton, Nancy saw him arrive but lost him in the downtown section. She decided to leave a written note near the motor pinned to the seat. The wind must have torn it

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

loose, leaving only the name, "Miss Jerri Todd." The Deacon found that piece and gave it to us, which solved that nagging question.

Nan went to the train station and got her suitcase, intending to join her brother and ride back to Tutter. However, when she arrived at the pier, he was already gone. She took the train to Tutter and spent the rest of the time hunting for him.

Unknowingly, she arrived at the brickyard almost at the same time as her brother, but when I popped out of the darkness she was scared and quickly ran away.

After arriving in Tutter, Nancy, as I'll call her, went to the **Tutter Daily Globe** office and pored through the paper's back issues. She read about the supposed train death of the boy and about her Grandfather Todd identifying the body as his son, Jeremiah.

Jerry admitted, his face getting red again, he hadn't gone through the papers that well. He told us he missed seeing that article. Had he seen it, he told us, he would have come to see us right away.

When Nancy was on the tow path, heading for the old Morgan house, know-

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ing her brother was possibly there, glanced up and saw the five of us struggling with the Stricker gang. She was frightened by what was happening and didn't know what was going on. When we ran toward where she was standing, she saw both Cousin Jerry and me, which made her decide to hide.

Quickly getting under cover in the thick weeds, she waited until we left, then followed us to town, at a safe distance, straight into the brickyard. We hadn't even thought about being followed and never once looked back. Some detectives we were!

Arriving at the canal entrance of the brickyard, she removed her cap. That was when Scoop and the others spotted her. Instead of running toward her, Scoop sauntered up casually and asked her who she was. Nancy told him her name and that she was looking for her brother and her Uncle Gerald.

After leaving the office, Dad took them to our house. Red and Peg both raced to the train station to get her bags. Cousin Nancy, they told me later, was the prettiest girl they ever saw.

I've never seen Peg or Scoop dressed in their Sunday School clothes on a weekday before, nor hair slicked



## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

down so smooth. As for that red-headed, freckled-faced Red Meyers, his Ma almost had a fit, thinking he was sick when she discovered him doing the ear-digging act without being told to do so four or five times in one week.

While there, we got together and went on an overnight camping trip to Oak Island, along with Scoop's little brother, Jim, and his friend, Tommy Hegan as Scoop had promised. The next morning, Dad, Mother, Uncle Jerry, as I called him, Aunt Elizabeth and Cousin Nancy joined us for one of the best picnic lunches I ever ate. We had loads of food and fun that day.

Cousin Jerry loved it because, as he said, "Down in the desert country around Bisbee, there aren't many streams nor islands big enough to camp on. The Santa Cruz River," he laughed, "doesn't have any water in it most of the time, except when it often reaches flood stage levels during July and August."

Uncle Jerry helped to clear up the reason Grandpa Todd identified the body as his. The Chicago police were led to the mistaken belief because of a book called "Frank On A Gunboat" found on the body that had Uncle Jerry's

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

name and address written inside. He explained he had the book in his jacket pocket when he ran away. The jacket was stolen by a boy about his age he met on the canal boat. This led everyone to think the body was his. From what we learned when visited by a police detective from Chicago, the boy had been run over by the locomotive and they were not able to get any other identification.

We'll probably never know the real name of the person buried in the cemetery. Like Bill Hadley told us, the length of time between the accident and discovering Uncle Jerry was alive had been too long. Fingerprinting, in those days, was a new science, so, of course, Chicago authorities didn't have this method available. There were no other marks or papers on the body.

What, if anything, will be done with the remains is still undecided. However, a new headstone has replaced the one with my uncle's name on it.

When it came time to return to Arizona, the two families made arrangements to keep in close touch with each other.

From what is already in the planning stage, we're to spend a couple

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

of weeks in Bisbee come next summer vacation. I look forward to visiting the wild, wild west and finding out for myself what it's like. I was sort of disappointed when I was told they don't pack six-guns on their hips as seen in the motion pictures. But, I guess the good old days of the cowboy are gone.

There are a number of deserted old (ghost) towns in the area. Mining camps, where the ore ran out and everyone left. There remain only the buildings which stand rotting in the hot desert sun. It's going to be exciting to dig around in them to see what I can find. My only regret is that Scoop and Red and Peg won't be able to share the vacation adventure with me.

From what Uncle Jerry told me there were a lot of hold ups and robberies back then and some of the money and stuff has never been recovered and thought to be buried somewhere in some of the old camps. Gee, Cousin Jerry and I will have fun looking, even if we can't find any hidden treasure.

Now, let me tell you about what happened to us, and especially to Red, when we went on a week-long camping

## JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

trip to Clark's Falls.

Scoop and Peg and Red and I headed out with our camping truck packed on our backs. But then Red fell into a deep cavern during the trek toward the falls and his entire personality seemed to change instantly. Especially after he discovered the Wizard's magic wand.

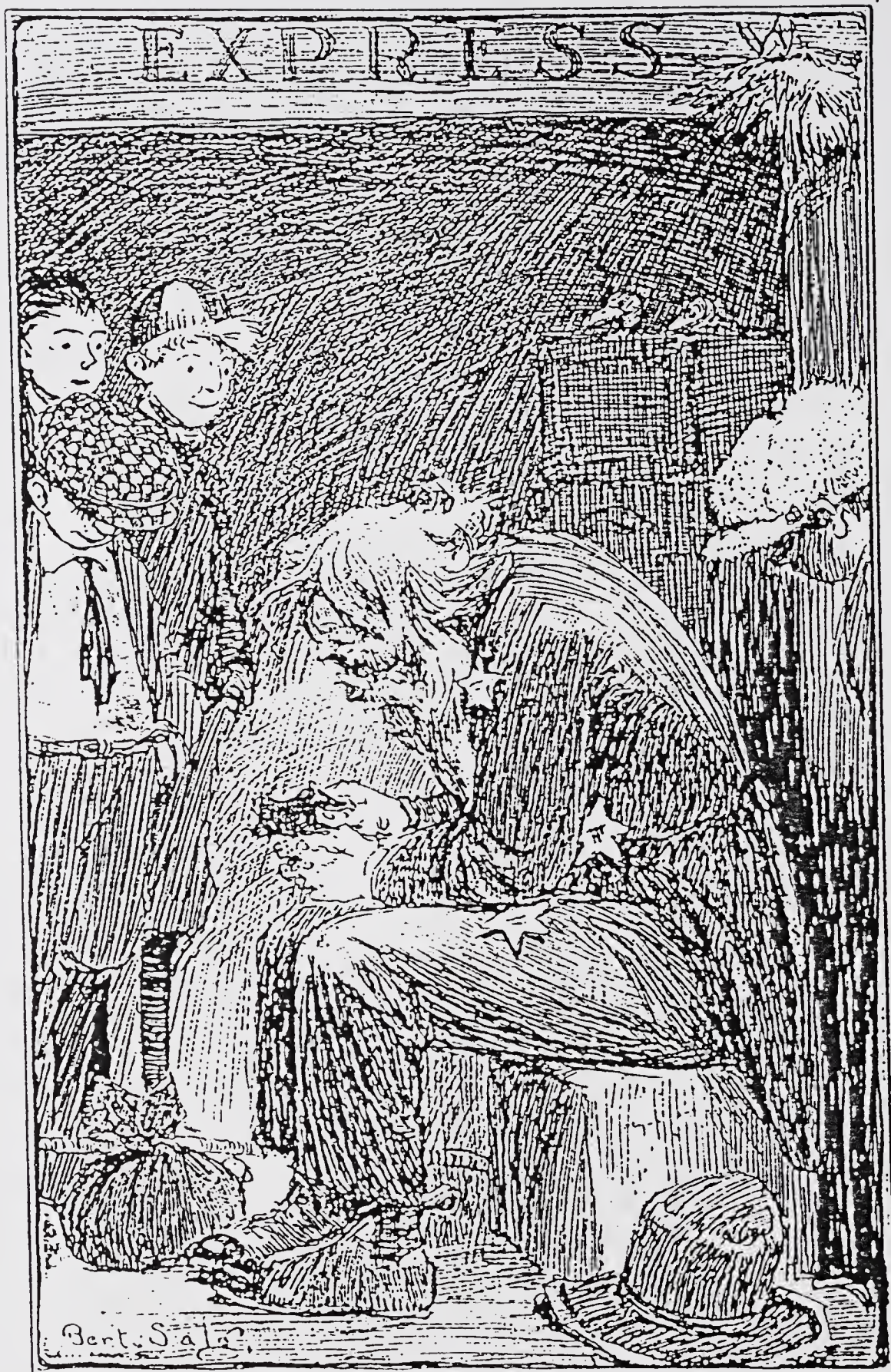
So, for spell-binding exciting fun, full of skylarking outdoor mystery, be sure to watch for JERRY TODD AND THE WIZARD'S SPELL. And it's coming, SOON!

THE END

NOW, THE WHISPERING MUMMY!



THE WHISPERING MUMMY



HE WAS POLISHING FOUR STAR-SHAPED BADGES.

The Whispering Mummy.

Frontispiece-(Page 12)



## The Characters in This Story of Fun and Mystery

(From The American Boy March, 1923)

PEG SHAW, RED MEYERS, SCOOP ELLERY, and JERRY who tells the story: Four boys who live in Tutter, a small college town.

THIRSTY AND HIS PALS: A rollicking bunch, students of Tutter College, also members of the Golden Sphinx Fraternity. For a lark they have purchased from the four boys an ice-cream peddling outfit, including Scoop's cart which the boys hope to retrieve when the college boys tire of it. When the boys call at the Fraternity house to return a gold mummy-shaped fraternity pin which they found, the students offer two of them a job helping in the kitchen of the Fraternity Home at an initiation party to be given next Monday night.

MR. ARROWSMITH: (Arnoldsmith-Editor): A mysterious, shabby, old man whose eloquence impresses the boys profoundly; they eagerly pay him \$1.25 each for the delights of becoming members of the Jupiter Detective Agency, so they may have a chance to win fame by being Tutter's only Juvenile Detectives.

RAMSES: a two-thousand dollar Egyptian mummy donated to Tutter College museum by Dixon White. Apparently it's only a mummy, dead for thousands of years —

yet, when the four boys impelled by curiosity drop in at the museum on their way home from the Fraternity house, they are startled to horrified flight by a spectral voice from the mummy: **"I AM NOT DEAD; I AM SLEEPING!"**

Now to THE WHISPERING MUMMY next in this book.



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# T H E   W H I S P E R I N G   M U M M Y

By Edward Edson Lee

(This five-part serial appeared in The American Boy Magazine, Feb. through June, 1923). Reprinted with permission.

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WHEN WE APPEARED in Main Street Saturday morning our outfit attracted quite a bit of attention, especially our sign. Scoop Ellery pushed the two-wheel cart containing the ice cream freezer and made the sandwiches. We let him do this, because selling the ice cream sandwiches was his idea. Peg Shaw rang the old dinner bell we found under Red Meyers' hen house. I did the shouting and made change. Red carried the sign.

"Right this way to get a great big ice cream sandwich for only five cents," I yelled as we started down the street.

Some kids playing near the curb came running.

"Got those big freezers clean full of ice cream?" one of them wanted to know, eyeing the freezers hungrily.

"Sure," said Scoop in a business-like way. "Wanta sandwich? Only five cents. First come; first served."

"I ain't got five cents," said the

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

kid. "But maybe I kin git some money from Ma. Just you wait here a second."

"Here's where we make our first sale," said Scoop happily, when the kid came back on the run.

Shortly after that we made another sale. Scoop's scheme was working out fine. By ten o'clock quite a bit of the ice cream was sold and I had eighty-five cents in my pocket.

It was a hot day for September. We had just finished our first week of school following the summer vacation. Tutter College was to open up in a day or two and the students were coming into town on every train. We were close by the depot when the Chicago-Peoria Accommodation whistled beyond the Carey Sand Pit. Thinking we might be able to sell a few sandwiches we scooted over, arriving at the depot just as the train rumbled in, the brakes jangling and the engine blowing off steam.

More than a dozen students got off the train. We hadn't seen any of the college students around town since last spring, but the summer vacation hadn't changed them any. They were just as gabby and noisy and smart-acting as ever, wearing little yellow caps that made them look like a lot of ninnies. One of



## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

them got his eyes on Spider Phelps, who was resting against his rickety bus waiting for possible passengers. Dropping his grips in a heap, the fellow, rushed across pellmell and grabbed Spider's hand.

"Well, well, if it ain't my dear old pard Spider, the faithful custodian of the village taxi," said he noisily, pumping Spider's arm up and down; and the way he said it made you think he and Spider had chummed together all their lives.

"Beat it! Beat it!" growled Spider with a scowl, jerking his hand away and putting it in his pocket for safe-keeping. "You can't bum a ride up th' hill to College Park that easy. I may be green, but I ain't dumb! An' I ain't furgot about that thirty-five cents you short-changed me out of last April, nuther."

The student stepped back and slowly shook his head, regarding Spider sorrowfully. Of course we knew he was putting on. Spider knew it too. That's the way with a lot of the students who come to Tutter College: they like to show off. Some, of course, come to study and learn things; but others, it would seem, just come to play football and have a good

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

time.

"To think that my old friend Spider - my bosom pal - "

"Cash in advance before you git in, or you walk," cut in Spider grimly, blocking the door of the bus.

On the instant the student's mood changed.

"I'll match you for it," he suggested lightly, jingling some coins in his trousers' pocket.

"I've seen that two-headed nickel of yours before," said Spider. "Nothin' doin'! If you smart geezers wanta ride to College Park, you gotta pay in advance - c-a-s-h, meanin' cash money."

AT THIS the students noisily closed in on the bus, all jabbering at once. It was an awful hubbub. At a word from the leader every fellow in the gang bent over and joined in a yell that ended with:

Spider, rah! Spider, rah!

Rah, rah, Spider!

"Ain't they the poor nuts," said Scoop with a disgusted scowl. Then, as the students began paying Spider money and piling their grips and tennis rackets and ukulele cases into the bus, we let loose, feeling it was high time to flag their attention.

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

"I-ice cre-eam san-ndwiches," we yelled in chorus with Peg bearing down hard on the old dinner bell. "Ni-ice i-ice cre-eam san-ndwiches. Vanil-l-la. Choc'la-ate. Only fi-five cents each!"

I guess we made pretty nearly as much noise as they did with their yell. For just an instant they seemed startled at the competition; then the leader sauntered across with his hands thrust into his pants pockets and his cap pushed back on his head. He squinted at our sign and a big grin rippled over his face and danced in rings around his snappy black eyes. I liked his looks; and when he turned the grin in my direction I grinned back.

"Lookit, gang!" he called out, "Get this; it's good!"

**Stop!**

**Look!**

**Loosen!**

**Ice cream sandwiches only**

**5¢ each.**

**Buy early and avoid  
the rush.**

"Who'll be the first young gentleman in a yellow cap to step up and buy a ni-ice i-ice cream sandwich?" called out

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

Scoop, putting emphasis on the word "gentleman." This was good business on his part, and shows how he takes after his father, who runs a grocery store.

"How much for the outfit?" inquired the student, looking into Scoop's face.

"What do you mean?" returned Scoop a bit uncertainly.

"Ice cream, cart, sign, bell, everything. How much for it?"

"Aw, quit your kiddin'," said Scoop with a scowl.

"I'm serious-very serious. I would fain attach myself to your lucrative two wheeled enterprise with its vanilla environment and chocolate background. Possibly a silver dollar would induce you--"

"Huh! I guess not," cut in Scoop stiffly, giving the student a contemptuous up-and-down look.

"Of course two dollars would be a high price--"

"Nope," said Scoop flatly.

"Three dollars, surely--"

BY THIS TIME Red and Peg and I were grouped about Scoop and the ice cream freezers looking sort of dumb. It was plain that the student was actually wanting to buy us out. In a way that didn't surprise us, though it was a bit unexpected. For them to buy our ice



## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

cream business and start peddling ice cream around town wasn't any crazier than some of the things they had done in the past.

"Five dollars cash and she's yours," said Scoop in a take-it-or-leave-it tone.

"My dear Captain Kidd--"

"Don't try to 'Kidd' me," bristled Scoop. "I'm no pirate. Five dollars is the price. Put up or shut up."

"That's telling you, Thirsty," another of the students laughed, patting the leader on the shoulder. "He's calling your bluff, old timer."

"Let's make a pot of it," someone in the group suggested; and in the twinkling of an eye dimes and quarters and half dollars were rolling upon the platform. We were kept on the jump picking them up. Scoop counted the money and announced:

"Five dollars and twenty-five cents, including a lead dime and two plugged nickels. She's yours." With a happy grin he stepped back and turned the cart and ice cream freezers over to the students. He whispered to me: "Jerry, this is soft! Five dollars and twenty-five cents for this ice cream."

"How about your cart?" I pointed

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

out. "That's worth three or four dollars."

"S-h-h-h! To-night before it gets dark we'll slip up the hill to College Park and get it. Like as not they'll dump it on a rubbish pile when they get through with it. A four-dollar cart isn't anything in their gay young lives, with pa sending 'em plenty of checks."

The students paid Spider for hauling their grips up the hill to College Park; then they got out their ukuleles and formed a noisy procession, Thirsty stepping off at the head, carrying our STOP! LOOK! LOOSEN! sign and jingling the bell. The last we saw of them they were zigzagging down the middle of Hill Street in the direction of Main, singing at the top of their voices:

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!  
Stop and look and loos-en,  
Stop and look and loos-en,  
Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!  
Stop and look and loos-en now!

We were still talking about it being our lucky day and what we would do with the money when Red gave a cry and pounced upon a fancy pin in the cinders at the edge of the depot platform. The pin was made of gold and shaped to rep-

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

resent a mummy with a Sphinx head. Funny lettering was engraved on the mummy, like you see on the doors of the college fraternity houses.

"I bet one of the students just dropped it," said Peg, taking the pin and examining it. "Don't you remember, fellows?—there was a whole column in the 'Daily Globe' last fall about a crazy initiation at a fraternity house called the Golden Sphinx. They've got a swell clubhouse out in Oakcrest, just beyond College Park and near the city cemetery. Pa did some decorating for them, and he says they're a noisy bunch. I wonder what the funny lettering means?"

"Probably something written in Egyptian," said Scoop, squinting at the pin in Peg's hand.

"I bet I know," spoke up Red quickly, his eyes sparkling. When Red gets an idea his eyes always act up that way. "It's the mummy's name," he added.

"Shucks! Mummies don't have names," scoffed Peg. "A mummy is just a mummy."

"Is that so?" flared Red, the sparkle going out of his eyes and a scowl clouding his freckled face. "That's all you know about it. There's a mummy in the college museum on the hill what's got a name. I know, because I was up

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

there and saw it."

"Saw its name! Haw Haw!" laughed Peg in a tantalizing, superior way.

Red's face got purple. I could see he was good and mad.

"Yes, I SAW its name," he repeated. R-a-m- something."

"Ramses," supplied Scoop. "Red's right," he added, turning to Peg. "I've seen the mummy, myself. It's in a glass covered case; the homeliest and most dried-up thing you ever set eyes on. The man in charge at the museum says it's the embalmed body of an Egyptian king, the one who made slaves of the Hebrews, like it tells about in the Bible. The name is Ramses, just as Red says, and the mummy is thousands of years old."

"You can't stuff me," scoffed Peg in his stubborn way. "I don't believe it."

"All right, Mister Know-it-all," said Scoop. "If you don't want to believe it-don't. But the first time we happen to be passing the museum, and it's open, we'll take you in and SHOW you. Won't we, Red?"

"You bet your sweet life," said Red hotly, pocketing the pin.

I COULD have supplied some informa-



## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

tion about the mummy, but I decided not to butt in, as to do so would likely start a scrap between Red and Peg. Red is hot-headed; and it's hard to budge Peg when he gets his mind set on a thing.

Scoop and Red were right, though, about the mummy in the college museum. I had overheard Dad and Mr. Dixon White, the man who gave the mummy to the college, talking about it. He and Dad are on the water power committee, which has something to do with the river dam that supplies power for his paper mill. Sometimes when business takes Dad to the paper mill I invite myself to go along. It's a lot of fun to see the big water-wheels churning away, black and powerful and mysterious. I like to see the pulp swirling in the enameled mixing vats and watch the steam drier take the pulp and convert it into paper. Mr. Dixon White is a very wealthy man. He is always giving money and things to our college. The mummy cost him two thousand dollars.

## CHAPTER TWO.

### Four Jupiter Detectives.

AS WE TURNED to leave the depot our attention was attracted to a strange man seated on the platform a short distance from us. His clothes seemed to bag at the elbows and knees, as though they were very old, like their owner. Wiry gray hair bushed out from beneath the brim of a slouch hat. He didn't seem to notice us; at least he didn't glance our way. He was busy polishing, with a soiled handkerchief, four star-shaped policeman badges. The badges were pinned to his trousers, sort of in his lap as it were, which enabled him to work on them without holding them. He would rub first one, inspect it critically with one eye squinting, then give his attention to the next one.

"Now I wonder what he's up to," mused Scoop, edging closer to where the old man sat. The latter went ahead with his work, softly singing to himself:

There were an old soldier  
An' he had a wooden leg;  
An' he had no terbaccy,

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

Nor terbaccy could he beg.

All of a sudden he quit singing and glanced up sideways at Scoop.

"Howdy, Sonny," said he. We could see now that his eyes were a deep, friendly blue, like the sky in summer vacation. They seemed to twinkle. We liked him right off, and forgot about his shabby clothes.

"Howdy," returned Scoop. "Where did you get all the policeman stars?"

At this direct question the old gentleman appeared a bit uneasy. He cautiously squinted about to see if any bystanders had overheard Scoop's question. Putting his finger to his lips he shook his head mysteriously, his eyes big and round, and said in a low voice:

"S-h-h-h-h-h! Not so loud, Sonny. Them's detective badges."

The old man drew back his stooped shoulders. On the instant he seemed very dignified and very businesslike, just like the man in the bank who takes your money and writes down in your bank book how much the bank owes you. Only the old gentleman didn't seem cold and distant like the man in the bank. He was fully as businesslike, but in a warm, friendly way. He felt about in the pocket of his

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

baggy coat and produced a calling card. It was wrinkled and dirty, but we easily made out:

### JUPITER DETECTIVE AGENCY

---

All kinds of detecting done at lowest rates. Murders and robberies a specialty. If you have a mystery, we can solve it.

Anson Arnoldsmitth,

President

"I'm Mr. Arnoldsmitth," said the man with quiet pride.

Gee! A thrill chased itself up and down my backbone, just like the time President Harding steamed into Tutter in his private car with the Grange Band playing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and us kids all lined up beside the railroad track in our Sunday clothes, waving nine-cent flags. I had read about detectives and how they disguise themselves and solve mysteries, but this was the first real one I ever had seen. I figured he must be a very good detective and a very prominent man, because he was president of the company.

WHILE we stood there, regarding the old gentleman admiringly without knowing



## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

just what to say, he turned and gave his whole attention to Scoop, looking him over from the brass button on his cap to the spot on his shoe where a foot got mixed up with the paint brush when we were working on our ice cream sign. When he completed his inspection of Scoop, he turned to Red, then to Peg, then to me. A disappointed look came into his wrinkled face and he slowly shook his head.

"No," he mused in answer to his unspoken thoughts.

"No what?" said Scoop eagerly, leaning over and looking into the old man's face.

"Reckon as how you fellers ain't quite husky enough."

"For what?" asked Scoop.

"Fur membership in my detective agency," explained the man. "Mebby as how I ain't told you 'bout me tourin' the United States and Canady, app'intin' Juvenile Jupiter Detectives in the cities and towns what I stop off in. Thought at first you boys might be able to qualify and become detectives in my company, with sole and exclusive rights to do detectin' in Tutter. But I reckon you're a bit young for such great responsibility. Then, too, you might not be able to pay the 'nitial membership

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

fee, which fur one week only is reduced to a dollar and a quarter, and you git a star and membership card and a book tellin' how to disguise yourselves and how to do detectin'. All fur only a dollar and a quarter, which is a big bargain. But when I see four smart, wide-awake young fellers like you be, I ain't carin' if I lose a little money if I kin git you into my company. I like to see smart boys like you be, take a lead-in' part in the affairs of your community; and every community the size of this ought to have four Jupiter Detectives. Of course, if you could afford to pay the membership fee, which as I say is reduced to only a dollar and a quarter fur one week only, I might consider your applications fur membership in my celebrated and famous company, even though you're a bit young. But I guess - I guess - "

The old man seemed to run down. His voice trailed off into space and the sorrowful look returned to his wrinkled face. I felt pretty guilty to think we were disappointing him that way and making him feel sad when he wanted to do so much for us and permit us to join his company and become detectives. It was plain he didn't know about our five dol-

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

lars. I looked at Scoop to see how he felt about it, and I guess he was thinking the same as I was.

The old man slowly unfastened the badges, gently wrapped them in his soiled handkerchief and placed them in his coat pocket. Then he got on to his feet and walked away, a bit stooped and unsteady like all old people.

Right away a great big feeling of disappointment and unhappiness swelled up inside of me. I knew what was the matter. I wanted to be a Jupiter Detective and wear one of those dandy star badges. There wasn't anything in the world I wanted more than that. As the badges disappeared into the old gentleman's coat pocket, I felt as though Opportunity had knocked on my front door, then passed on down the street looking for a boy who had brains enough to say "Come in and have a seat and take off your wraps and stay awhile."

Clutching Scoop's arm, I cried excitedly:

"Say, I want a dollar and a quarter out of that five dollars."

"Me too," said Red, tugging at Scoop's other arm.

"And me," said Peg, taking Scoop by the collar of his coat.



## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

Scoop shook us off and ran down the platform after the old gentleman.

"Say, Mr. Arnoldsmitth," said he breathlessly, "we'd like to buy those four stars and join your detective company and be detectives like you said." He took from his pants pocket the handful of dimes and quarters and half dollars that the students had paid to us. "See, we've got plenty of money," he added.

"Now, this makes me plumb awful happy to be able to help such fine smart boys git started in a useful occupation," said the old gentleman feelingly as he pocketed our five dollars. He beamed on us in a wonderfully kindly way. His hands trembled a bit as he took the badges from his coat pocket and pinned them on our coats. "Now you are full-fledged Juvenile Jupiter Detectives," said he. "And no one else in my company has a right to do detectin' in Tutter but you. When I git back to my office soot in New York City I'll have my chief sec'etary send you membership cards, which I'm out of jest now. Here's your book tellin' how to do detectin'."

WITH a great contentment I pictured the envy of the other kids in Tutter when they learned of my membership in



## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

the detective agency. Take the Carey cousins and their gang. They'd about have seventeen jealous fits when they heard the news. It would be all over town pretty quick. Things like that travel fast in a small town. And shortly when I appeared in the streets the people would nudge each other and say: "Yes, that's him!" and look at me in that appreciative, respectful way like they did at the sleight-of-hand performer who gave a show in the opera house last winter, and picked crackers out of the ears of the girl who waits on the table at the hotel.

The detective book was interesting, though it seemed to be written for men instead of boys. It told how to "shadow" a suspect without being observed, and how to disguise ourselves in many different ways. We pinned our badges on our shirts under our coats when Scoop read that we should keep our professional identity a secret and not for people in general know that we were detectives. That was a disappointment, but we felt it was best to do as the book said.

"Now that we got the stars, how soon do we start doing detecting?" said Red after a bit.

"Right away," said Scoop.

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

"What are we going to start on?" followed up Red. "It seems to me we can't do much in the detecting line if someone isn't robbed or killed or there isn't a mystery of some sort."

On the instant Scoop looked dumb. That was a thing we hadn't taken into consideration. It is a fact that Tutter is an awfully small, poky town, and about the most exciting thing that happens is when Mrs. Maloney's goat gets loose on wash day or the students mess each other up in a cane-rush. A long time ago, before I had my front teeth knocked out, the post office was robbed of seven dollars worth of two-cent postage stamps, but that wasn't likely to happen again, with a new lock on the back door.

I guess if we had known what was GOING to happen we'd have been all excited instead of downcast. We didn't know, though. As Scoop said afterwards we just walked into the mystery with our eyes shut.

## CHAPTER THREE.

### The Whispering Mummy.

It was the right thing to do, I thought, to let Mother and Dad know about me being a Juvenile Jupiter Detective, so that evening I wore my star in plain sight when I sat down at the supper table. Dad saw it first. He stopped eating and his fork clattered to the plate.

"What's the idea of all the nickel-plated regalia?" said he, regarding me quizzically. "Been appointed official dog catcher?"

"It isn't nickel; it's silver," said I, touching the star proudly and letting my chest on the side where the star was pinned kind of swell out. Then I added: "I'm a Jupiter Detective. Scoop's one, too, and so is Red and Peg. And we've bought the sole and exclusive rights to do detecting in Tutter."

Mother gave a laugh.

"Jerry," said she, "You're talking nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense," I defended, "Guess I paid a dollar and a quarter for it."

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

"A—dollar—and—a—" Mother didn't seem able to get any further than that. She quit laughing and stared at me, a teacup halfway to her mouth. She acted as though I had dropped into something she couldn't pull me out of. Dad choked and hid his face in his napkin. After a moment Mother said:

"Maybe, Jerry, you won't mind telling your pa and me who stung you for the dollar and a quarter."

I didn't like to have her talk that way about me being stung, when anyone could see I had gotten a bargain. Why, the old gentleman even admitted it was a bargain, and he ought to know, being president of the company! I tried to explain to Mother what an honor it was to have a Juvenile Jupiter Detective right in the family, and how I wouldn't have had the chance to join Mr. Arnoldsmitth's famous company if he hadn't been observing and noticed how smart and wide-awake I was. I didn't make much headway. She just couldn't get my serious view of things at all. After I got all through she laughed and said:

"You do detecting! Jerry, that's funny. What kind of detecting can you do?"

"We specialize in murders and rob-



## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

beries," I said, remembering what was printed on Mr. Arnolds Smith's calling card. "If you've got a mystery we can solve it," I added.

Dad choked again and disappeared into the kitchen with a napkin thrust into his mouth. I felt uncomfortable. I suspected he was laughing about me being a Juvenile Jupiter Detective. After a bit he came back to the table looking pretty well pleased with himself. He chuckled Mother under the chin in a playful way and said something about it being nice to have a police celebrity in the family, and he hoped the old folks could live up to the honor.

"Sit down and quit acting the dunce," said Mother.

After a bit Dad looked across at me and said:

"Jerry, as I have a fatherly interest in your new detective career, may I butt in with a bit of advice?"

"Yes," said I.

"If you ever get as far as Chicago and a prosperous-looking individual in a checkered vest comes sauntering up and offers to sell you the Masonic Temple for fifteen dollars, I'd kind of like to suggest that you don't go paying him your money without protecting yourself

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by getting a receipt."

"I'll remember," I promised, wondering just what he meant. Dad's always saying funny things like that. It keeps me guessing. He says one thing and means something else. But he doesn't do it just to make me feel green. It's his way of being friendly. Dad's a good pal, like Mother, and just as quick as she is to help me out when I get in a scrape.

When I went outside Scoop and Red and Peg were on the lawn waiting for me.

"We're going up the hill to College Park to get my cart," said Scoop.

"And I'm going to deliver the mummy pin at the fraternity house over by the cemetery," put in Red. "Like as not I'll get a tip from the owner. If I do, we'll all go to the picture show."

WE went down Hill Street talking and laughing, past the depot and up the hill which gives the street it's name. Pretty soon we came to College Park, which is at the top of the hill at the north edge of town, and in the same direction from town as the cemetery. The college buildings front on a wide campus across which a concrete sidewalk winds from the southeast corner to the northwest corner. At the foot of the hill the sidewalk joins with the regular Hill

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Street sidewalk coming into town; and going the other way the sidewalk skirts the cemetery beyond the college grounds and ends in Oakcrest.

There is a big stone rostrum in the campus, and we hardly ever cross the college grounds without climbing onto the rostrum and jumping off, just for fun. It is here that the captain of the football eleven usually makes a speech when the Tutter aggregation wins an important game. Lots of times I've seen great piles of boxes and fence posts burned on the campus, with the students circling about like wild Indians. Sometimes they don't just stop at boxes and fence posts, like the time they snatched our back gate and Kennedy's barber pole. When they get to doing things like that, Bill Hadley, the Tutter cop, gets after them and makes them come to time.

From the Oakcrest ridge where we were headed for, there is a dandy view across Happy Hollow, with the creek down in the hollow winding this way and that way, as though it liked best to loaf where the willows were thickest and greenest. Here the Treebury pike circles toward town, bridging the creek in many places, and for the most part running parallel with the railroad siding that



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stretches up the hollow to the upper sand bank.

The sun, all big and red like a giant apple coated with sugar dip, was settling into the trees on the opposite hill when we turned into the drive leading to the Golden Sphinx fraternity house. We went around in back, and sure enough there was Scoop's cart on the rubbish pile. On the front porch Thirsty and several of his pals were lolling about in reed chairs. Within the building someone was pumping a player piano and singing "Bubbles." Placing the cart out of sight behind a barberry bush, we went with Red to deliver the mummy pin.

"Well, well, here comes Captain Kidd and his trusty gang of money-grabbers," laughed Thirsty as we stepped on to the porch, feeling a bit awkward and out of place. The fraternity house is a pretty swell joint.

"How's business?" grinned Scoop.

"Not very rushin'." said Thirsty. "The ice cream got soft and we had to eat it."

Red stepped up with the pin in his hand.

"One of you fellows lose this?" he inquired.

Thirsty gave a happy cry and jumped



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to his feet.

"Hey, Limber! Let that 'bubble' burst and come out here a second. The kid's got your frat pin."

THE piano music within the building died with a rumbling crash and a long-legged student opened the screen door and hurried on to the porch.

"It sure is my pin," he declared, pointing to a mark of identification.

"I found it near the depot platform," explained Red.

"Maybe you won't object if I give you two bits for returning it," said Limber, handing Red a coin.

"No objection here," grinned Red happily, pocketing the quarter.

"You look like honest, trustworthy kids," said Limber sizing us up with a critical eye. "Drop around this way now and then if you want to earn a little coin; we may have a job for you, like mowing the grass or washing dishes when we have a spread." A sudden thought came to him and he turned to his companions. "How about next Monday night?" said he. "Won't we need some extra help in the kitchen? You know how the chef growls when we don't furnish an extra hand to help clean up."

"We'll need someone to help Charley

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if we have a spread after the initiation," said Thirsty.

"Of course we'll have a spread," said Limber. He gave us his attention again and instructed: "Two of you kids drop around next Monday night right after supper - say about seven o'clock."

"What do we get out of it?" inquired Scoop.

"All you can eat and fifty cents apiece," laughed Limber.

"Oh, boy!" cried Scoop, rubbing his stomach. "Maybe you'd like to have us come BEFORE supper."

"No, I figure you'll eat enough on us if you come AFTER supper," said Limber."

"Just mark down on your almanac that we'll be here Johnny-on-the-spot," promised Scoop.

We got the cart from behind the barberry bush and started back to town, following the sidewalk past the cemetery and across the campus. By this time dusk was settling in and squares of light appeared in the walls of the dormitory that fronts on the campus from the north. Through the open windows we could hear the students laughing and talking. They seemed glad to get back to Tutter. The fellows who stay in the dormitory

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usually are the workers. They don't have a lot of spending money like the fellows in the club-houses. Just now a few of the students were grouped in a companionable way on the dormitory porch, sitting on the steps and on the porch railing with their legs swinging.

We passed close to the college museum, which stood silent and grim in the gathering shadows, the oak trees towering on all four sides like moody, watchful giants. It isn't a large building, because the Tutter college is not a large institution. It is one story high and built of yellow brick with high stained-glass windows, like a church, and a big door in front with statues at the sides. There was no light within the building, but when we came even with the entrance we noticed that the door was open. On the instant Scoop stopped dead still and said:

"You know, Red, what we said to-day, at the depot."

"What?" said Red.

"About showing Peg the mummy. Now's our chance. See; the museum's open. Let's take him in and prove what we said."

"Ain't it kind of dark?" hesitated Red, squinting uneasily toward the well

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of blackness beyond the yawning door.

"Shucks! We'll turn on the electric lights," said Scoop. "We'll probably find a switch just inside the door."

"Yes, and have some professor come bouncing in and bawl us out for trespassing."

"I don't see no 'keep out' signs," said Scoop. "Come on fellows."

HE left his cart where the shadows from the overhanging trees lay deep on an Indian mound and walked into the museum at big as cuffy. Pretty soon the lights flared up, momentarily blinding us. As we gingerly followed him into the building we saw statues standing around and glass cases containing queer pottery and Indian relics and stuffed birds and a lot more things like one usually finds in a museum.

"Here's old Ramses," called Scoop, drawing our attention to a glass-covered case leaning against the wall. Under the glass cover we could see the mummy that Mr. White had presented to the college. In the glare of the bright electric lights it seemed awfully grim and hideous and dried-up. Its eyes were just sunken spots. Its cheeks were sunken, too, below the cheek bones. From top to bottom it had a shrunken, leathery ap-



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pearance. It didn't look like two thousand dollars' worth of anything to me.

"See; here is the name - Ramses II," said Scoop, pointing to a card in an upper corner of the glass cover. "It says his other name is - is S-c-s-o-s-t-r-i-s - if you know how to pronounce it. He reigned in the XIX Dynasty."

"Must have been during the flood," said I. "They had lots of rain then."

"He looked as though he ought to stand out in the rain and get washed off to improve his complexion," put in Red.

"He's a beaut, all right," said Scoop, "Well, Peg, what have you got to say now?"

Peg is a good sport. He just grinned in his defeat, his mouth stretching from ear to ear. With his head cocked on one side and his eyes squinting at the mummy, he said:

"Sorta resembles Red, doesn't he? All he needs is a few of Red's pretty freckles and a brick-covered topknot and you couldn't tell 'em apart. If anything, Ramses is a shade the best looking."

Red's retort trailed off into space when suddenly the whole atmosphere of the museum was charged with a low, throaty, rattling groan. It made our

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hair stand on end. Scoop gave a screech:

"It's the mummy, fellows! See; its jaws are MOVING! It's coming to life. Oh, let's get out of here!"

He started pellmell for the door, the rest of us tumbling along at his heels. I don't mind saying that I was scared all the way though and back again. That awful spooky groan was enough to scare anybody. It wasn't a human groan, like someone in pain. It didn't come from any one place in particular it just came out of the air, seemingly from above us and beneath us and all about us.

A fellow thinks fast in a moment like that. My thoughts traveled like a six-cylinder racing car on the down grade. I thought how awful it would be to have the mummy come walking out of its case and start after us. I pictured it creeping around town in the shadows, scaring people into cat fits, and everybody, as a result, keeping their doors and windows locked. Then something sensible inside of me argued: "The mummy is DEAD. It can't move or chase you."

But WAS it dead? Scoop said its jaws moved, though I hadn't noticed that. It looked dead enough, surely, but -

## CHAPTER FOUR.

### The Man In The Museum.

I TELL YOU we were glad to see the bright lights of Main Street loom up ahead of us. And we were glad to have people near us, on the sidewalks and porches. Their easy laughter coming to us on the soft night air drove away our fright, though just what we were afraid of was now a bit vague in our minds. Certainly the mummy was not to be credited with the groans and whispering we heard. Our common sense, winning out over our fright, decided that for us.

"I'd be willing to bet a cookie it's a trick of the students," said Peg, when we sat down on the curb under a street light to get our wind and talk the matter over. "They're always up to things like that."

"You think some of the students were hiding in the building to scare us?" said Scoop slowly, as though he were trying to put a picture puzzle together in his head and the pieces didn't fit very well.

"Like as not. Why anybody with common sense knows a mummy can't whisper

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and groan. What we heard wasn't no mummy, though we were scared stiff at the moment and thought so. It was some smart geezer putting up a joke on us."

"I thought sure I saw the mummy's jaws move," said Scoop.

"Your imagination," declared Peg. "Just like a magic trick; the hand deceives the eye and the eye starts the mind to imagining things. You just IMAGINED the mummy's jaws moved."

Scoop let his thoughts carry him away for a few moments, then said grimly:

"I'd like to get even with the guy who pulled that trick on us, if it WAS a trick. Somehow, though, the thought keeps crowding into my head that the students may not be at the bottom of this thing. Fellows, doesn't it strike you that this is just the chance we've been hoping for?"

"What do you mean?" said Peg.

"Didn't we say this morning we hoped something mysterious would happen so we could do some real detecting? And isn't this an honest-to-John mystery? I'll say it is. Why was the museum door open when it should have been locked? Who was concealed in the building? Who did the 'whispering'? And in case it



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wasn't a trick, like Peg says, what was the object? Then, at the tail end, what happened after we ran away and the lights went out?"

"I hope you ain't thinking of going back to find out?" put in Red. He peered uneasily down the street to where the shadows grouped themselves beneath the giant elms at the corner of Hill and Main Streets. Peg was watching him, and with a grin rolled a pebble on to the sidewalk back of us. Red gave a screech and almost jumped out of his freckled skin.

"Why not?" said Scoop, in answer to Red's question. "We can't be afraid of things like this if we're going to do detecting. We'd be great detectives, we would, if a mystery bobbed up in front of us and we just ran away from it like a lot of scaredy-calves instead of solving it."

"Huh!" sputtered Red. "You talk awful brave; but I guess you were just as scared as the rest of us when we tumbled out of the museum and down the hill. YOU were the first one to run; and if anyone made faster time than you, I didn't happen to notice it."

"That was because things happened so quick and unexpected-like I never

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once thought about being a detective," said Scoop. "Now that I have the thought before me, I won't lose my grit so easy."

I didn't speak up like Red did, but in a way I shared his uneasiness about returning to the museum. It looked pretty hazardous and risky to me, even though we were satisfied that the mummy had nothing to do with the groaning and whispering. It would be quite as bad for us to be chased by students as to be scared by the mummy. Like Peg, I felt the students WERE at the bottom of the matter. Scoop didn't see it that way, but he hadn't convinced us that he was right. And if it WAS a joke of the students, I knew they wouldn't handle us any too easy if we came butting in and they got their mitts on us. One time they tied four town fellows to some willow trees in Happy Hollow and left them there all night. It was a cinch I didn't want to spend a whole night tied to a willow tree or any other kind of a tree.

BUT SCOOP made it plain to us that he was determined to go back to the museum, so I didn't back down. I wasn't going to be a coward. And once I had my mind made up, the uneasiness that had gripped me seemed to fade away. I was

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glad of that.

"Anybody here got a flash-light?" inquired Scoop. No one spoke up, so he continued: "I'll get one at Pa's store. And we'll drop in at the town hall and ask Bill Hadley to lend us a pair of handcuffs. He's got two or three pairs all rusted from not being used."

"Who are you going to handcuff?" inquired Peg.

"Maybe no one; I can't tell," said Scoop. "But we'll go prepared like detectives should. We'll get to the bottom of this mystery if it takes us till four o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I wouldn't want to say what Pa would do to me if I stayed out that late," said Peg uneasily.

"Here, too," said I.

"Reckon it won't take us that long," said Scoop confidently.

Here we got up and went down Main Street to the town hall, the back of which is fitted with iron-barred cells. Bill Hadley, the Tutter cop, has a desk and revolving chair in the front part of the building. We were lucky to catch him in his office, it being Saturday evening. Usually he's in the street when a crowd is out.

"Howdy, pards," said he, looking us

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over in a friendly way when we tumbled in. Everybody likes Bill, even if he is kind of homely. "Where's your stars?" he added, a good-natured grin wrinkling around the wart on his big nose.

"How'd you know about our stars?" said Scoop sharply.

"Oh, Jerry's Pa mentioned it when he passed me down the street on the way to the movie."

"We aren't supposed to let everybody know we're detectives," said Scoop pointedly.

On the instant Bill became very serious.

"I won't tell a soul, not even my wife when I git married next Monday," he promised. "No, sir-e-e-e! I'll keep it a plumb secret. And when I need any important detectin' done, I'm goin' to call on you fellows to help me out."

"We'll do it," assured Scoop earnestly. "And maybe you won't mind helping us out."

"How so?" said Bill.

"Maybe you won't care if we borrow a pair of handcuffs for a few hours."

Bill's eyes got big and startled.

"What you kids up to?" he demanded, regarding us closely, his gold tooth showing.



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Scoop told him about our scare at the museum and how we planned to return and solve the mystery of the whispering mummy.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" roared Bill, taking it all as a joke. He patted Scoop on the head. "Sure thing you can have a pair of handcuffs; and I only hope you'll git a chance to hook together a couple of them smart-actin' students. You'll probably find the 'whisperin' mummy' is some trick of theirs. That's the easiest thing they can do. The durn scalawags! My troubles begin when college opens."

Just as we were leaving with the handcuffs, the telephone jingled. Dropping into his desk chair Bill took down the receiver and barked: "Police station; wadda-ya-want?" He listened for a moment, then got stiff all over, like a swimmer does when he gets a cramp, and demanded: "What's that? At the college museum? A man hurt? What hurt him? Say, who are you — say —" He furiously jiggled the receiver hook till Central responded. "Who sent in that call?" he roared into the mouthpiece.

A MOMENT later he slammed the receiver onto its hook and grimly turned to where we stood. Our faces, I guess,

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showed him how dumfounded we felt inside over this new turn of affairs. Certainly we hadn't expected anything like this. And bobbing up and down in my head was the thought that maybe Scoop was right after all. What had looked to us like a joke of the students' was fast developing into a sure-enough mystery.

"Boys, there's a dumb sight more to this 'whispering mummy' business than I reckoned on," said Bill, his words all tense and serious. "I've just had a call to go to the relief of an injured man in the museum where your mummy is. Now, if you fellers want to be real detectives, here's your chance. Red, prop up your under jaw like you got some grit and beat it across-lots to the depot and see if you can git a clue as to who sent in the call from the pay 'phone there. Find out all you can, and come back here and wait for me. Peg, you hustle down to the emergency rooms and tell Doc Leland to cut out his checker game and chase his nose up the hill to the college museum as fast as that old bus of hisn 'll carry him. Jerry, I'm goin' to take you and Scoop with me to the museum; and if you go runnin' away just when I need you, I'll put you both in the calaboose and feed

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you on bread and water."

"We won't run," said Scoop grimly. I knew he meant it. Bill knew it, too.

Gee! Maybe you think we weren't right on our toes! And we were all excited over the part we were to take in solving the mystery that was closing in about us. To have the mummy mixed up in the mystery gave it a spookish turn. We had wanted a mystery or robbery to happen. It isn't any fun being a detective if you don't have a chance to do real detecting. We were getting that chance now!

A strange new courage came to me on the moment, just like the stomach ache comes all of a sudden after you've been filling up on green apples. I suppose all heroes who do brave deeds feel that way. They may not be very brave at the start, but when they come to realize that the safety of other folks hinges on their efforts, they get to feeling brave and trustworthy, just like I felt as I hurriedly piled into Bill's flivver and bumped my shins on the running board.

In a jiffy we were rattling down Main Street, with the people jumping out of our way at the crossings, and wondering, I suppose, where Bill was



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going in such a hurry. I felt pretty important sitting there beside Bill. I sort of let my chest swell out, until we hit a bump and Scoop, who was riding on my lap, gave me an awful jab in the slats with his elbow.

It was a short ride to College Park. The flivver rattled up the hill with the throttle wide open, the headlights cutting the darkness, and soon we turned to the left at the top of the hill and circled the Indian mounds, heading for the museum on the south side of the campus.

When the car came to a jerking pause, Bill stumbled out and took a big gun from his hip pocket. I was hoping he knew how to use it. He ran up the museum steps, Scoop and I at his heels. The door was ajar, just as we had left it. Bill squinted into the darkened building, listened intently for a moment with his hand to his ear, then said huskily:

"Either of you kids know where the 'lectric light switch is?"

"I do," said Scoop, stepping forward.

As the lights flared up, Bill hopped into the museum, crying out, "Hands up!" and trying to point the big gun



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in a dozen different directions. There was no response. When the echo of his voice rumbled away it was that silent in the museum you could have heard a cat washing its tail.

A MOMENT later Bill gave a cry and ran to where a man lay on his back on the floor directly in front of the mummy case. There was a big bruise on his forehead. Bill felt for a heart beat, and said shortly:

"He ain't dead; just unconscious." To get a better look at the man he brushed back long strands of iron gray hair.

"Why it - it's Mr. Arnoldsmitth!" I gasped, recognizing the president of our detective agency. I was so startled that for a moment I couldn't move - I just stood there with my lower jaw sagging and stared. It was just like finding some member of the family in great distress, only if it had been Dad or Mother instead of Mr. Arnoldsmitth, I'd have felt a lot worse, of course. But I felt bad enough as it was. So did Scoop - I could see it in his face. Mr. Arnoldsmitth was a nice old gentleman. He had been kind to us, and we were sorry someone had beaned him.

"Who is he?" said Bill, looking up

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at me.

"The president of our detective agency," I explained slowly.

"You mean the old geezer who sold you the stars?"

I nodded.

"What's he doin' here in the museum?" Bill followed up.

I couldn't answer that. It was hard to understand what had attracted the old gentleman to the museum. Of all the places in Tutter, the college museum was the very last place where you'd expect to find ANYONE. It was possible that Mr. Arnoldsmitth had just wandered into the building. It seemed more likely, though, that he had a REASON for being there. What that reason was I couldn't guess.

In the excitement and surprise of finding Mr. Arnoldsmitth in the museum, Scoop and I quite forgot about the mummy. When I did glance that way I got a shock that just about caused my heart to flop clean over.

"Look!" I cried, clutching Scoop's arm. "Ramses is gone!"

Bill straightened up, sucking in his breath till it sounded like a hiss.

"You know this feller Ramses?" he demanded sharply.

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"Ramses is the mummy," I explained falteringly, pointing to the empty mummy case.

A dazed expression settled over Bill's face.

"This is gettin' too gol-durned deep for me," he muttered, shaking his head. "Ramses is the name of the feller who sent in that call from the depot. Of course it couldn't be your 'whisper-in' mummy' what telephoned, but - "

" - but it was someone," supplied Scoop, "who KNEW the mummy's name and KNEW about it being stolen and KNEW about Mr. Arnoldsmitth being hit on the head."

"Correct," said Bill grimly.

## CHAPTER FIVE.

### Hunting for Clues.

WE DID what we could to take care of the injured man by pillowing his head on Scoop's coat and binding a moistened handkerchief over the bruise on his forehead. The spot was all purple and blue and looked as though it might start bleeding any minute, though there was no cut.

While waiting for Doc Leland to show up, Scoop and I and Bill hurriedly searched the museum. We hardly expected to find anybody concealed in the building, but were hopeful that we'd run across a clue that would give us an idea who had struck down Mr. Arnold-smith and taken the mummy. In detective stories the criminal generally leaves a cuff link or something behind, which serves as a clue. There were no cuff links on the museum floor as we could see. The only thing we had in the way of a clue was a wooden statuette, about six inches high. It lay on the floor beside the mummy case. Scoop picked it up and examined it carefully. Then he went to a table that stood nearby.



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There was quite a bit of dust on the table, and a clean spot showed where the statuette had been standing.

"This is what Mr. Arnoldsmitth got beaned with," said Scoop, holding up the wooden statuette for my inspection. "Whoever hit him must have stood right here in the aisle, grabbed the statuette in an excited moment, and soaked him. You see what that indicates, don't you, Jerry."

I didn't. Somehow my brain was pretty much of a muddle. It was plain that Scoop was thinking things out in an orderly manner. I was too much worked up to do that.

"It indicates that whoever struck Mr. Arnoldsmitth was taken by surprise and grabbed the statuette as the first handy weapon," went on Scoop, moving about slowly and looking very thoughtful. "The old man must have been hiding and came into sight suddenly." He paused and scratched his head. The mummy case now held his attention. He moved about it, softly whistling "The Star-Spangled Banner." He always does that when he has a big problem on his mind. After a moment he snapped his fingers and said:

"Jerry, I want you to help me. I'll stand here before the mummy case, and

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you see if there's space in back to hide without me noticing you."

Right away I knew what he was thinking - even if I was a bit muddled. He was of the opinion that Mr. Arnoldsmith had been hiding behind the mummy box - was there, possibly, when the four of us stood looking at the mummy. Somehow I didn't find a way to believe that it was Mr. Arnoldsmith who did the whispering that scared us away. He was so dignified and serious; I just couldn't bring myself to picture him doing a thing like that.

I followed Scoop's instructions and slipped under the rope that stretches along the wall side of the aisle to keep visitors back from the statues and things. The mummy case was quite large. It leaned against the wall at an angle that left considerable space beneath it. It was shadowy here, and I trembled a bit as I slipped under the case and crouched on the floor. The case had a queer, pungent smell. On the instant strange oriental pictures danced through my brain - caravans of gold-laden camels in charge of black-whiskered Arabs and vast deserts and pyramids and mystery. These thoughts were quickly driven away when Bill sneezed somewhere

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at the back of the museum, and I was made to understand that I was in America and not in Egypt. I was about to call out and ask Scoop if he could see me, when my hand, as it rested on the floor, touched something.

"Look what I've found," I cried, coming out into the light. What I held in my hand proved to be a handkerchief with the four corners tied together. We untied the knots and there in the handkerchief was a swell gold watch, a gold-backed hair brush and a fancy comb with gold trimmings.

Bill came running to see what I had found. He plainly was puzzled, because the watch was ticking, and that indicated it had not been back of the mummy case very long. Scoop and I were puzzled too. The articles were of value. Why had they been hidden under the mummy case, with hundreds of other good hiding places throughout the museum? Who had put them there? Did they have anything to do with the missing mummy mystery?

"Look, Jerry!" cried Scoop, and there was a tense note in his voice. He pointed to an engraved design on the back of the hair brush. I noticed then that the same design was engraved on the



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watch. There was a Sphinx-headed mummy and the same queer lettering we had noticed on the fraternity pin Red found at the depot.

"I'd give a three-dollar bill to know where this stuff came from," said Bill earnestly.

"I can tell you that," said Scoop. "It all came from the Golden Sphinx fraternity house." Then he explained to Bill about the fraternity pin and about the engraved design on the hair brush and watch.

BILL jumped to conclusions like he usually does, and began to sputter.

"Just as I thought all along. It's them durn students! By cracky, I ain't a-goin' to stand for this monkey-work. No, sir, by John Godfrey Hamilton! College or no college, I ain't a-goin' to have people banged over the head this way. Goin' to college don't give nobody a right to do that. It's my job to enforce the law, and such carryin' on is again' the law. I'm goin' to take this matter up with Barton, the college president, and tell him what's what. As for the missing mummy, I guess if we find out who owns this watch and hair brush, we'll know pretty much where the mummy went to."



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"You think the fellows from the Golden Sphinx fraternity house took it?" inquired Scoop.

"I ain't a-doubtin' that a speck," returned Bill confidently.

"I am," said Scoop, sort of biting off the words. "It doesn't look to me as though the students would take the mummy and leave their watch and things behind. That doesn't look reasonable."

I shared Scoop's opinion; and on the instant there came to me a picture of the students we had seen that morning at the depot. They were a lively, happy lot, ready to jump in on any kind of fun, but they were the kind of fellows who wouldn't be interested in anything that wasn't CLEAN fun. I felt positive they had no part in hitting Mr. Arnoldsmith on the head. Bill insisted that whoever took the mummy hit the old man with the statuette. But it wasn't Thirsty and Limber and their crowd. Maybe there was some joke connected with the disappearance of the mummy; but Thirsty and Limber and the others had no part in that joke where it carried along to the point of killing an old man - and that MIGHT have happened had Mr. Arnoldsmith been hit a

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trifle harder.

Besides, another thought was growing up in my mind and this gave the mystery a new angle. I was pretty sure I recognized the handkerchief. It was soiled and wrinkled. I took it and looked it over, but there was no mark of identification, like initials. All the same I felt sure it was the handkerchief Mr. Arnoldsmith had used in polishing the detective badges. I made up my mind to tell Scoop about this. And I put the handkerchief into my coat pocket.

Bill took possession of the watch and other things. He walked to the door of the museum when an automobile appeared on the campus, its lights cutting a path through the darkness. From the way the engine was knocking I was pretty certain it was Doc Leland's old bus. I was right. Pretty soon Doc waddled into the museum with his medicine case, puffing a bit like all fat people. He was closely followed by Peg, whose eyes got big and round when he saw who it was on the floor.

DOC gave a grunt as he leaned over Mr. Arnoldsmith and removed the handkerchief we had bound about the man's forehead.

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"How'd it happen?" he inquired shortly of Bill.

"I ain't sayin' for certain, but I suspicion it's more would-be funny-work of the students," returned Bill. "Is he hurt serious, Doc?"

"It isn't cut any, but he got an awful wallop," said Doc, taking a closer squint at the bruise from under his spectacles. He washed the spot with transparent liquid taken from a bottle in his medicine grip. He added: "Stranger isn't he?"

"Never saw him before in my life," said Bill. "These boys, though, say they met him at the depot this forenoon. According to their story he's a detective; but I got my own ideas about THAT."

"We better move him to the emergency room and make certain the skull isn't damaged," puffed Doc, straightening up and pulling down his vest. Then he wriggled his nose till his spectacles settled into their proper place. Under his directions we all took a hand to lifting and carrying Mr. Arnoldsmitth. As gently as we could we took him from the museum and placed him in the back seat of Doc's automobile. I shivered a bit as I looked into the still, gray-like face. It was just like carrying a

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dead man!

"You get in here on the seat and hold his head in your lap," Doc instructed Peg. I could see Peg didn't like that idea at all. He wanted to remain at the museum with Scoop and me, where there was likely to be more excitement than at the emergency rooms. He did as Doc directed, though. A few moments later the automobile disappeared across the campus and shortly we heard Doc honking his squeaky horn for the railroad crossing at the foot of the hill.

Bill returned to the museum, took a last look around the room, and switched off the lights. When the door was locked he pocketed the key.

"I'll just keep it for a spell," he stated. "We might want to come back to-morrow when it's daylight and see if we overlooked anything."

"You mean clues?" said Scoop.

"Clues is what we're after," said Bill, "though I reckon everything'll be cleared up when the old man comes to his senses and begins to talk."

The darkness hung low on the campus like a heavy, black blanket. A few lights gleamed feebly along the stretch of sidewalk, but these lights seemed to



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be mere yellow specks, and failed entirely to drive back the night shadows to any great distance. Through the sentinel-like oak trees we could see the yellow dormitory porch light, but where earlier in the evening many squares of light had checkered the dormitory walls, was now total blackness. The students were asleep; and it came to me on the instant that it must be getting pretty late. I kept close to Scoop as we moved about. I wasn't exactly scared, but there was no telling what lay there in the blackness watching us. I was glad Bill had a gun.

"I'm goin' to skip over and see Barton," said Bill after a moment, naming the college president. "He lives just across the campus on College Avenue. I figure he ought to know what's goin' on around this dump to-night. You fellers wait here in the flivver. I won't be more'n a minute or two."

The time dragged while Bill was away. With so many things to feed our thoughts, Scoop and I didn't do much talking. We just sat there in the front seat of the flivver THINKING and LISTENING, and every time a sound came from out of the blackness I clutched Scoop's hand. At length, to drive the shadows

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back, we cranked the engine and switched on all the lights. It wasn't so spooky and lonesome after that.

AS I sat there snuggled up beside Scoop, with the museum statues peering at me grimly in the glare of the headlights and the carburetor gagging every second or two, I tried as best I could to straighten things out in my mind.

I could see where Mr. ArnoldsmitH MIGHT have done the whispering; but it seemed more logical to me to think that after we ran out of the museum the old man wandered into the building and the same trick was played on him. Instead of running away, as we did, he probably started an investigation and that was why he got hit on the head.

But Scoop said whoever struck that blow was taken by surprise. That upset my theory a bit.

My thoughts were still trailing along when Scoop spoke up:

"Jerry, have you noticed how someone back of this thing is trying to make us think the mummy is ALIVE?"

"You mean the man at the depot giving the name of Ramses?" I returned.

"Yes; and the whispering: 'I AM NOT DEAD; I AM SLEEPING?' Don't you see? - that was said with a PURPOSE;

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and the purpose was to make us think that the mummy was likely to come to life at any moment. Then it disappeared from its case, and after that came the telephone call from the depot. The whole thing has been worked up to make it look as though the MUMMY HAD COME TO LIFE and disappeared of its own accord."

"It couldn't do that," I said.

"Of course not," agreed Scoop quickly. "But wait and see how the Tutter people act when they hear about the whispering and the telephone call. Some superstitious people will believe that the mummy is actually alive and running around the country. They'll say it was the mummy who beamed Mr. Arnoldsmitth - unless he has an entirely different story to tell when he comes to his senses.

"But the mummy never walked out of the museum - we know that. It was carried out. And as it must have been pretty hefty and awkward to carry, I shouldn't wonder if three or even four pairs of hands were needed to get it away. Maybe, though it was dragged out by just one person and taken away in an auto or cart."

"A cart!" I cried, and right away I thought of Scoop's cart. We had left

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it on one of the Indian mounds before going into the museum.

"Gee!" exploded Scoop, reading my thoughts.

We shifted the position of the car till the lights were directed at the spot where we had left the cart, then we piled out and ran to the Indian mound. The cart wasn't there. We knew now that the mummy had been taken away in Scoop's cart. And, as he pointed out, this proved that the mummy hadn't been taken any great distance.

"One minute I think it isn't the students; the next minute something bobs up to make me think it is," said Scoop slowly. He stood perfectly still, looking off into the blackness as though he were seeing things that I couldn't see.

Again a shiver chased itself up and down my backbone. I followed the direction of his eyes, trying to pierce the darkness. What lay out there in the black shadows, beyond the range of the headlights and the yellow campus lights? Was the cart there - the cart and the mummy? And was there a mysterious SOME-ONE crouching beside the cart, watching us with hot, eagle eyes, as we moved about in the glare of the headlights?



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Sometimes in the summer we camp at a small lake near Tutter. Often I sit on the shore and wish. It's fun just to wish. And one of the things I like to wish is that I had the power to lift all the water from the lake so that I could walk down into the hollow where the lake USED TO BE and see the strange fish and all the mysterious things that live deep in the water. Now I wished I could work the same kind of magic and lift the darkness that shrouded the campus. I wanted to bring in the bright light of day - and I felt if I could do that I could solve the missing mummy mystery.

I gave a jump when the clock in the chapel tower donged the first of eleven strokes. When I had counted the last stroke and the metallic voice of the clock died away, an uneasiness settled over me. I wasn't supposed to stay out so late. I knew Dad and Mother would expect an explanation. And maybe the explanation I had to offer might not satisfy them!

A few moments later Bill came back. We told him about the missing cart, but he didn't seem to pay much attention to us. He seemed unusually quiet and thoughtful and grim. When we all piled

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into the flivver, he said:

"Barton has upset my calc'lations a bit. That stuff you kids found under the mummy case was stolen to-night from the Golden Sphinx fraternity house while the students were at supper. They had reported the loss to Barton, and he was tryin' to get me on the 'phone when I called him to the door."

HERE was more mystery. Who had stolen the watch and other things from the fraternity house and concealed them in the museum? I was glad now I hadn't spoken right out about the handkerchief. Bill is quick to jump to conclusions. I could see where he likely would suspicion Mr. Arnoldsmith. I knew better. Mr. Arnoldsmith wouldn't do a thing like that. It's easy to tell the kind of people some folks are, just by looking them over and listening to them talk. Some people have quality and class and character, and show it and act it. Some others try to make you think they have it by saying things and acting things intended to turn your thoughts that way, and all the time you know they're bluffing. Mr. Arnoldsmith wasn't the bluffing kind. He was a kindly, honest man. I could tell it just by looking into his deep blue eyes and listening to his

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warm, friendly voice.

"It ain't no use weepin' over what might have been," spoke up Bill, "but I sure wish you kids hadn't been scared away like you was. As I see it, you skinned out just as the big act was comin' on. If you'd stuck around here you'd have seen where the mummy went to, and who took it. Barton turned a yellowish-green when I told him his two-thousand dollar mummy had went bluey. He says to post a reward of two hundred dollars for information leadin' to its recovery."

Scoop's fingers closed tightly over my knee and I heard him draw in his breath sharply.

"Two hundred dollars will buy a lot of things like I've been wanting," said he.

"Ain't it a fact?" said Bill. He laughed and ruffled up Scoop's hair by pushing his cap down over his nose. "I've been needin' a new front tire for this old bus, and that two hundred dollars'll come in pretty handy. I'll feel a lot safer goin' away on my honeymoon next Monday if I got good tires."

"If you figure on doing your honeymooning on that two hundred dollars, you better think again," said Scoop kind

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of dreamily. "With four Jupiter Detectives working against you, you don't get more than a look-in."

Again Bill laughed. He opened the throttle and pressed on the low-speed pedal. The flivver shivered and started forward with a grinding of gears.

Everybody in Tutter knew about Bill's wedding plans. He had been shining around Miss Skinner, our school teacher, for two years, and now the wedding invitations were out and he and Miss Skinner were to be married in the Methodist church the following Monday morning at eleven o'clock.

"Tell you what," said Scoop thoughtfully, as the flivver rattled down the hill and across the railroad tracks. "If **WE** get the two-hundred dollars we'll buy you a new tire. That'll be our wedding present."

"You durn, good-hearted little cuss," said Bill, and there came into his voice a warmth that I liked. "You make me feel stingy after what I said. I calc'late now I'll have to divy-up with you kids if I get the two hundred."

As the flivver skidded around the corner of Hill and Main Streets, Scoop came sliding against me and something hard pressed into my leg. When I reached



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down to feel what it was I touched the handcuffs. They were in his pocket.

Somehow these handcuffs gave me a sure-enough detective feeling; and a confidence came to me that WE, and not Bill, would solve the mystery of the missing mummy and receive the two-hundred-dollar reward.

Then I thought of Mr. Arnoldsmitth. Very likely his story would throw light on the mystery. I was anxious to get to the emergency rooms to talk with Peg and learn how things stood.

## CHAPTER SIX.

### At the Emergency Rooms.

NOT more than five minutes after we left the campus, Bill stopped his flivver in front of the emergency rooms. These rooms adjoin Doc Leland's office and home, and it is here people are taken who meet with accidents, like the time I fell out of the hickory tree in Demmings woods and landed on my shoulder, cracking something inside up close to my neck that Dad had to pay twenty-five dollars to get fixed up. Tutter is too small to have a regular hospital, though the emergency rooms are intended to serve as a hospital. Two rooms are fitted up with white iron beds and there is a smaller room where the doctors perform emergency operations.

Lights were burning in the building, but in the homes up and down the street everything was dark. As we tumbled out of the flivver I saw Doc Leland pass in front of one of the windows facing on the street. Bill opened the door and went inside, just as though he had a right to be there. We followed, feeling that we couldn't any more than

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get ordered out.

In the hallway we found Peg. He was looking sober, as though his mind was full of unhappy thoughts.

"They can't make him come to," he explained, referring, of course, to Mr. Arnoldsmith.

Again I shivered as I thought of the old gentleman so limp and white and dead-like. Maybe he never would come to! Maybe he would die and go to heaven and get the reward due him for all the good deeds he had done in the way of helping boys like he had helped us. A hot mist stung my eyes as I thought of Mr. Arnoldsmith going to heaven. Of course he was kind of old, and would have to go there anyway, but it made me unhappy to think that he had to go with a big blue bump on his forehead.

Doc waddled into the hall with his sleeves rolled up and a bottle of queer-smelling stuff in his hands. He was too busy to more than scowl at us.

"It's a queer case," he said to Bill, puckering up his forehead like he does when he gets cornered in a checker game or someone he's giving medicine to seems likely to die. "He isn't hurt serious, and ought to have his senses by now. I don't understand it, unless a

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piece of the skull is pressin' on the brain."

"Maybe he'll come to pretty quick," surmised Bill. He started for the hall door. "I'll be at the town hall for a couple of hours, Doc. When the old man comes to his senses, just telephone me and I'll be right over. Come along, gang," - this last to Scoop and Peg and me.

As we drew up in front of the town hall Red came running to meet us. He took on a good bit of importance when Bill began firing questions at him, but this importance dwindled away when it became evident that he had very little to tell.

He had found no one at the depot except the night operator. The call had been sent in from the pay telephone in the waiting room; but the operator denied any knowledge of the matter.

"If you were to ask me, I'd say he'd just been asleep," opinioned Red. "He looked sleepy; and whoever 'phoned must have slipped in and used the telephone while he was dozing."

"I know four other fellers what look sleepy, too," said Bill, pointedly. He squinted at his watch. "It's eleven-thirty. You-all run home now and go to



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bed. I don't reckon you'll be needed before mornin'. If I do need you I guess I can rout you out."

When we turned from Main Street into Hill Street and went south, Scoop said:

"I don't want Bill to know it, but I plan to put in the night at the emergency rooms. When Mr. Arnoldsmitth comes to his senses I want to be right there to get his story first-handed. You bet I'm not going to run the chance of Bill sliding in ahead of me and beating me to the two hundred dollars."

"You'll catch it from your folks if you stay out all night," said Peg.

"I'm in luck," said Scoop. "Pa and Ma aren't home. They drove over to Ashton this afternoon to a funeral and won't be back till to-morrow. No one's at home but my two big sisters. I'll just run over to the house and fix it with them."

"We'll stop at my house before going on to your place," I said. "Maybe if I coax hard enough, Mother will let me stay at the emergency rooms with you."

"Fine!" said Scoop.

At the corner by Red's house we separated. Scoop told Red and Peg to be

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on hand the first thing in the morning.

"Go to the emergency rooms first," he instructed. "If I'm not there, go to the house. If I'm not at the house, look for a note in the mail-box."

"I'll be on hand as early as five o'clock," promised Peg.

"Me, too, if I can wake up," said Red.

When Scoop and I reached the house we found Mother and Dad waiting up for me. Dad was yawning over a book and Mother was crocheting. Before they had a chance to say anything, I jumped into an exciting account of the whispering mummy mystery, explaining how we were going to get the two-hundred-dollar reward.

"And maybe I'll have to stay at the emergency rooms all night," I ended, kind of feeling my way along. "You see, Scoop and I want to be on hand when Mr. Arnoldsmith comes to his senses. It's awfully necessary," I concluded convincingly.

But Mother and Dad weren't convinced like I wanted them to be. Mother stopped jabbing with her needle and spoke up:

"Jerry, I don't want to be cross, but if you stay out another night till twelve o'clock, I'm going to put an end

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to this detective business."

"It isn't twelve yet," I returned.

"Well, it will be in ten minutes. Now you run right up to bed."

I was pretty miserable; and I stomped good and hard as I went up the stairs. When I looked down, Scoop was passing out through the front door. His shoulders were thrown back, just like a man's shoulders and they seemed to say for him: "I'M my own boss and I can stay out all night." It would be nice, I thought, to be free like that. Never mind! I'd be wearing long pants in another year. Then I'd do things more like I wanted to.

"I'll see you the first thing in the morning," I called down to Scoop as the screen door closed after him.

Before tumbling into bed I set the alarm for five o'clock. I was snuggled down in the pillows and already to shut my eyes and count a few sheep, maybe, when Dad came upstairs, whistling like he does just before he turns in. He stopped outside my door and said:

"Have a good day, Jerry?"

"Yes," I said a bit sleepily.

"Lots of fun?"

"Yes," I repeated.

"That's the stuff, ol' man! When

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you play, play hard, because when you're a man you'll have to work hard. I suppose you feel pretty big and grown-up now that you're a Juniper detective and got a real mystery to work on."

"Jupiter Detective," I corrected.

"I meant to say Jupiter. Is it fun to be a detective, Jerry?"

"Yes," I said.

He stood in the shadow, and I couldn't see his face; and for a few moments he didn't say anything. But I could feel him LOOKING at me just like he was glad I belonged to him. Then he said:

"Jerry, ol' pal, if you weren't such a BIG boy I believe I'd kiss you good-night. But men don't do those things much, do they, Son?"

"No-o," I said. "But I'm not so awful big," I added. "I'm only fourteen."

"That being the case, I'll take a chance, and we'll make it a secret between us," said Dad; and he came and sat down on the edge of the bed and I sat up and gave him the hug we used to call "All Arms Around" when I was a little kid and not partly grown up and a Jupiter Detective.

"When you were a little shaver,



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Jerry, with your yellow head just about even with the top of the library table, I used to like to shut my eyes and think of you as a man; and always I had a great big hope down inside of me that you'd show some pep and snap and initiative as you grew up and not be just one of a crowd. You know, Son, in this old world there are LEADERS and FOLLOWERS. And I kind of figured it out if your mother and I BELIEVED in you and let you DO things and encouraged you to act and think for yourself, you'd become a leader among your boy pals and then, later on; a leader among men. That's why we don't kick when you go jumping into something that strikes your mother as being a bit risky. We don't do it because we're careless about what might happen to you; we do it because we've got a lot of confidence in you. We just know that when you're out of our sight you'll do only those things that we would want you to do if we were right there with you-things that don't cause you to take foolish risks-things that are manly and clean and on the square.

"That's the kind of a leader we want you to be, Jerry - clean and true and honest and fair all the way

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through."

"I'm trying to be that kind," I said soberly.

"You're a little brick, Jerry, and your old Dad is ready to swear you're solid gold from stem to gudgeon." He picked up the alarm clock from the chair where I had placed it. "How early you got it set for?" he inquired.

"Five o'clock," I said.

"Isn't that kind of late, when you've got such important business on? I think you ought to make it four o'clock, anyway. Here's a quarter to get your breakfast down town. Good-night, Jerry."

He went out of the room and softly closed the door. Downstairs I could hear Mother winding the clock, like she does on Saturday night. Then she put out the cat. Once she must have stepped on it, because it gave an unhappy yowl. I went to sleep quick after that, feeling that in a few hours Mr. Arnoldsmitth would be in his right mind and the whispering mummy mystery would be cleared up.

## CHAPTER SEVEN.

### Mr. Arnoldsmitth Disappears.

DING-A-LING-A-LING-A-LING went the alarm clock. It jerked me out of dream-land in a jiffy, and I found myself sitting up in bed. My eyes smarted and my head was kind of thick. I couldn't think quick at all. It was dark in the room and dark outside. I wondered for a moment what made the alarm clock go off in the middle of the night, because it seemed to me as though I had been asleep but an hour or two at the most. Then there came to me a recollection of what had happened the previous night at the museum, and I scrambled out of bed and shut off the alarm.

I wasn't sleepy any more now that I had before me the knowledge that I was a Juvenile Jupiter Detective and doing real detecting with a possibility of sharing with Scoop and Red and Peg the two-hundred dollar reward which Mr. Barton, the college president, was offering for the return of the missing mummy.

In a few moments I was in the street, buttoning my shirt as I ran

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along the sidewalk. Now that I was outside it didn't seem quite so dark. In the east a grayish light was driving back the night shadows to the black spots under the elm trees that lace themselves above Hill Street where I live. I knew it wouldn't be very long before the red sun came peeping beautifully over the tar roof of the slaughter house, which stands on Knob Hill just east of town. That would make the true beginning of a new day. I wondered a bit, as I hurried along the street with my shoelaces flopping, if this new day would find us at the end of the trail, the whispering mummy mystery solved and the reward in our pockets.

It was awfully still in the deserted streets, with everybody in bed and asleep. The shadows under the trees seemed to take on goblin-like shapes, and I could imagine invisible hands reaching out to touch me. I was glad when Ed Allen's milk wagon rattled around a corner. As he was headed my way I skipped into the street and hopped on.

"Howdy, Jerry," he cried, after swinging his lantern close to my face to make out who I was. The milk cans were rattling something fierce and he



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had to yell to make himself heard. "Up kinda early, ain't you? How's your ma's milk been keepin' lately since I changed pasture? Goin' to put the cows ont' rye this fall. Got three fresh ones comin' in next month. Only milkin' six now. Ain't no money in the milk business."

Ed's an awful talker. I knew he didn't expect me to reply to everything he said, so I just yelled, "Hello!" and sat down in the door of the cart with my feet hanging out and finished lacing my shoes. He kept on talking about his cows, and about an old man he almost run down near the deserted Morgan house on the Treebury pike when he was coming into town. I didn't pay much attention to what he was saying about the old man. Afterwards I wished I had.

When we came opposite the emergency rooms I hopped out. Everything seemed quiet about the place. The lights within the building were turned low. I went up the front steps on tiptoe and gently turned the doorknob. The door swung back. Just inside I found Scoop curled up on a hall settee like a puppy. I gave him a shake and he sat up, rubbing his eyes and staring at me.

"Guess I pretty near dropped off to sleep that time," said he.

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"Guess you pretty near did - the way you were snoring," I returned.

"For all that's happened here to-night I might just as well have been home in bed," he grumbled.

"Hasn't Mr. Arnoldsmith-" I began.

"No, he hasn't," cut in Scoop crossly. He got up and stretched himself and tightened his belt. "He just lies there like a log," he added. "Doc was up with him till one o'clock. There's to be a consultation in the morning. Maybe they'll have to operate."

THE public health nurse stays at the emergency rooms. It is her job to take care of the patients who are brought there. While Scoop and I were talking in guarded tones, she came along the hall sleepily rubbing her eyes. She frowned at us just as much as to say, "What are you boys doing here?" then passed into the room where Mr. Arnoldsmith was. She left the door open and I tiptoed across to peek in. Just as I got to the door she gave a scream. I was so startled I almost keeled over backwards. The first thing that popped into my head was the thought that Mr. Arnoldsmith was dead. Scoop dashed by me and I followed him into the room. The nurse was running about, wring-

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ing her hands, her face the picture of fright and dismay.

"He's gone!" she wailed, pointing to an empty iron bed against the wall. She clutched Scoop's arm. "You were in the hall; he must have passed you. Oh, why didn't you stop him?"

Hysterically, the nurse ran into Doc Leland's side of the house and awakened him. Then she telephoned to Bill's boarding house. We could hear Bill exploding words into the mouthpiece when he learned that Mr. Arnoldsmit had disappeared from the emergency rooms. It wasn't long after that before his flivver came tearing down the street and stopped in front of the building with a fearful grinding of gears. He came into the hall on the run, his hair tousled and his shirt open at the throat. If he was surprised to find Scoop and me there he didn't show it. I guess he was too excited to think of anything but the vanished patient.

Under his direction we searched the building from end to end, even squinting into the coal bin and under the back porch where Doc keeps his lawn mower. Not a trace did we find of Mr. Arnoldsmit. His clothes were missing, showing that he had dressed himself be-



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fore leaving. Doc said he was probably out of his head.

"It's a serious situation," said Doc, waddling about the hall, his fat cheeks flopping. I wondered what made him talk so sputtery-like till I noticed that in the excitement he had forgotten to put in his false teeth. "We've got to get him back spick - I mean quick. No tellin' what he's likely to do, bein' out of his mind."

Red and Peg came tumbling in when the excitement was at its height. Upon learning what had happened, they looked dumb. As for me, I was both dismayed and disappointed. I had looked forward to our getting from Mr. Arnoldsmitth an account of what had happened in the museum. That would open the door leading to a complete solution of the missing mummy mystery. Now Mr. Arnoldsmitth had disappeared; and with him had vanished our immediate chance at the two hundred dollars.

Truly we weren't getting at the bottom of the mystery very fast. It seemed to me we were just standing in one spot. We were working our feet, but like a swimmer who treads water, we weren't going forward.

When it became evident that the



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man was not in the building, Bill got mad and began jawing at the nurse. He blamed her for the whole thing, and she cried and went into her room and slammed the door.

You can bet your boots Scoop never spoke up about being in the hall! No, sir-e-e-e! He didn't want Bill jawing at him. As a matter of fact, Scoop was sort of taking a back seat. He had lost his pep and some of his self-confidence over the thought that he had let Mr. Arnoldsmitth get by him. He made me think of a starched collar that had been rained on.

Bill lined us up and instructed us to start out in four different directions to see if we could locate the missing man.

"I've got an idea he ain't gone far," said Bill. "The nurse says he was here at three-thirty. It's only five-fifteen now. We've got to git him, fellers. He's the mainspring in this missing mummy business, I'm thinkin'. When we squeeze out of him what he knows, I guess we'll have a pretty accurate idea where the mummy's gone to. Gosh all hemlocks! If I'd expected anything like this, I'd been on guard. To have the durn old slicker git away

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from me this easy! Wough!" And just to show how he felt, Bill kicked at a wild-eyed cat that poked its face into the hall to see what was going on. He missed the cat and barked his shins on the door casing. Then he WAS mad!

We beat it into the street, realizing that it wasn't any too safe to be around Bill just then with his shin hurting him. I felt a bit huffy toward him for calling Mr. Arnoldsmitth a slicker and holding the old man responsible for the disappearance of the mummy. I knew he was all wrong about that. Mr. Arnoldsmitth probably knew something about the matter, yet he had nothing directly to do with the theft of the mummy. But as sure as I was of this, I decided not to argue the matter with Bill.

IT'S FUNNY how I never once recalled what Ed Allen said about seeing an old man on the Treebury pike close by the deserted Morgan house till I noticed a milk bottle on Doc Leland's side porch. Then it all came to me like a flash. The man Ed almost ran down in the dark was Mr. Arnoldsmitth! I gave a gasp and drew the fellows across the street. It wouldn't do to have Bill overhear what I had to tell.

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"I'll bet a cookie it WAS Mr. Arnolds Smith," cried Scoop excitedly when I finished my story. "He was probably looking for a hiding place and was headed for the old Morgan house. It's in the middle of a pasture and no one ever goes there much."

"But how would he KNOW about the old house being there?" said Peg.

"He seems to know a lot about this locality," said Scoop. "Look how he was found in the museum. You never would have expected to find him THERE, but he WAS there."

"Well, if he knows about the old Morgan house, and was heading for it when Ed saw him, that proves pretty much that he isn't crazy in his head like Doc says."

"You're right," said Scoop thoughtfully. "It looks to me like his senses came back to him and he decided to beat it."

"But why - " began Peg.

"Good-night nurse!" cut in Scoop impatiently. "Don't ask me WHY. I'm no fortune-teller. We've got to FIND OUT why. "That's what we're detectives for. If Mr. Arnolds Smith got his senses back and ran away on the sly, he likely had a good reason for doing it. It has some-

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thing to do with the missing mummy - I'm sure of that. We'll find him and do what we can to help him. Something tells me he's in deep trouble and needs our help."

"And if we find him, we won't do as Bill says and bring him back to town?" inquired Red.

"If he says not, we won't," said Scoop. "At least, not right away. If we were to bring him back and Bill got his clutches on him, you know what'd happen; right away Bill would plunk him into jail. We don't want him put in jail, do we? Course not. He isn't a criminal, like Bill tries to make out. He's a good man, but unfortunate in getting mixed up in this thing. It's more manly for us to help an old man like him OUT OF TROUBLE than to help put him INTO JAIL. Besides, if we keep him out of Bill's reach for a few days, we'll get his story FIRST and that will give us first crack at the two hundred dollars."

"You're counting your roosters before they're hatched," said Peg. "Maybe he isn't within ten miles of the old Morgan house."

"There's just one way to settle THAT," said Scoop, starting briskly down



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the street.

## CHAPTER EIGHT.

### At the Old Morgan House.

IT WAS NOW daylight and the red sun was lifting itself into the sky. There was a nice, summery feeling to the air that I liked. It gave me pep and made me glad that I was alive.

A few automobiles with cane fishing-poles strapped to the mud guards whizzed along Main Street. One of these fishing parties stopped at Mugger's restaurant and went noisily in to breakfast. That reminded me of the quarter that Dad had given to me. Right away I got hungry. With the money we had taken in from the ice cream, and the quarter Red got at the fraternity house, we were pretty well fixed. So we went into the restaurant and bought four cups of coffee and a lot of doughnuts and some cherry pie. Shortly after that we were hoofing it out of town on the Treebury pike.

DAD SAYS that the old deserted stone house we call the Morgan place was at one time a tavern. Years and years ago, before the railroads came, men hauling grain and driving cattle to

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market at Chicago used to put up over night at the Morgan tavern. But the road that had led past the door of the tavern in those far-away days has long since disappeared. To-day the old house, with its thick stone walls and knocked-out windows and doors, stands by itself in the middle of a cow pasture owned by Charley Wilson. The cattle at one time used to roam through the downstairs rooms, switching their tails against the rough-plastered walls and peering into the huge fireplace. But the doors are barred now, because one of Mr. Wilson's cows broke its leg by stepping through a rotten board in the floor.

We have played in the old Morgan house lots of times, hiding in the moldy closets on the second floor and shinning across the age-twisted rafters in the big attic. We have been in the cellar, too, which is deep and fearfully dark, more like a dungeon than a cellar. Dad says maybe it WAS somewhat of a dungeon in the days when the house was in its prime, because wicked stories were in circulation when he was a boy regarding things that had happened in the old house to travelers who seemingly had more money than friends. After Dad told me that, I got the fellows together

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and we dug up the earthen floor of the cellar in search of buried treasure. All we ever found was the skeleton of a cat with a short tail and an old monkey-wrench.

We decided to approach the house along the creek bank, as the willows would screen us from sight. So we kept to the Treebury pike where it winds out of town through Happy Hollow till we came to the third creek bridge. Here we followed the creek bank, keeping behind the willows and mustard weeds. Just ahead of us we could see the old house, seemingly grim and silent and lonely in the slanting rays of the warm morning sun.

We were walking single file with Scoop in the lead. Suddenly he paused dead still and gripped my arm, pointing to where a faint spiral of whitish smoke gently lifted itself from one of the tumble-down chimneys. That meant to us that a wood fire was burning in the big fireplace, in the same room where a heavy trap door opens into the gloomy cellar. We felt pretty certain we knew who was tending to that fire!

"I think we better plan things a bit before going further," said Scoop in a guarded voice. "We don't want to fum-



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ble."

"It surely must be Mr. Arnold-smith," said Red. I could see he was scared. Red is that way. He's got oceans of grit AFTER he gets into a scrap; the getting in is the hard thing for him.

"Not much doubt about it being Mr. Arnoldsmitth," said Scoop confidently. "What I'm wondering is whether we ought to rush right in and overpower him, explaining things afterwards, or just come up in a friendly way."

"What's the use of getting rough?" said Peg. "He's an old man. We don't want to forget that. And if we're going to help him out of his troubles, it would look queer to rush him right at the start."

"All right," said Scoop. "We'll go walking up on him as though nothing has happened. I don't know what we'll find out; but we can decide what to do by the way things work out. If it comes to a show-down, I'll yell 'Thirteen!' That'll be the signal to close in on him. You know, fellows, there's just a chance that he IS crazy, like Doc says."

HERE Scoop took the lead as before and we trailed after him. Our shoes made no sound in the soft sod. Soon we came to the front of the house. At

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one of the barred doors we paused and squinted in. There was Mr. Arnoldsmith bending over a wood fire that snapped and crackled in the big fireplace. A small tin pail steamed on the coals, giving out the odor of coffee; and in a dirty-looking pan that the old man held over the fire, sizzled eggs and bacon. He was softly singing to himself:

There were an old soldier  
An' he had a wooden leg;  
An' he had no terbaccy  
Nor terbaccy could he beg.

"Good-morning, Mr. Arnoldsmith," spoke up Scoop.

Gee! I thought the old man was going to throw a fit. He straightened with a cry that was almost a scream. His eyes were wild as he faced us. He trembled all over, like the leaves on the trees when the cold fall winds come down from the north. In his fright he dropped the frying pan into the fire. In an instant there was a flash as the contents of the pan spilled on to the coals and the grease blazed up.

"Why—you—you—jest about scared the wits out of me," panted the old man. Then he seemed to get a grip on himself

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and his trembling and terror faded away. I was glad to see the wild look die out of his eyes. He didn't appear so fierce and dangerous now. I was satisfied he was wholly in his right mind.

With quick nervous steps he came to the door and looked out, letting his eyes sweep over the range of pasture, as though he might have been of the opinion that we were not alone. I heard him give a sigh as though a load had been lifted from his mind. One of the door bars could be pushed up. He showed us how to work it, inviting us to come in.

"You'll find things a bit smudgy, as I ain't had time to dust the parlor furniture," he said; and cackled nervously over his little joke.

"Do you LIVE here?" said Scoop quickly, a note of surprise in his voice.

"I jest bin stayin' here off and on," the old man admitted. Then he seemed in a hurry to add: "I was jest hopin' you boys'd happen along. Now ain't it funny how a body THINKS a thing and then pretty soon it comes true? But I wish you hadn't startled me so, boys: Jest see what's happened to my breakfast." There was now a doleful touch to his voice that made us unhappy. There

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we were full of doughnuts and cherry pie and coffee with cream and sugar in it and he was hungry and we were the cause of his breakfast burning up.

He probably read our thoughts. On the instant he let a happy smile ripple over his wrinkled face and said:

"Now boys, don't you worry none 'bout that spilled bacon. Reckon I got some more where that came from; and some eggs, too." He crossed to an old cupboard in a corner of the big room and from a wooden box on one of the dirty cupboard shelves brought out a small square of bacon and two eggs.

We watched him slice the bacon into the hot pan and later break the eggs into the sizzling grease. The eggs sputtered and the bacon kinked itself and got black. After a bit Scoop said:

"I suppose you're wondering if we followed you here and what we did it for."

"I reckon I know pretty much what you come here fur," said the old man quietly, never glancing up. "Mebbe you even intended knockin' me out, like I was knocked out last night, and had an idear of carryin' me back to town with you. But I 'spect you'll git such foolish idears out of your heads when I



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tell you the truth about the mummy and about the important job I got to finish a-fore I kin go back to New York, like I said at the depot. Yes, sir-e-e! You're goin' to be jest awful surprised when you learn the job I've got to do; and bein' loyal Jupiter Detectives I jest know you're goin' to help me out."

I CAN'T begin to describe how excited we were, though we tried not to show it on the outside. With the old man about to tell us what he knew of the missing mummy, I could just see that two-hundred-dollar reward getting closer and closer. I could almost feel it in my pocket - maybe not all of it, but my share, which would be fifty dollars.

I thought of Bill Hadley and I wanted to laugh. There he was running all over town trying to locate Doc Leland's missing patient; and there WE were sitting on a bale of Charley Wilson's marsh hay watching the patient eat his breakfast of bacon and eggs and coffee. When it came to a matter of doing real detecting, Bill wasn't in our class at all. He didn't stand the ghost of a show of getting the reward, that was a cinch. We were too clever and smart for him. My chest swelled out at this thought. A superior, important feeling

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came to me, as I dangled my legs over the edge of the hay bale; and it was nice, I found, to feel that way.

If Mr. Arnoldsmitth noticed our impatience to hear his story, he didn't see fit to be concerned over it. Slowly he ate his breakfast, holding the bacon in his fingers. The eggs were fried hard, and he ate them speared on a fork. The coffee he drank from the pail in which it had been boiled. Not very good table manners, I thought. But, then, he wasn't eating at a table, and that, of course, makes a difference!

When he was through, he set the frying pan and pail in the cupboard. The fork was cleaned with an old newspaper. By this time the fire was about out, but he finished it by scattering the coals with his feet. I could see he was thinking hard. And always he seemed to be listening. Presently he turned to where we sat on the bale of hay and said:

"Of course, if you're going to help me, it's got to be kep' a secret."

"We know how to keep a secret, if it's right to keep it," said Scoop.

"I figured as how that were a fact, else I never would have invited you to join my celebrated company," said the old man slowly. "All Jupiter Detectives

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stick up for one another," he added.

"Yes," said Scoop.

"And I reckon when you hear my strange story, you're a-goin' to stick up for me and help me and not let anybody in town know 'bout me bein' here in this old house."

"No one knows about you being here but us," said Scoop.

Something warm seemed to dart across the old man's face.

"I never bin fooled on judgin' a boy yet," said he impulsively.

"And when I first sot eyes on you boys, I sez to myself, sez I: 'Anson Arnoldsmit, them are four right smart boys; and jest the kind of smart boys to have in your famous detective company. They be the kind of boys you can depend on.'"

It made me happy to be talked about that way. A fellow likes to be appreciated. It isn't much use being clever and smart and wide-awake if no one notices it or remarks about it. A fellow can't very well go around telling things like that on himself.

"I guess I'll sot, as it's quite a story," said he. There was an old wooden water pail standing near, and he up-ended it and sat down on it, directly in

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front of us. From this seat he could look out through the door, across Charley Wilson's pasture, to where a cloud of gray dust marked the course of the Treebury pike.

I held my breath. It was coming! In a very few minutes we'd know all about the missing mummy, and the mystery wouldn't be a mystery any longer. Then would come the reward. Scoop reached down and took my hand and gripped it tight. I knew just how he felt. I was feeling the same way; and when he squeezed my hand I squeezed back. I didn't turn and look at him, though. I kept my eyes fastened on the old gentleman, who picked a piece of bacon from a hollow tooth and began his story.



## CHAPTER NINE.

### The Mummy Itch.

"I CALC'LATE as how you boys never heard tell of the mummy itch," Mr. Arnoldsmith began, regarding us intently with his warm blue eyes. "There ain't very many people know about it," he added.

"Sime Morrison had the barbers' itch last winter and wore a plaster on his chin," said Scoop. "Is it like that?"

"Well, now, Sonny, it be and it ben't. As Mr. Wallknocker says - "

"Is HE a detective, too" put in Scoop.

"He's the president and general manager of the American-Egyptian Mummy Importin' Association. I'll tell you more about him presently. First, I figure I ought to tell you 'bout this awful disease what is called in Egypt the mummy itch. Accordin' to what Mister Wallknocker says, it was kind of common for the Egyptians thousands of years ago to git an itch in the top part of their heads where the hair is; and havin' no fine-combs in them days, the itchers

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wasn't got rid of much. Consequence is, a lot of dead Egyptians made up into nice-lookin' mummies was a-carryin' around a prosperous colony of hard-workin' itchers; and all the embalmin' and mummifyin' in the world won't kill them pesky itchers. No, sir-e-e! They got more lives than any tomcat that ever pestered a rat. They jest keep on livin' year after year, and a thousand years to them ain't no more than a day is to you boys. The awful part is that any time they find it dull down under all them layers of mummy cloth and embalmin' gums they kin come a-borin' out, jest like them little worms what bore holes in an old wooden bedstead. Science ain't got it all worked out yet, but I suspect from what Mister Wallknocker confided to me confidentially, that these mummy itchers are second cousins to our seventeen-year locusts what live in the ground fur years and years and then come out and git busy killin' the leaves on the trees, only to go back into the ground ag'in fur another seventeen years.

"That's jest the way these mummy itchers act. No tellin' when they'll come a-borin' out through the casin' what holds 'em in; and once they're out

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they spread like sixty. First thing you know everybody livin' near that spot where the mummy is has the mummy itch; and then it's scratch, scratch, scratch from breakfast to dinner and from dinner to supper and from supper to bedtime and from bedtime to breakfast ag'in. It's plumb awful; Mister Wallknocker sez that back in Egypt where they have the mummy itch pretty bad, havin' so many mummies layin' around, the rich people hire professional scratchers to scratch 'em so they kin grab a bit of sleep; and where a poor family has it, they take turns keepin' awake, and the one what's awake does the scratchin' till it's his turn to go to sleep and be scratched. I reckon, boy's, there never was a worse disease."

The old man paused in his story and his voice trailed away. A concerned look came into his wrinkled face, as though he was feeling sorry for the poor Egyptians who had the mummy itch. When I grow up I want to be that kind of a man-full of sympathy for other people and always thinking of someone else. Dad is that way. When they raise money for the poor people, or pass a subscription paper for some good cause, like repairing the baseball park or something, you

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always find Dad's name at the head of the list.

Yet, with all my belief in Mr. Arnoldsmitth, I looked at him sharply. Was he stringing us? It was hard to believe the things he pictured - the Egyptians scratching each other and the itchers living for thousands of years. That sounded like bunk. It was interesting, and I wanted Mr. Arnoldsmitth to keep on with his story, but I wasn't wholly willing to believe that all he was telling us was true.

"Now that you know what a awful disease it is," continued the old man slowly, "and how it ought to be stamped out and not allowed to spread in this country, I'm a-goin' to tell you how Mister Wallknocker come to app'int me Chief Mummy Inspector fur the hull United States and how I git my pay from him for goin' 'round the country inspectin' the mummies his company sells. But first I got to make you swear you won't reveal any of these vital secrets, jest as Mister Wallknocker made me swear not to. Now jest stand up and hold up your right hand and put your left hand on your heart and bring your heels together like this."

WE WERE pretty sober as we stood up



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and raised our right hands and did as he said. When a fellow swears to a thing, that's a serious matter. You don't feel like laughing and cracking jokes about it. You feel all solemn-like inside, and a bit worried for fear you won't be able to always get those things straight that you were going to swear to.

Very solemnly the old man looked us over to see if we had our heels together and our hands on our hearts like he directed. When it was clear to him that we were in the correct position to take the oath, he said:

"You will repeat after me slowly and distinctly: I promise and swear - that I will never reveal - to any person in the world - the facts about the mummy itch as given to me this morning. That I will keep the information to myself - and will do all in my power - as loyal, trustworthy Juvenile Jupiter Detectives - to recover the mummy - what was stolen last night - so that it kin be - duly and properly inspected - and investigated - to see if it has - the dreaded - mummy itch. And by so doing - render a service to the community - and humanity - by guardin' it ag'inst - a possible invasion of - mummy itch-ers. To all of which - I do most sol-

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emonly swear, Amen."

When we said "Amen" Mr. Arnoldsmitth stated we had conducted ourselves with honor, like loyal, trustworthy Jupiter Detectives, and could now sit down on the bale of hay. He walked to the door and looked out. Scoop nudged me and whispered:

"Jerry, is he stringing us?"

"You mean about the mummy itch?" I whispered back.

"Yes."

"I half think so."

"Me, too," put in Peg.

"What's his game?" said Scoop.

Peg and I didn't have an answer for that. We just shook our heads. Then the old man came back and continued with his story:

"One day I was in my office soot in New York when in come a tall man, his face twitchin' with excitement, and he sez, sez he: 'Are you Mister Anson Arnoldsmitth, the great and famous detective?' And I nodded gravely, jest like this, not wantin' to admit right out as how I were great and famous, which weren't modest. And he says, says he: 'Kin I hire you to do some important detectin' for me?' And I says, says I: 'You kin if it's clean and honest

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work and upright, manly employment.' He said it was; and he made me swear like you jest done, and then he told me about the mummy itch, jest like I told you, only mebbe he got in some fancy words I don't recall precisely. He said he was awfully worried about the mummy itch, because his business was importin' mummies, which he sells to museums and collectors. He said he was placed in a peculiar situation. Bein' an honest man he didn't like to keep on importin' mummies into the United States and likely some day start a bad epidemic of the awful mummy itch, from some mummy he brought into this country lettin' loose a colony of ambitious itchers unexpected and sudden-like. And he didn't like to tell the people what bought the mummies to look out for the pesky itchers, 'cause then no one would want to buy the mummies and take a chance. He said he had a scheme which he wanted me to help him out with, and his scheme was to make me Chief Mummy Inspector for the hull United States and it was to be my job to travel 'round the country once each year and inspect the mummies he sold to see if any of them was a-gettin' ready to let loose some itchers, and I was to git my travelin' expenses and

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five dollars per mummy, which weren't terrible big pay for a purfessional man like I be, with an office soot in New York. But I ain't always thinkin' of the money when I kin perform a service to humanity. Of course, Mister Wallknocker explained, I'd have to do my inspectin' on the sly, 'cause it never would do at all to let the people who owned the mummies know WHY they had to be inspected. If they knew, right away they'd ship the mummies back and sue the American-Egyptian Mummy Importin' Association which Mister Wallknocker is president and general manager of, to git their money back.

"So that's how I come to be appointed Chief Mummy Inspector. It's kind of delicate work tellin' if the mummy itchers are gettin' restless and likely to come a-breakin' out, but I ain't had a bit of trouble so far. One time I reckon I saved the whole city of Chicago from gittin' the awful mummy itch. Yes, sir-e-e! I found a mummy in a downtown museum what was jest on the p'int of lettin' loose a colony of itchers, and I took that mummy and put it in an iron chest and sunk it in the middle of Lake Michigan. And jest to show you how deadly and persistent them itchers



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is, even shet up in that iron chest they put their drillers to work and some of them got out and learned how to swim and went lookin' for trouble. Mebbe you read in the CHICAGO TRIBUNE how a man in Michigan City caught a turtle what was so limber it looked like it was made of rubber. Well, now, do you know what made that turtle so limber? He had been bit by one of them mummy itchers and he was twisted all out of shape from tryin' to scratch the top of his shell with his hind feet."

Again I looked at the old man sharply. I was pretty certain now he was kidding us. What he was telling sounded a good bit like a crazy joke to me. But he was all sober and serious. He had me guessing. I began to feel uneasy.

"I guess you know now, boys, how I happened to be in the museum and you kin understand why I couldn't tell what I was there for. Why, if I'd come right out and told the president of your college how I was Chief Mummy Inspector for the hull United States, which is a awful responsible position, you kin see what he'd a-done. Right away Mister Wallknocker'd had a law suit on his hands, and the newspapers would have got hold of it, and the business of the

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American-Egyptian Mummy Importin' Association would bin busted up like a drum with both heads kicked out. So, I jest slipped into the museum on the sly. I reckon that's jest about the hull story, boys."

"But you haven't told us who stole the mummy and who hit you on the head," reminded Scoop quickly.

"I ain't knowin' that," said the old man slowly. "Where that mummy went to is jest as much a mystery to me as it is to you. But we got to find it and inspect it; and with you boys helpin' me, like you promised, I reckon we'll get track of it quick."

"Then you DON'T KNOW who hit you on the head?" said Scoop.

"That's jest about the size of it. You see I were a-hidin' under the mummy case when - "

"Was it you who made the mummy whisper?" cut in Scoop tensely. Again his hand slipped down and closed tightly over mine. A dark look touched his face. I could see his doubt of the old man was now mingled with distrust.

"I reckon, boys, I ought to be 'shamed of that trick - "

"Then it WAS you?" cried Scoop excitedly.

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"Yes, I were the cause of the whisperin'," admitted the old man. "You see, it was this way: I were anxious to git rid of you boys, not recognizin' you, of course, so I could go ahead and do my private inspectin' of the mummy, and I thought it was quickest and easiest to scare you away. I'm plumb sorry if I scared you very much."

"Oh, we soon got over our scare," said Scoop with a slight bob of his head. "We knew a mummy couldn't whisper. We blamed it on the students."

I TOOK a long deep breath. Well, part of the mystery was cleared up, anyway! We knew who did the whispering. While I was glad to know that, in a way I was disappointed. Of course, in talking about the matter, we SAID it wasn't possible for the mummy to whisper; but nevertheless it was exciting to THINK that maybe we were wrong, after all, and the mummy DID whisper. Now the spookishness was all gone and that part of the mystery became commonplace.

"When you boys had run away," went on the old man, "I began my inspectin', but I didn't git more than an inch of surface carefully inspected before I heard somebody tiptoeing into the museum and I dodged under the mummy case

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ag'in. I could peek out without bein' seen much, and there was three men, with black masks on their faces. They didn't say nothin' - they jest came right up to the mummy case and started movin' it around - and there I was under it!

"I stepped out then, to inquire what business they had movin' the mummy case around, and I guess they weren't expectin' to have me come a-bobbin' up that way out of the dark, kind of, 'cause one of them he gave a yell and grabbed something from a table hit me on the head and I didn't come to till you-all was a-puttin' me in the automobile."

Scoop gave a gasp.

"Why, Doc said you were still unconscious at one o'clock this morning," he put in.

"I jest had to fool the doctor and that policeman what you call Bill. It was my only chance to git away. You kin see how I were fixed: if I told WHY I were there I'd be breakin' my solemn and bindin' oath, what I gave to Mister Wallknocker." He paused and his face grew very grim, all around his mouth and around his nose and around his eyes. "No Jupiter Detective ever breaks his



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pledge," he added, regarding us closely.

"Of course not," said Scoop. "But  
- "

"I guess you kin see now I did the only RIGHT thing. I made believe I were unconscious, and when I had a chance to git away I got. And I come here, and here I be."

The old man got up and moved about restlessly. His hand wandered to the blue lump on his forehead.

"Does it hurt your head where you were hit?" I inquired anxiously.

"Not much, Sonny. It'll be all right in a day or two. It's only sore jest at the one spot what is swelled up. Mebbe, now, you boys better tell me all you know about what happened last night. I learned a lot from listenin', but there may be some things I ought to know about and don't. I reckon if we put together what I know and what you know we'll make faster progress in gettin' our hands on the mummy."

SCOOP went ahead and told the old man about the telephone call from the depot and about the missing cart and the reward. When he mentioned the watch and other things I found under the mummy case, the old man gave a start. A queer look flashed across his face.

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"Maybe you know how the things got there," said Scoop.

"I reckon they must 'a' bin put there after I were hit in the head," the old man returned.

"I thought maybe YOU put 'em there," said Scoop pointedly. "Jerry here, says he's sure the handkerchief the stuff was wrapped in belongs to you."

"Here it is," said I quickly, taking the handkerchief from my pocket and handing it to the old man. He took it and looked it over slowly and thoughtfully.

"Now, ain't that queer," said he. "It IS my handkerchief, jest as sure as anything. Mebbe it was taken from my pocket while I were unconscious," he suggested.

"And you haven't any idea at all who the three men were, or why they took the mummy away with them?" questioned Scoop.

"Yes, I got an idear. But that's all it is: jest an idear. I suspect that the mummy is right in this town; and I suspect it ain't no great distance from the college. Mebbe it is right in one of the college buildings this very minute."

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"We've been thinking right along the students have something to do with it," said Scoop. "At first we thought it was a joke; but it's plain to us now that there is a serious side to the matter."

"Yes, if it were jest a joke I wouldn't 'a' got hit," said the old man. "There's a REASON for that mummy bein' took."

"And whatever the reason is, the students are more or less at the bottom of it," declared Scoop.

"I 'spect you're right, Sonny. What we got to do is to FIND THE CART what you say is missin'. Wherever we find the cart, the mummy ain't likely to be far off. Mebbe you kin follow the trail made by the cart wheels."

We talked quite a bit more about the missing mummy and what we should do to get track of it, agreeing to let Mr. Arnoldsmitth know about it as soon as it was recovered. After he had inspected it we could shape some plan to get the reward. He said he'd help us do that.

"I'll keep out of sight in this old house," he said as we were leaving for town. "Now don't you go and furgit your promise what you swore to as loyal and trustworthy Juvenile Jupiter Detec-

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tives, and tell about me bein' here and about me bein' Chief Mummy Inspector fur the hull United States. Jest you keep all that to yourself. And you better come out and report to me as often as you kin. When you come, jest yawl three times like a cat and I'll come out if I'm hidin'. I'll know it's you by the yawls."

"We'll yawl once like THREE cats," said Scoop, as he started away.

WHEN we came to the Treebury pike, Scoop stopped dead still and said:

"Fellows, that old geezer has me guessing."

"What do you mean?" said Red.

"Oh, that bunk about the mummy itch."

"How do you know it's bunk?" followed up Red. "You've never been to Egypt - "

"It sounds like bunk. Good-night! How can a fellow believe that mummy itchers have drillers that'll bore right through iron? The old fellow isn't daffy. And he isn't playing us for suckers just for fun. He's got a reason."

"Maybe he's testing us to see what kind of detectives we are," suggested Peg.



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Scoop gave a whistle.

"GEE-miny! I never thought of that. I hope you're right. Still - " There was a thoughtful look on his face as he started down the road in the direction of town. After a bit he says: "Fellows, I think the thing for us to do is to let on that we believe all those queer yarns he tells us about mummy itchers and rubber turtles. As I say, he has a reason for telling us these things, and that reason may be to test us as detectives. I don't know. He's the head of our detective company, and I suppose we ought to believe in him. Detectives do queer things, I imagine. It's a cinch he's dead anxious to get possession of the mummy. We'll help him. Maybe he hasn't told us all he knows about the missing mummy. We'll keep our eyes and ears open when we are around where he is and learn all we can."

When we came into town the Methodist church bell was ringing and people were coming from their homes into the street all dressed up for church. I knew what Mother would say if I skipped Sunday school, so I hurried home to clean up and put on my good clothes. The house was closed, but I found the front door key in the mail box. Mother and Dad

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were at church. When I reached the church the morning service was over and Sunday school was about to start. I saw Dad come down the stone steps. He got his eyes on me and a happy grin came into his face.

"Found the mummy yet, Jerry?" he called down to me.

"Not yet, but we've got an important clue," I returned.

"Fine! I hope you hurry and get the reward. The preacher just volunteered the happy information that the parsonage needs a new roof and each church member is supposed to buy a bundle of shingles. I put your name down for a bundle, thinking all the time I was doing it that I'd have to foot the bill. But if you get the reward, you can pay for your own shingles."

"I suppose so," I said slowly, wondering if he were joking.

Mother came down the steps talking with Mrs. Meyers about what a nice sermon it was, only the prayer was a bit too long, and how she had just learned to bake a cake with only one egg. While Mrs. Meyers was writing down the recipe on the back of her pledge card, Mother got her eyes on me. Right away she started scolding because I had a red

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necktie on. I didn't want to be picked at, so I ran up the steps into the Sunday school room.

The other kids were just getting into their places. Peg and Red were there. Scoop is a Presbyterian, but that's about as good as a Methodist, I guess, only I'd rather be a Methodist than a Presbyterian because our organ runs with an electric motor and you don't have to pump it with a handle like you do the Presbyterian organ.

The superintendent told us our lesson was to be about Moses. He said Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in some kind of a basket in the pond lilies along the shore of a river. Right then Peg jabbed me in the slats with his elbow and hissed:

"Know what Pharaoh he's talking about, Jerry?"

"I never was acquainted with any of the Pharaohs," I whispered back.

"Why he's talking about Ramses. Don't you remember about Scoop telling us that Ramses was the Pharaoh who was mean to the Hebrews? He got that story from the museum tender."

I was awfully interested after that. It seemed just as though the superintendent were talking about a neigh-

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bor or someone I knew pretty well. But when he said Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea I sat up sharp and stiff. If that were in the Bible, I knew the fellow who wrote the Bible got things twisted. How could they make a mummy out of Ramses and sell him to the Tutter college for two thousand dollars if he were drowned in the Red Sea?



## CHAPTER TEN.

### In Disguise.

RED WENT HOME from Sunday School with me to dinner, because we were going to have fried chicken and ice cream. After dinner we got Scoop and Peg and headed for the college grounds. As we came even with the town hall we slowed up to read the reward notice on the bulletin board:

#### **\$200 REWARD**

This sum will be paid to the party or parties providing information that will lead to the recovery of the mummy taken from the college museum on the night of September 5th.

(Signed)

J. H. Barton, President

As we came up we had noticed Bill just inside the screen door. He kicked the door open and came on to the sidewalk where we were.

"How does it look to you?" he inquired good-naturedly.

"Fine!" said Scoop. "I can feel the

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two hundred dollars getting closer and closer to my pocket every minute. I suppose you've found Mr. Arnoldsmitth?" he added, giving me a nudge. That made me grin.

Bill scowled and the wart on his nose puckered up till it looked like two warts.

"No I ain't - gol durn him! He got away. But I got word to all the near-by towns, and he'll be ketched before many hours."

"And then what?" said Scoop.

"Then he'll go plump into jail, by gosh!"

"And then, I suppose, getting the reward will be like pie for you?" went on Scoop.

"That's one time you supposed right," said Bill.

"He's got a big surprise coming," said Scoop gleefully, when we passed on down the street.

The museum was locked and we couldn't get in. But for that matter we didn't care particularly about getting in. We were more concerned over the possibility of trailing Scoop's cart.

It is a regular thing for a number of Tutter people to climb the hill and stroll about the college grounds Sunday

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afternoon. The young fellows go there with their girls and walk around and giggle and act silly. Some of the older people, who have lived in Tutter for years and years, like to go there to talk about the Indian mounds, which have never been dug into and are supposed to contain the bones of Indian warriors and arrowheads and pottery and things like that. I've always had a great longing to dig into one of these mounds, but I never quite dared.

There is one mound shaped to represent a turtle. It is called the Turtle Effigy. It was here we left the cart.

SURE enough, we could follow the trail made by the wheels in the soft earth! This filled us with excitement. Our spirits sagged, though, when the trail was lost at a point where the cart was drawn on to the concrete sidewalk close to the cemetery and in the direction of Oakcrest. We tried for more than an hour to pick up the trail, but failed. Hot and tired and disappointed we sat down to get our wind and talk the matter over.

"We know one thing, anyway," said Scoop, "and that is that the trail leads away from town. This indicates, as Mr. Arnoldsmitth says, that the mummy is

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very likely in one of the college buildings. The thing now is to find out WHICH building."

We scouted around till suppertime, searching for the missing cart. We looked in all the garages and under the dormitory steps and on the rubbish piles back of the fraternity houses. Not a single trace did we find of the cart.

"We'll come back to-night," said Scoop, when we were about to head south for home.

"And do what?" Peg wanted to know.

"Do detecting, of course. We probably can do better work when it's dark. For instance, we can get closer to the buildings without being noticed. By peeking under the curtains and listening to what is said inside, we ought to pick up a few good clues."

"And we can disguise ourselves, like it tells about in the detective book," suggested Red, his eyes sparkling.

"Sure we can," I followed up quickly. "That'll be lots of fun."

"All right," agreed Scoop.

He had the detective book in his coat pocket and read that chapter telling how to fix up different kinds of



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disguises. We finally decided it would be best to disguise ourselves like Italians. We could make four moustaches out of fur and wear red handkerchiefs about our necks. No one would recognize us in a fine disguise like that.

Scoop thumbed through the book.

"Here's something that ought to interest us," said he:

### CRIMINAL CHARACTERISTICS

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It is an established law in police practices that a criminal will sooner or later experience a compelling desire to return to the scene of his crime. Have this in mind always. If you set your trap well, the criminal you achieve to apprehend may walk directly into your hands.

"That means," interpreted Scoop, "that whoever stole the mummy is likely to return to the museum; and as the mummy was stolen at night the ones who stole it will be most likely to return at night. We'll be watching. We'll set a trap, like the book says. And we'll do it this very night."

We went to Red's house, and got

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some cookies and doughnuts. His father and mother and big sister were away. In the attic we found a black fur muff hanging on the wall in a paper sack with some little white balls in the bottom of the sack. Red said the muff wasn't any account, he guessed, so we took it downstairs. The fur was long and wiry and made swell mustaches. With the red handkerchiefs around our necks and the mustaches glued into place, I want to tell the world we looked TOUGH! A timid person meeting us on a dark street would just about throw a cat fit. When we mussed up our caps we looked still worse. Peg said all we needed was a red sash apiece, with some daggers and revolvers stuck in our belts. Then we'd be honest-to-John pirates.

The only thing that didn't look right was our knee pants. Red's pa is kind of short, and Red said maybe we could borrow four pairs of his pants, rolling them up at the bottom if they were too long and in the way. He got out a pair for himself, and two more pairs for Peg and Scoop. It looked as though that was all the spare pants Mr. Meyers had. Then Red remembered there was a masquerade suit hanging in the attic. Disguised as a Quaker, his father had

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worn the suit to a Hallow'een party. Red got the pants to the suit. They buttoned at the sides, but I didn't mind that. I put them on in a jiffy, and we got ready to start. Scoop had the handcuffs. Red stuck a flash-light into his pocket, and he and I armed ourselves with pokers that we found in the kitchen. Peg unscrewed the handle of a dust-mop. That made a dandy club. All prepared, we set forth.

IT WAS good and dark now. We sneaked up the alley and across the railroad tracks and up the hill without being seen. Soon we were in the college grounds. At the museum we separated, each one stationing himself on a different side of the building. Scoop instructed us to lay perfectly still in the grass with our ears close to the ground.

"If anyone comes slipping up on you, you'll know it," said he. "And if anyone DOES come sneaking up on you in a suspicious manner, don't be afraid to use your clubs. Aim for the head. If you need help, yell 'Thirteen!' just as loud as you can."

I dropped into the grass on my stomach. My heart was going thump! thump! thump! Gee, it was still and

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spooky and lonely! It was dark, too. After a bit my eyes got used to the blackness and I could make out the form of trees and hedges close by. It was easy to see the museum, because the walls are built of yellow brick, and the upper part of the walls seemed to reflect the glow of the puny lights that straggled across the campus in line with the sidewalk.

As I lay there watching the museum, the silence seemed to grow deeper and deeper. There was no movement to the air and the leaves in the trees above me and all about me hung limp and lifeless. I began to long for familiar night sounds - the croak of a frog, the voice of a katydid, the swish of wings as some night bird dipped down from out of the blackness.

But no such sounds came to me. It just seemed deathly still and mysterious. I had the feeling that something was going to happen. And something DID happen.

Scoop was stationed in front of the museum. Red was somewhere behind the building near the college heating plant. Peg was on side opposite me. I was on the hill side. The concrete sidewalk that crosses the campus was in back of



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me, hidden by the trees, but no great distance away.

A thrill passed over me when footsteps I had been listening to on the hard surface of the sidewalk suddenly ceased. There was no sound for a moment; then I heard cautious footsteps on the soft earth. A twig crackled a short distance away. Someone, coming up the hill from town, had followed the sidewalk as far as the museum, then left the walk, heading seemingly for the very spot where I lay.

I was a good bit scared. I wouldn't want you to think I wasn't scared. But the scare inside of me wasn't great enough to send me off on the run to where the other fellows were. It was a different kind of a scare. I didn't want to run. I wanted to stay right there and do what Scoop had instructed me to do. I was scared, I guess, that I might not be able to do the job up as good as I should.

Gripping Mrs. Meyers' kitchen poker, I sort of squirmed about to see if I could make out who was coming up on me. I didn't want a criminal to step on me like I was a toad. I couldn't SEE anything. But constantly I could HEAR something. Whoever it was came nearer

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and nearer, not quickly, but slowly and very cautiously. After a bit I could make out a moving form. It was a man!

He stopped dead still and I hardly dared to breathe for fear he would hear me, he was that close. He stood silent and motionless, for all the world like the statues in front of the museum. The statues, though, are white, and he seemed as black as the night itself.

Scoop's instructions were bobbing about in my head. I was to knock him out with Mrs. Meyers' kitchen poker. I was to aim for the head, and not miss my aim. It wouldn't be easy. If I started moving toward him he would hear me. And if he came on he would surely step on me. The doughnuts and cookies I had filled up on at Red's house seemed to get heavy in my stomach when I thought of what was likely to happen then.

AFTER a while the man sat down with his back to the trunk of a big oak tree. The tree was between us. I crawled up a bit, finding that I could get along with scarcely a sound if I went ever so slowly and felt ahead of me for twigs.

Working in this way, I kept getting closer to the tree. The thing that bothered me the most was my heart. Would he hear it? I could hear it.

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When I was directly behind the tree I drew myself to my knees and raised the poker. In the darkness it grazed the rough tree trunk and made a slight scratching sound. The man sucked in his breath with a startled gasp and started to spring to his feet.

But I was too quick for him - and this is the part that always brings a shiver over Mother. Down came the poker! It STRUCK something. I knew I had landed on the man's head.

He gave a gurgling, choking groan. Just like the last cry of a drowning cat. Then he toppled over. All was still as death. My arms and knees felt funny. I didn't quite know what was wrong for a moment or two. Then it came to me. I was trembling. In my arms and in my knees and in my whole body I was trembling.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN.

### The Empty Box Car.

I KNEW I must force down the trembling that gripped me. So I gritted my teeth and clenched my fists and the trembling became a mere shiver and then went wholly away, seemingly, out through the tips of my fingers and toes. Raising my voice I yelled, "Thirteen!" just as loud as I could.

Scoop and the others came on the run, breathing hard and excited. They began firing questions at me, all talking at once, but I just pointed to where the man lay in a heap at the foot of the oak tree. Red turned his flashlight on the spot. A gasp broke from me when I saw that the fellow was a strange negro. Never had I seen a blacker man. He lay dead still and I was afraid I had killed him. A load was lifted from my mind when Scoop spoke up and stated that the man's heart was still beating.

"Here's a lump on his head where you hit him," said Scoop. He held his fingers close to the flash-light. "No blood," he added.



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Satisfied that the negro would soon revive, Scoop snapped the handcuffs on the man's wrists.

"Now that we've got him, what are we going to do with him?" Red wanted to know.

"We've got to get from him what he knows about the missing mummy," said Scoop. "We'll take him to some quiet place and 'third degree' him."

"What kind of a 'nitiation is that?" inquired Peg.

"Why, haven't you read about it in the newspapers? The 'third degree' is what detectives do to criminals to make them talk up and confess. I don't know just how to go about it, but we can experiment. It's a cinch the man knows something about the missing mummy or he wouldn't be here like this. Wonder who he is? He doesn't belong to the college outfit, I'm sure of that, unless he's a new cook or something."

"Maybe we ought to take him downtown and lock him up in jail," suggested Red.

Scoop gave a scornful laugh.

"And have Bill 'third degree' him and get the reward ahead of us? I guess not!"

"But we can't 'third degree' him

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right here on the side of the hill," followed up Red quickly. "If we try that, first thing we know he'll let out a yell and someone'll come running, thinking it's a murder. We ought to have some place to take him to. Maybe our barn would be a good place."

At that moment an engine whistled in the direction of the railroad siding that stretches up Happy Hollow just beyond the cemetery and down the hill from the Golden Sphinx fraternity house. Lots of times this siding is filled with cars. An empty box car would be a fine place in which to "third degree" the negro. By cutting across the cemetery we could reach the siding in just a few minutes.

"Fine!" said Scoop, when I made the suggestion.

This settled, we lifted the negro and started. Peg was in front, a foot in each hand. Red and Scoop each took hold of an arm up close to the shoulder. I brought up the rear, keeping the man's head from wobbling.

The negro was pretty heavy. We had to rest twice before coming to the cemetery. When the tombstones stood out ahead of us like grim white ghosts, Red came to a dead pause.

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"Go-o-od night!" he chattered. "You ain't going into the cemetery, are you?"

"Course," said Scoop shortly.

"Suppose we meet a ghost?" said Red unhappily. "I - I ain't wanting to be chased by no ghost. Let's go on up the road and cut around the cemetery by the Golden Sphinx fraternity house."

"Nix. That's too far. Gee whiz! Whoever heard of a detective being scared of ghosts? A ghost isn't real."

"All the same I'm scared," admitted Red.

The cemetery DID look kind of spooky. But I wasn't scared. I knew we wouldn't see any ghosts; and I was anxious to get to the railroad siding so we could start "third degreeing" the negro.

"Oh, don't be a calf! I jeered. I knew if I could get Red mad his grit would help him out. It worked.

HURRIEDLY we crossed the cemetery, followed one of the drives, no one saying anything and no sound near us except the crunching of the gravel beneath our heavy shoes. We had a time getting the man over the back cemetery fence. He was so limber-like it was hard to handle him. But we succeeded; and then scrambled down the gravelly

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hill to the railroad siding.

When we located an empty box car Red flashed the light in through the side door and the rest of us hoisted the man into the car, dropping him on the slivery floor. Then we gathered around. After a bit he began to move. He raised his head, looked about him wildly, and settled back with a groan.

"Now's your chance to 'third degree' him," said Red.

"Sure; go ahead," said Peg.

Scoop ran his fingers through his hair like he was puzzled.

"I'm not sure how to start in," said he uncertainly.

"Ask him questions," suggested Peg.

Scoop was about to carry out this plan, but the words he formed in his mouth changed suddenly to a startled cry. Off in the distance where the siding joins the main track running east and west and parallel with Main Street, there came a shrill whistle. Then a loud, jangling bump! bump! bump! Each "bump" got louder and sounded closer. We knew what that meant. An engine was coupled to the string of "empties" and was either backing up or pulling out.

"Gee whiz!" cried Peg, scrambling to his feet. He rushed to the door of



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the car. "They're getting ready to pull out, fellows. We've got to move from here if we don't want a free ride."

Here the car gave a violent jerk and Peg went reeling. Something happened to Red's flash-light and it died out. We didn't wait for him to get it working again - there wasn't a moment to spare. Quickly we reached forward in the dark and took hold of the negro, intending to drag him to the door of the car. We were about to the door when a lantern flashed outside and a brakeman who had heard us in the car yelled:

"Git out of there, you durn hoboes! This railroad ain't no charity ins'titution. Come, git a shove on you or I'll bring out my gun!"

I want to tell you right now we stepped lively! We dropped the negro and jumped from the moving car on the opposite side to where the brakeman was standing. Then we beat it up the gravelly hill, digging in with our fingers to make better speed.

When we came to the cemetery fence we paused and looked down. Off in the distance the engine was filling the night air with sparks like a Fourth-of-July fire-pot. The string of "empties" moved below us like a vague, shadowy

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serpent. From a slow, dull grind, the sound made by the wheels changed to a steady hum.

No matter how old I grow, or what happens in the years that lay ahead of me, I'll never be more disappointed or feel more helpless and unhappy than at that moment. It seemed as though Fate was struggling to make a failure of our plans to succeed as Juvenile Jupiter Detectives.

On the way back to town we almost got into a scrap. Scoop kept spitting out mean words, blaming me for the whole thing. He said the negro wouldn't have gotten away from us if I hadn't insisted on putting him in the box car. Scoop is like that. He isn't perfect. I'm glad I'm not like him! When things move along lovely he's in his glory. If HE makes a mistake, he smooths it over. Just a little thing - not worth mentioning, to hear him tell it! If somebody else makes a mistake it takes him a month of Sundays to get over it.

Before we turned into Hill Street we took off our mustaches. Pretty soon we came within sight of Red's house. Lights streamed from all the windows. Even the attic and basement were lit up. People were running about on the lawn

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and front porch. Inside the house many people were moving from room to room.

"Something's happened," cried Red, darting ahead of us. Following him, we crossed the lawn lickety-cut. Up the front steps we tumbled and into the house.

Mr. Meyers was excitedly running about the hallway. He was in his shirt sleeves and his collar was loose in front and flopping. Dad was in the living room. He got his eyes on us; and all of a sudden he collapsed into a Morris chair and started to laugh. He laughed and he laughed. And every second or two he'd point to our pants - I mean Mr. Meyers' pants - the ones we had borrowed for a disguise.

I tumbled then to what was up. And on the instant I felt pretty foolish. Mr. Meyers had missed his pants, and thinking he had been robbed had called in the neighbors. That was why Mrs. Meyers was upstairs looking in the bureau drawers and Mother was in the dining room counting the silver spoons. She dropped the spoons when she heard Dad and came into the room. A look of amazement settled over her face when she turned toward me. When she saw my Quaker pants her face got red. Then it got

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purple. She gave a gasp, stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, and fell over into Dad's lap. By this time everybody in the room was laughing, though Mr. Meyers' laugh was kind of jerky and nervous-like.

Peg nudged me in the ribs.

"It's you they're laughing at, Jerry," he hissed. "You - you got Mr. Meyers' Quaker pants on hind side to."



## CHAPTER TWELVE.

### Waiting at the Church.

MOSTLY when I wake up in the morning I feel pretty happy. The first thing that pops into my head is the thought that I have another whole day ahead of me. A day can hold a lot of fun. The little things that trouble me when I drop off to sleep don't seem like troubles and difficulties after a good night's snooze.

But the morning after Mr. Meyers had the whole neighborhood aroused over what he thought was a robbery - THAT morning I didn't wake up with the usual happy feeling inside of me. My mind was troubled when I dropped off to sleep, and it was still troubled when I opened my eyes and heard Mother rattling the cover of the oatmeal cooker. A lot of things had come crowding in to make me feel that way.

There was the negro getting away from us just when we were all set to "third degree" him and by making him tell what he knew about the missing mummy pave the way for a complete solution of the mystery. I wondered what

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was likely to happen to him. How would he free himself from the handcuffs? How far would he travel in the empty box car before he was discovered? Would he then be arrested? That was likely, because the handcuffs would arouse the suspicions of anyone with whom he came in contact. And if he were arrested, would he tell what he knew about the missing mummy, enabling someone else to step in and get the reward? I thrilled under the thought that he might escape arrest in some way or another and return to Tutter. I'd tell Scoop about that, and we'd be on the lookout.

My thoughts jumped to the Quaker pants and my face burned when I recalled how everybody had laughed at me. A fellow hates to be made fun of that way. Mrs. Meyers said it was all a joke about our borrowing Mr. Meyers' pants - she said that boys would be boys, and for her part she'd rather have Donald doing Jupiter detecting than practicing circus stunts on his gas-pipe trapeze and likely to get a collarbone broken or something.

It would soon be all over town about me wearing the Quaker pants hind side to. And at school the girls would look at me and put their hands over

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their mouths and giggle. The boys would poke fun at me, too. I didn't mind that so much. If they got too fresh I could turn in and clean up on them. But you can't clean up on a girl, no matter how mean and smart-acting she is.

It was tough to be so unlucky. And I got right out of bed and took down my horseshoe from over the door and I pitched it just as far as I could out of the window - and I was mad enough to hope it hit somebody! And I took my lucky stone from under the carpet where I hide things, and the rabbit's foot I traded my cat skull for, and I pitched the lucky stone and the rabbit's foot after the horseshoe. They didn't help a bit to keep a fellow lucky. I was disgusted.

When I went down to breakfast Dad was fussing with the electric toaster and saying things under his breath every time he got a shock.

The only thing Mother seemed able to talk about was Lulu Skinner's wedding. She said she was going to let the breakfast dishes stand and run right over to Miss Skinner's house to see how she was and help her get ready for the ceremony. That reminded me this was the morning Bill was to be married at the

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Methodist church. Miss Skinner and Mother are pretty chummy. Mother helped her make some of the clothes she was to be married in. She is awfully pretty, and I felt she could do a lot better than marry Bill, even if he is a policeman.

JUST as I finished eating breakfast Scoop whistled in front and I grabbed my cap and ran out.

"Anything new?" I inquired hopefully.

He shook his head; then said:

"I've been thinking about that negro we caught in the college grounds last night. Maybe we can find out from Bill who he is. That will give us a clue. If he's a regular criminal he'll have a police record, and Bill should know something about him."

"Bill won't know much of anything to-day," I stated. "Don't you remember? - he gets tied up to Miss Skinner this morning."

"I'd forgotten about it, with so many more important things on my mind," said Scoop. "Glad you mentioned it, Jerry. I was planning to go to the town hall this morning and pump Bill. He'll be off on his honeymoon then, so we'll go down right now. It's a whole half hour till school time."



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Halfway down the block we came upon Peg and Red. Scoop told them where he was headed for and they fell into line. But we met with disappointment in carrying out Scoop's plan. Bill wasn't at the town hall. And he wasn't anywhere in sight on Main Street.

"He's probably over at his boarding house dolling up for the wedding march," opined Peg.

The last bell was ringing when we tumbled into the schoolhouse. Miss Grimes was to be our teacher while Miss Skinner and Bill were away on their honeymoon. When Miss Skinner came back she was to finish out the term and resign.

When noon came Scoop and I ran down the street. Red and Peg at our heels. We had quite forgotten about the wedding till we came within sight of the Methodist church and saw automobiles parked in the street and people coming from the church, talking excitedly and looking kind of tragic.

JUST as we came up, Dad and the mayor appeared in the doorway and hurried down the stone steps. Dad's automobile was at the curb. Three Tutter aldermen were in the back seat and Dad and the mayor took the front seat.

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Swinging on the running board I cried:

"Where you going, Dad?"

"After Bill," he said shortly.

"You mean you're going to catch up with him and Miss Skinner and charivari them?"

"Charivari nothin'," sputtered Dad. "We're heading for the county infirmary to get Bill out of the crazy ward. He's in trouble, Jerry. He never showed up at the wedding and all the women are mad enough to lynch him. I'll tell you all about it when I get back."

Bill in the crazy ward at the county infirmary? I gave Dad a sharp look to see if he were joking. He wasn't. His face was grim and determined, and so was the mayor's face, and the faces of the aldermen.

"But how did Bill - " I began, struggling to drive away the dazed feeling that gripped me.

"We don't know how he got there, or why," said Dad. "All we know is that he didn't show up for the wedding, and that's where he is. A few minutes ago the mayor got a telegram from the superintendent. He says in the telegram that he is holding a suspicious character who claims to be William Ackley

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Hadley. He inquired if we had a citizen by that name in Tutter. The telegram says that the man is handcuffed and blackened up like a negro. It's a mystery, Jerry. We can't begin to explain it. But we'll soon have Bill out of his cell, and then we'll know the facts."

I felt Scoop clutch my arm, just as though he was suddenly turned into a skeleton and his bony fingers were being forced together by strong steel springs. Peg and Red were just back of me and I heard them give a gasp. It wasn't an ordinary gasp. Maybe you've heard a cow lifting its foot from a bog. That's what the gasp sounded like. As for me, if Bill were to come flying through the air with wings on his flivver instead of wheels I couldn't have been more dumb-founded.

So our negro wasn't a criminal, after all? It was Bill in disguise. And while HE was doing detecting, with the power of the law behind him, we had knocked him silly with Mrs. Meyers' kitchen poker and handcuffed him with his own handcuffs and caused him to be taken away in an empty box car to face adventures and troubles of which we knew nothing, and in the end to be locked up in the insane ward at the county infirm-

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ary. All this when he should have been in Tutter getting married to Miss Skinner.

My mind worked by skips and jumps, like Dad's automobile does when the carburetor gets flooded. At the moment it didn't seem a bit strange to me that Bill should turn up at the county infirmary. I didn't try in any way to reason out HOW he got there.

The thing worrying me was what would happen to Mr. Arnoldsmitth's four Juvenile Jupiter Detectives when Bill got back to Tutter!



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

### To the Rescue.

DAD drove out of town lickety-cut. He didn't invite me to go along, and I was glad. I didn't want to go along. I was scared stiff he would take a look at me and tumble to the fact that I had a mountain of trouble pressing down on my shoulders. I couldn't see how I LOOKED, but I knew how awful I FELT. I was pretty certain that some of the unhappiness inside of me showed on the surface. The last thing I wanted Dad to do was to start asking questions.

Scoop and I hung around the church. The people continued to come out in pairs and groups, talking in low tones and looking unhappy, as though there had just been a murder. They straggled down the street, and the automobiles parked in front of the church churned into motion and melted away.

I was close by the door of the Sunday School room when Mother and Miss Skinner came out and got into Mr. Skinner's wire-wheel sedan. Something stung my eyes when I looked at Miss Skinner. She was all white like her dress, and

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tense-looking, as though she wanted to cry and was too proud to break down with everybody half suspecting that Bill had fooled her. There was a hurt look in her face that stabbed me where my heart is. Oh, I tell you I was wretched in the thought that I had helped to bring this trouble. She had been kind to me and never took my chewing gum away from me in school, and last Christmas she gave me a book telling about snakes with beautiful pictures in colors. The book has one hundred and fifty pages, and I felt I didn't deserve it after what had happened. I longed to rush up to her and tell her how sorry I was. But, I couldn't do that without bringing up a lot of things that would likely get me into trouble clear up to my eyes.

Mother noticed me hanging around and called me over to the sedan.

"You better go home with one of the boys for dinner," she instructed. "I may be at the Skinner's till late in the afternoon. Poor Lulu! Where's your father?"

"He's gone after Bill," I explained.

A cold, hard look came into Mother's eyes and she stiffened. I could see she had no sympathy for Bill. She

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was ready to blame him for everything. I shivered. What would she say if she KNEW who really was to blame?

Scoop told me I could have dinner with him. We didn't eat very much. Our appetites had gotten away from us. Mrs. Ellery thought we were feeling sad because of the way Miss Skinner had been disappointed at the church. A warm light came into her motherly eyes and she put an arm around each of us and told us we were kind-hearted boys, and she was proud of us, only she wished Howard would be more particular about washing his hands when she had a clean tablecloth on.

When dinner was over Scoop and I went out in front and sat down on the lawn.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" said he.

"What CAN we do?" said I.

"We ought to do something," said he.

"I guess we've done about enough for one trip," said I miserably. "We've got Bill in the crazy house and upset Miss Skinner's wedding and broke her heart - "

"We didn't do it on purpose," said Scoop fiercely. "No one can say we did.



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We didn't KNOW it was Bill we handcuffed. It was just a - a - "

"Accident," I supplied.

"Not accident - misfortune," corrected Scoop.

"I guess it was both," said I.

After several thoughtful moments Scoop spoke up.

"When Bill gets back to town he may want to make it hot for us. No one can blame him. But I don't think he can do an awful lot. I guess if he tried any 'jail' business on us our folks won't stand for THAT."

"Maybe our folks won't stick up for us like you think," said I, remembering how Mother looked when I mentioned Bill's name. Her sympathy was all with Miss Skinner; and when she learned that the wedding was upset because Scoop and I and the others had -

"Of course our folks'll stick up for us," argued Scoop, cutting in on my unhappy thoughts. "That's what folks are for. If Pa got into trouble, wouldn't I stick up for him? Course I would. Even if he were wrong I'd stick up for him. And won't your pa stick up for you? Sure enough. Shucks! I'm beginning to lose my scare. I don't think we're going to find ourselves in



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such a whole of a lot of trouble, though it may be our folks'll take our detective stars away from us and make us cut out doing detecting when they learn just how we got mixed up in the thing. We'll live through that. And I guess it won't kill us if some of the people in town give us the laugh over the way we've sort of twisted things up."

"You said a mouthful when you put in that word 'twisted'," said I. "Pretty nearly everything we've tackled since we became Jupiter Detectives we've twisted. Look how we had Red's pa scared thinking he was robbed; and how we whanged Bill on the head."

"How about Mr. Arnoldsmitth?" reminded Scoop. "I guess we didn't lose out THERE. We know where he is, and no one else knows. And we know about the three masked men. We've made mistakes, like you say, but I guess everybody does that. Pa says if people didn't make mistakes, they wouldn't put erasers on pencils. But even with all our mistakes, we're a lot closer to a solution of the missing mummy mystery than anyone else."

WITH Scoop talking that way I got my grit back. He was right as right could be. We had muddled things; but with all our muddling we were making

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progress. We had every chance in the world to solve the mystery if our folks didn't get bossy and interfere with our plans.

"To-night after school we'll go out and see Mr. Arnoldsmitth," went on Scoop. "We may be able to pump something out of him that will help clear up the mystery."

The school period that afternoon seemed like an age. I guess Miss Grimes wondered why Scoop and Red and Peg and I were so quiet. Once she asked us if we were sick. Our thoughts kept turning to Bill in the crazy ward at the county infirmary. We pictured Dad and the mayor filing the handcuffs from Bill's wrists and helping remove the black stuff from his face and hands. The infirmary is just eight miles from Tutter. Bill would soon be back in town. Things would happen then; though, as Scoop pointed out, we weren't likely to end up in jail or anything like that. What would come tumbling down on us would come from our folks and not directly from Bill.

The afternoon carried through and nothing happened. When we were dismissed at four o'clock we beat it out of town along the Treebury pike. Crossing Charley Wilson's pasture we tumbled into the

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old Morgan house. Mr. Arnoldsmith was nowhere in sight. Scoop gave three cat yowls and presently the trapdoor opening into the deep, dark cellar raised ever so slightly. We saw a pair of eyes, and we knew they were Mr. Arnoldsmith's eyes. When he saw us he threw the trapdoor clear back and came up from the cellar, closing the door after him and sliding the bolt into place with his foot.

"I bin hopin' you boys would come out to see me to-day," said the old man in a glad sort of way. "Mebbe you got trace of that mummy?" he added hopefully.

"Not yet," said Scoop. Then he told the old man about Bill and how we knocked him out and handcuffed him. Mr. Arnoldsmith was grave.

"My, my," he murmured, running his fingers through his wiry hair. "You boys be a-goin' to git crosswise with the law if you don't keep a lookout."

"We aren't worrying much about what the law will do to us. Our folks, though, may make us put away our stars and quit doing detecting."

"And what be I a-goin' to do in that case?" said the old man, his voice touched with a shrill note of alarm.



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"You tell me and I'll tell you," said Scoop.

"We've jest got to git the mummy, boys, and that's all there is to it," said the old man grimly. There was a sudden fierceness about him that startled me. His jaws were square and stiff and the cords stuck out in the backs of his hands, like his fingers were clenched tight. "Yes, sir, boys, we got to git it so it kin be inspected reg'lar. Why I'd feel I were a good-fur-nothin' quitter if I let that mummy git away from me and didn't inspect it and were the cause of it lettin' out a colony of itchers. I reckon as how you don't want me to be a quitter, boys."

"No-o," said Scoop slowly.

The old man made a queer sound in his throat.

"Then that settles it," said he. "You boys jest got to stand by me and help me."

There wasn't a great deal to talk about, so after a bit we prepared to return to town. We took our time. The longer we put off facing our folks, the safer we'd be. Peg said maybe we better run away from home and go down to Texas and become cowboys. That didn't sound good to me. I didn't want to leave



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Mother and Dad. Besides, to run away would be cowardly. It would be more manly to stay and take what was coming to us.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

### Bill Comes Back.

ARRIVING IN TOWN, we sneaked up the alley till we came to Red's barn. It was now close to supper time and we could see his mother at work in the kitchen. Red's barn is old and many knotholes puncture the wooden walls. Through these knotholes we kept a close watch on what was going on in the neighborhood.

After a bit Dad came up the street in our automobile and turned into the drive. He didn't look so terribly worried; and when he went up the steps of the side porch he was whistling.

"I think it's high time to find out where we stand," said Scoop. "Jerry, can't you slip over to your house and listen on the sly to what your pa says to your ma and find out in that way?"

"Guess so," said I a bit uneasily.

"We'll wait here for you," said Scoop.

I followed along the alley fence and turned into our yard. As I tiptoed up the back porch steps I heard Dad in the kitchen talking with Mother. He mentioned Bill and the county infirmary and

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I peeled my ears to catch every word.

"We're thinking of appointing a vigilance committee," said Dad in a sputtery voice, and I knew he was wiping his face on the kitchen towel like I do when I don't want to make the trip upstairs to the bathroom. "This thing of having a gang of toughs come into town and mess up things to suit themselves has got to be stopped. Bill says there was a dozen of 'em, and they looked like hunkies. In the scrap they got the best of him and soaked him on the head with a gas pipe when he wasn't looking."

"I haven't much sympathy for Bill," said Mother tartly; and there was a sizzle as though she were stirring potatoes in a frying pan. "Not after the way things turned out this morning - and me working my fingers off on all that fine stitching to get Lulu ready -"

"Shucks!" exploded Dad. "Bill wasn't to blame," went on Dad. "Why, woman, he's a hero! What other man do you know would have had the nerve to face a dozen hunkies and fight the whole gang like Bill did? I tell you we're lucky to have a cop who's got that much sand."

"I know one man who's braver even than Bill," said Mother with a low titter.

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"I suppose you mean that simp from down the line who bought you the furs for Christmas before we were married and tried to cut me out," sputtered Dad. "He's a joke - that guy is."

"Oh, I didn't mean him," said Mother sweetly. "You're the hero I had in mind."

There was a scurry of feet, followed by a giggle and a loud smack. I knew Dad had grabbed Mother around the waist and kissed her.

Gee, I was happy! I wanted to kiss somebody, myself, only I couldn't because there wasn't anyone handy to kiss except our cat, and I didn't want to kiss a cat.

Right away the sun came out warmer and brighter. A rooster crowed on our ash pile and filled the air with beautiful music. Instead of walking I wanted to skip. And I wanted to shout and sing and whistle and turn handsprings.

There was a lot to Bill's adventure that I didn't understand. But that would come later. The biggest thing in my mind just then was the thought that we were in no way connected up with the knockout he got in the college grounds.

"We're a bunch of prize boobs," said Scoop, when I was back in Red's



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barn and had told the fellows what I overheard. I didn't tell about the kissing. It wasn't playing square with Dad and Mother to tell that. "Of course Bill didn't recognize us," added Scoop. "How could he?"

"What do you mean?" said Peg, slow to realize the good streak of luck that had dropped down on us.

"He didn't recognize us because we were disguised," said Scoop. "And I never once thought of THAT."

"Sure we were disguised," tittered Red. "Didn't Jerry have on Pa's Quaker pants? He was trying to set a new fashion - "

I grabbed Red by his brick-colored topknot and held him down. He yelled and clawed, but I didn't let go.

"If you ever say 'Quaker pants' to me again I'll shake the tar out of you," I threatened.

"No need to get so touchy about it," put in Scoop. "If anyone happens to ask you, those Quaker pants helped to keep us out of trouble."

"All the same I ain't going to have no freckle-faced imp with a strong gab and a wart on his big toe saying 'Quaker pants' to me," I sputtered.

THAT evening at the supper table I

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got from Dad the whole story of what had happened to Bill. In telling the story Dad paused every minute or two, to remind me Bill was a hero. That made me want to laugh. Bill had made up an awful yarn. Gee, it was a corker! I didn't think a grown-up man would do a thing like that. Sometimes a kid with a big imagination gets to telling things double; but it isn't expected that a man will do a thing like that. A man is supposed to have judgment and KNOW always what is right and what isn't, and it wasn't right for Bill to let on that he had been jumped onto by a dozen husky hoboes and had only been put out of the fight when he was hit from behind with a gas pipe.

"Bill put up an awful fight," said Dad. "He slammed 'em right and left. But they had him outnumbered. When he was knocked out they loaded him into an empty box car and got him out of town on number seventeen. The train slowed up at the junction over by the county infirmary and Bill slipped out of the car and went to the infirmary for help in removing the handcuffs the hunkies had put on him. With him blacked up and everything, it's easy to understand why the superintendent locked him up."

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"Where did the hunkies get the handcuffs?" I inquired gently, keeping my eyes on my plate.

"Oh, out of Bill's pocket, I guess. He says they're his."

I had been worrying about the handcuffs. It struck me that Bill would recognize them as the ones he had lent Scoop. But it was plain from Dad's story that we were safe in that quarter.

"Bill ought to get a medal, he's so brave, fighting all those hoboos single-handed," I said, keeping my face straight, though inside of me a laugh was chasing itself around and around in happy circles.

"Now, isn't that a fact?" said Dad.

"It must took a lot of courage to stand up and fight all twelve of 'em," I added.

"Bill's got the courage, all right," said Dad.

"And now that he's a hero, like you say, maybe Miss Skinner'll marry him after all," said I.

"Oh, that's all patched up," said Dad.

"Yes," put in Mother tartly, "Lulu's easy!"

"They're going to have the wedding to-morrow," stated Dad.

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He was trying to read the TUTTER DAILY GLOBE and talk and eat at the same time. I wanted him to hurry and get through with the newspaper so I could read about the missing mummy. There was a lot about it on the first page under the heading:

### COLLEGE MUMMY MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS

Officer Hadley Baffled

### STRANGER IMPLICATED IN ROBBERY

WHEN Dad let me have the newspaper I went on to the front porch and curled up in the swing and read the whole story. It was disappointing to learn that my name wasn't mentioned. I thought it would be, and maybe Scoop's name, too, and Red's and Peg's. The reporter, I guess, hadn't found out about our being Juvenile Jupiter Detectives.

The newspaper article gave the history of the mummy, telling how it was the embalmed body of Ramses II, who ruled in Egypt when the Hebrews were held captive by the Egyptians. There was a part down near the bottom of the page where it mentioned that Mr. Dixon White



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had purchased the mummy from a Chicago dealer named Amoz Herzog, the transaction involving two thousand dollars.

Right then and there I uncurled my legs from under me and sat up stiff and straight and read that part over again. The reporter certainly had things twisted. Mr. Arnoldsmitth had told us the mummy was secured through Mr. Wallknocker, president and general manager of the American-Egyptian Mummy Importing Association. Which was right? - the newspaper or Mr. Arnoldsmitth?

Mr. Arnoldsmitth was given considerable mention. The article told how he was found in the museum and pictured his escape from the emergency rooms a few hours later. Also there was mention of the two-hundred-dollar reward, and the telephone call from the depot. It was a very amazing complication, the newspaper stated, and the police and public were baffled to arrive at a motive for the robbery, as a stolen mummy carried practically no commercial value.

The newspaper didn't hesitate to pan Mr. Arnoldsmitth. In several places he was referred to as the "man of mystery." They sure had him right on that. I was about to toss the newspaper aside, when another heading caught my eye:

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### Candidates to be initiated into Mysteries of the Golden Sphinx Fraternity

"Gee whiz!" I exploded, jumping to my feet. And as quickly as I could I beat it out of the yard and down the street to Scoop's house.

"Maybe you forgot what night this is," said I, when I found him in the back yard shying rocks at a calico cat.

"Monday," said he.

"Then you don't remember?" I kept on.

"I don't have to remember to remember it's Monday night," said he, letting go another rock.

"But this is the night we promised to work for the students at the fraternity house," I reminded.

He gave a long whistle and shelled the rocks out of his pockets.

"You're right," said he. "We better hurry and look up Peg and Red."

WE CAME upon the other fellows in front of the Lyric Theater. They were stalling around the ticket window hoping, I guess, that someone they knew would come along and invite them to go in and see the show. We reminded them of the initiation, and drew cuts to see

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which two of us would go to the fraternity house. Scoop and I were out of luck. The two long toothpicks fell to Peg and Red. It tickled them. Disappointed, we told them we hoped they'd have a nice time, and get a lot of ice cream and sandwiches to eat, and not miss us very much.

"Tell you what," said Peg.

"Well, tell it," said Scoop with no great interest.

"You and Jerry come along with us. You can wait around out back and maybe we'll get a chance to slip you something good to eat."

"Maybe," echoed Scoop.

"Well then, we WILL," promised Peg firmly.

"It won't be very exciting for us to hang around in the dark with nothing to do," said Scoop.

"I bet you can peek through the windows and look in on the initiation," said Peg. "Go-lly Ned! I hadn't thought of THAT! Probably Red and I, working in the kitchen, won't get a chance to see any part of the initiation. You and Jerry are in luck! You can see it all."

Scoop's interest bubbled up right away.

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"They'll probably have a lot of fun 'nitiating the candidates," said he. "Remember the time they made a candidate roost all night in Miss Ervin's cherry tree and hoot like an owl?"

"And Miss Ervin called the police and they locked the guy up in jail," I supplied.

"I'd like to see what they do tonight," said Scoop.

"You and me, both," said I.

"Let's do as Peg suggests," said Scoop.

"I'm on," said I.



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

### We Find It.

IT WAS now nearly seven o'clock. We had promised to be on hand at the fraternity house at seven, so we hurried down Main Street, turned into Hill Street, crossed the railroad tracks and trudged up College Hill. Following the concrete sidewalk across the campus, we passed the museum and rostrum and Science Hall. Pretty soon we came to the cemetery. The road into Oakcrest runs by the cemetery, and as we tramped along we could see the white tombstones and dreary-looking pine trees with their drooping branches. A big evergreen tree grew near the fence and as we passed by it seemed to reach out to us and whisper. I shivered a bit, because my thoughts immediately jumped to the whispering mummy. I guess I'd have shivered worse than I did if I had known what was going to happen to me before the night was over.

"I don't think I'd care to belong to the Golden Sphinx fraternity if I had to walk by here every night in the week," opined Red, squinting uneasily

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into the silent cemetery.

"What you 'fraid of?" inquired Scoop.

"Maybe a ghost - "

"There you go talking about ghosts again. Every time you get within sight of the cemetery it's 'ghosts!' Good-night! Didn't I tell you there ain't no such thing as ghosts? Forget it!"

This shut Red up.

Shortly after passing the cemetery we came to the drive leading to the fraternity house. Lights blinked at us from the many windows. There seemed to be a tremendous lot of activity about the place. Students were carrying the porch chairs into the house, and through an open window we could see them arranging the chairs in a large room.

"I bet that's where they'll put on the 'nitiation," said Scoop.

"Let's hope they don't pull down the curtain," said I.

"Even if they do, I've got the feeling we're going to be in a part of the 'nitiation," said Scoop.

"You mean the outside part? - like the time they made the candidate roost in the cherry tree?" said I.

Scoop nodded.

"You fellows be on the watch," said

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Peg, as he and Red prepared to present themselves at the kitchen door. "We'll use Mr. Arnoldsmith's signal. If you hear a cat yawl three times from the back porch, come on the run. We'll have something for you."

From behind a low barberry hedge skirting the drive, Scoop and I watched Peg and Red disappear around the corner of the building. We knew that shortly they'd be washing dishes and grinding ham for the sandwiches and doing other things like that. Maybe they'd be put into white coats and made into waiters, like Scoop and I were the evening Mrs. Ellery entertained the "Stitch and Chatter" club and Scoop spilled the ice cream on Mrs. Montgomery's poodle, which he stepped on by accident.

It was fearfully still and quiet in the grounds of the fraternity house. The breeze that had set the evergreen tree to whispering to us over the cemetery fence died away, until the oak leaves above us scarcely moved. I had the feeling they were asleep, and with closed eyes were unmindful of our presence. Now and then a bird whisked itself into the overhead branches, and as quickly flew away again. An owl hooted down the road in the direction of the

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cemetery. It was a mournful hoot. Over the ridge in Happy Hollow automobiles were speeding along the Treebury pike, the even purr of the high-powered engines coming to us faintly.

Darkness settled lower and lower. The trees and bushes retreated into the gloom and became meaningless blurs. Ahead of us the fraternity house lights seemed to glow brighter as the outside world took on the ways of night. Within the building there was still a great deal of activity; and now we could hear the player piano and an occasional burst of laughter. There was a "party" feeling in the air, and we knew the students were planning on a big night, with a lot of fun and a lot of good things to eat.

"I wonder when the 'nitiation starts?" I spoke up.

"Don't know," said Scoop.

"They seem to be having an awful time to get things fixed up just right."

"Gee whiz! Look what they're bringing in, Jerry."

"Looks like something on a tray. Why it's a - a Sphinx," said I excitedly. "Look at it shine! It must be made of solid gold."

"I guess not SOLID gold," said



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Scoop. "It's too big. Why, if it were solid gold, and that big, it would be worth a million dollars. I wonder what they do with it?"

"Probably it has something to do with the initiation," said I.

"Maybe they make the candidates kneel in front of it and swear to things," said Scoop.

"Like we did when we took the mummy itch oath," said I.

"Something like that, only more impressive and a lot sweller," opimioned Scoop. "This 'nitiation is going to be a nifty affair, all right. Just gaze at the decorations on the walls!"

"Looks like pictures of Egypt," said I.

"All they need for trimmings is a few mummies standing around," said Scoop.

IT MUST have been about eighty-three when a side door opened. A moment later Scoop clutched my hand.

"Look, Jerry! Why, that - that's my cart!"

A thrill chased itself up and down my backbone. If the two students were really bringing out Scoop's cart -

"We've got to get closer," said Scoop in a low, tense voice. He was

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breathing hard, as though something inside of him was clutching at his windpipe. It was the excitement, of course. I felt the same way. What made us feel that way was the thought that the mummy was probably no great distance away. If we now watched our P's and Q's, we'd learn where it was and thereby solve the mystery and get the reward.

It was easy for us to squirm along in the dark. Soon we were very close to the fraternity house and we could see that the side door opened into the basement. A light came through the doorway. It WAS Scoop's cart, beyond any doubt!

The two students, after placing the cart just outside the door, disappeared into the building and we could hear them clattering down the basement stairs. We weren't more than a jiffy in making up our minds what they were after on this second trip. It was the missing mummy!

"I'll skin around to the kitchen and get Peg and Red," said I breathlessly, my mouth close to Scoop's ear.

"Wait a minute," said he quickly. "Let us figure this thing out. We'll suppose they HAVE gone after the mummy. And we'll suppose they have the cart

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there for a purpose. I think I know what that purpose is. They're going to take the mummy away on the cart. I don't know WHERE they intend taking it, but we can trail them and find out. Two of us can do that just as well as four. When we find out where the mummy is taken to, we can get Peg and Red to help us get it. Sh-h-h! Here they come!"

There was a scuffle of feet on the basement stairs. A moment later one of the students backed out of the door, his shoulders bent under the weight of something he was helping to carry. It was the mummy! I had a glimpse of its leathery face as it was carried from the building and placed lengthwise on Scoop's cart.

"It's a heavy brute," a voice grumbled, and I was sure it was Thirsty.

"As heavy as it is homely," said a second voice.

"Glad we've got the cart."

"Yes, it wouldn't be any fun carrying the blamed thing all the way to the cemetery."

"Got the string?"

"O. K."

"Flash-light?"

"O. K."

"Slip it along to me. I'll push the

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cart. You skid along in front and steady the blamed thing. We don't want it rolling off the cart. When we return it to the museum late to-night, we want it to be whole."

"I'll be glad when it's back in its case. I think the next time we borrow it, we won't."

"Right you are," said Thirsty.

"See to-night's paper?"

"Yes. We sure stirred up a mess by taking it. And someone here said it never would be missed! Good-night!"

"The old man gave them the slip and got away. Glad we didn't hurt him very much. Let's be moving."

I WAS a good bit stunned over the way things were working out. It was queer that we should stumble upon a complete solution of the mystery when we had not the slightest thought of being Jupiter Detectives. I didn't even have my star on! It must be home on the dresser, I thought.

It was plain to us now that the mummy had been taken from the museum by three of the students. They spoke of having "borrowed" it, and I had the feeling they were planning to use it for the initiation. It was one of the students who whanged Mr. Arnoldsmit



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over the head, and later telephoned from the depot.

One thing certain we were going to get that two-hundred-dollar reward! The fact that the students were planning to return the mummy didn't change the situation a bit. We had worked hard for the reward and were wholly entitled to it. Mr. Barton would have to pay us the two-hundred-dollars. Certainly we had solved the mystery BEFORE the mummy was returned, and that clenched matters.

Thirsty turned on the flash-light and started down the drive, the cart rumbling over the hard-packed gravel. Scoop and I trailed slowly behind. At the darkest and spookiest spot in the cemetery road the cart came to a pause and Thirsty said:

"Get out your string and tie it here." We crept closer and saw that his flash-light was turned on a fence post. The other student produced a ball of white string from his coat pocket and tied one end to the bottom of the post. Then Thirsty took the ball of string and shinned over the fence.

"You stay here and visit with Ramses," he instructed. "If you hear anyone coming, get off the road into the weeds. I'll run the string. When I have it

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fixed. I'll come back and help you with the mummy."

Scoop put his mouth close to my ear.

"We've got to separate, Jerry. Suppose you follow Thirsty and I'll stay here and keep an eye on this other fellow. I don't want the mummy to get out of my sight for a minute. That string beats me. Wonder what it's for? We've got to find out, and you're the one to do it."

I shivered as I looked over the fence into the heavy gloom of the silent cemetery.

"Gee! I've had jobs I liked better," I said. "I wouldn't mind if I had someone with me."

"Thirsty'll be with you - only he won't know it. Get on to his trail, Jerry. If you don't, I'll have to. I didn't think you were a scaredy-calf! Of course if it were Red I wouldn't expect anything different. But I thought YOU had some sand."

"I'll do it," I returned, gritting my teeth and driving back the fear that wanted to grow big inside of me.

I went up the road a piece and shinned over the fence. Then I picked up Thirsty's trail. This was easy, be-

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cause he had the flash-light turned on and moved slowly. As he worked his way into the middle of the cemetery he kept unwinding the string, trailing it around spooky-looking bushes and old, slanting tombstones. He had me guessing - especially when he circled to the back of the cemetery.

IT seemed to me he had let out about a mile of string when all of a sudden he paused at an old, tumbled-down tombstone that marked the head of a sunken grave. He flashed his light on the tombstone and I recognized it as one of the oldest monuments in the cemetery.

"Jinks! I can't even read the inscription with my flash-light," he chuckled to himself. Then he gave a low, contented laugh. "What'll the poor boobs do who have to read it with matches?"

So that was the object of the string? It was part of the initiation scheme, and the candidates were to be brought to the cemetery in the dark and given the road end of the string and told to follow it to the other end and bring back the inscription on the old tombstone.

"But where does the mummy come in?" was the thought that followed.

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Crouching low, I watched Thirsty tie the string to the old tombstone; then he took a short cut back to the road.

"Are you there, Hersh?" said he in a whisper, when he came to the fence.

"O. K." said the student who had been left to guard the mummy. There was a slight rumble and he came into the circle of Thirsty's flash-light pushing Scoop's cart.

"Sidle the cart against the fence," instructed Thirsty "That's it. Now take the feet and slide His Majesty on to the fence. Be careful and don't scrape any of the skin from his back. At-a boy! If you'll climb over now we'll end this trip in a jiffy."

"String all fixed?"

"You bet she am, old dear."

The fence rattled as Hersh climbed over and joined Thirsty. When they started across the cemetery with the mummy I fell behind. Pretty soon I heard Scoop's cautious footsteps near by. When he joined me I told him about the string and what it was for.

"It's plain enough what they intend doing with the mummy," he said.

"What?" said I.

"They're going to put it on the old



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grave so that it will scare the wits out of the poor sucker who starts striking matches and finds it staring up at him. Wough! Jerry, just imagine yourself feeling around in the dark and getting your mitts on that mummy!"

"Cut it out," said I, keeping close to him.

Scoop was right. Thirsty and his companion placed the mummy on the sunken grave. Then they beat it back to the fence as though they were anxious to get away. We followed them to the road and heard them start off on a dog trot for the fraternity house.

"We haven't any time to lose," said Scoop, when the footsteps died away. "Jerry, you skin up the road and get Peg and Red. We've got to get the mummy away from here before the 'nitiation starts."

"Where'll we take it?" said I.

"We'll take it where we promised to take it - that is, we'll take it there first."

"You mean to the old Morgan house where Mr. Arnoldsmitth is?"

"Sure. We promised him we would and we've got to keep our promise. He's probably giving us a lot of bunk about wanting to inspect it; yet we don't KNOW

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that he is. I'm anxious to see what he does to the mummy. Later we'll bring it back to town and claim the reward. Oh, boy! Two hundred dollars! That's fifty dollars apiece. FIFTY DOLLARS! Beat it, Jerry old pal. I'll stay here and guard the mummy."

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

### Trapped Like Rats.

I RAN down the middle of the dusty road. The dust got into my nose and I kept wanting to sneeze. But I didn't mind that. I could run faster and quieter in the middle of the road, and I just sneezed and kept on.

It made me happy and filled me with pep to think that we were on the very last lap of our adventure in solving the mystery of the missing mummy. Soon there would be no mystery, because a mystery isn't a mystery any longer when everybody knows what happened and why it happened and all about it.

As I rounded the corner of the fraternity house a cat yawled three times from the back steps. I knew it was Peg - only at the first yawl, I thought it WAS a cat.

"Here's a couple of sandwiches," said Peg when I came up on the run. The kitchen door was wide open, and inside I could see Red perched on a stool jiggling a cream beater. The cook was busy at the stove.

"Well, ain't you going to take

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'em?" said Peg, shoving the sandwiches at me. "The cook says they're N. G.; but they don't taste bad. I just got hold of the salt shaker instead of the pepper shaker. A little salt won't kill you. It's what the farmers give to their cows to keep them healthy."

"I'm no cow," said I, and I took the sandwiches and threw them out into the fringe of darkness.

"Gee, but you're getting particular all of a sudden," said Peg, huffy-like.

"Go get Red and forget the sandwiches," I panted.

Peg tumbled then that something had happened. A scared look came into his eyes.

"We've found the mummy," I explained, heading off his questions.

"Honest?" he gasped.

"Yes, honest. It's in the cemetery. Go get Red and I'll tell you all about it as we run along. We haven't a moment to lose. Beat it - quick!"

Peg and Red didn't stop to be excused. Maybe the fraternity house cook was surprised when they grabbed their caps and skinned out. We should worry! What was a dish-washing job in a fraternity house kitchen compared to a reward of two hundred dollars.



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Quickly I told Peg and Red about the string and the mummy. And when we came to the spot where the students had left the cart in the weeds we lifted the cart over the cemetery fence and hurried to where Scoop was waiting for us. Red had his flash-light, and this helped to show the way, though in our hurry we ran the cart into a black corner marker and put a kink in one of the wheels.

In a jiffy we had the mummy loaded on to the cart and then streaked it for the nearest drive leading out of the cemetery. The mummy jolted about on the cart quite a bit, giving out a dull, hollow sound that sort of put me on edge. But we couldn't help giving the mummy a few bad jolts if we wanted to make speed, and speed was what we were after.

When we were in the main road we took a short cut down the hill to the Treebury pike in Happy Hollow. Here we had our difficulties. Every minute or two an automobile would come bearing down on us, and it was no easy task to keep the lights from showing up the mummy. Finally we pulled some mustard weeds and placed them on the mummy like a blanket. That helped some.

It was after ten-thirty when we

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lifted the mummy and then the cart over Charley Willson's woven wire fence and started across his cow pasture toward the old Morgan house. In the darkness the stone house didn't show up till we were right on it. Here we paused dead still and listened. Not a sound came to us. But we were pretty sure Mr. Arnoldsmith was somewhere about. Scoop gave the cat-yawl signal. Presently a guarded voice came to us from out of the darkness.

"Be it you, boys?"

"Yes," said Scoop shortly, like he was out of breath. I guess we were all breathing hard. It was no easy job pushing the cart and lifting the mummy over fences and things. I was pretty much fagged. I just noticed it all of a sudden. I wondered a bit unhappily how we'd manage to get the mummy back to town.

A MATCH scraped just within the door and in the light that flared up we saw Mr. Arnoldsmith's face peering at us through the wooden door bars. Red now turned on his flash-light. When the old man saw the mummy he gave a gasp and clutched at the door bars to steady himself. His knees seemed suddenly to tremble. Scoop gripped my hand and

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hissed in my ear: "Watch him, Jerry!"

"I jest knowed you boys'd do it; I jest did!" the old man cried after a moment, coming out through the bars and bending over the mummy. His trembling hand felt of its head and arms and body. "It's the right one," he muttered, as though in answer to his own thoughts.

"We've kept our promise," said Scoop shortly. "You asked us to bring the mummy here, and here it is. Now you can inspect it, and maybe you won't mind if we ask you to make it snappy. We've got to haul it back to town to-night and deliver it to the college president and get the two-hundred-dollar reward."

"We'll take it inside," said the old man, bustling about. "If I'm goin' to inspect it right and official, I've got to have plenty of light; and if we go showin' lights out here mebbe someone'll see us."

We lifted the mummy through the door bars and placed it on the hay bale where we had made seats for ourselves when Mr. Arnoldsmitth told us about the mummy itchers.

"Now, you hold the light jest so," said the old man to Red, directing the flash-light on the mummy's head. We

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gathered in close. Our jaws sagged a bit, I imagine. A fellow is likely to do that when a thing like this happens. Never is all our lives had we seen a mummy inspected for the mummy itch, and (if there was such a thing) we wanted to see just how it was done.

Mr. Arnoldsmitth bustled around importantly, and had Red hold the light first this way and then that way until it was just right. He took a reading glass from his inside coat pocket and held this close to the mummy's head. He squinted through the glass, first with both eyes, then with his left eye closed. Once he coughed sudden-like, and I jumped and almost bit a chunk out of my heart, it was so high up in my throat!

"Good heavens!" said the old man, his voice trembling with emotion.

"What's the matter?" said Scoop quickly.

"It's got 'em bad - awful bad," said the old man. And he pushed us out of his way like we weren't anything but wooden tenpins, and began pacing back and forth between the old cupboard and the fireplace, scratching his head with the handle of the reading glass.

Scoop shot an uncertain look at the



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mummy, as though he half believed that it had mummy itchers like the old man said. He was going to say something, but was cut off.

"I ain't got no iron chest; and I ought to have an iron chest," said the old man in a voice that sounded a bit like a hopeless wail. He had me scared stiff. "A wooden box ain't no 'count. The itchers jest bore right through wood." Suddenly he paused dead still and something rattled on the floor where he was standing. When I looked down I saw that he was directly on the trapdoor opening into the cellar.

A sliding bolt holds the trapdoor in place, and he was working at this bolt with one foot. "Now, mebbe, if we bury the mummy in the cellar - " he added thoughtfully, letting his words trail away.

"But if you do that we can't get the two hundred dollars," cried Scoop, clutching my arm.

"This ain't no time to be penurious and think of nothin' but money," said the old man sharply. "Humanity is beck-onin' fur us to reach out and save it from the awful mummy itch, and we've got to save it, like it wants us to." He stooped over and raised the trapdoor.

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I was close by. And as I squinted into the well of blackness where the cellar was I wanted to run.

"I never kin git down them steps with my rheumatism botherin' me so," said the old man; and he leaned on his left hip and placed his hand over it and groaned. Then he felt of his right hip and groaned. "You boys'll have to dig the grave." he added.

The GRAVE! Gee whiz! My hair got to acting funny, as though it wanted to stand up and squint around at what was going on. I didn't like the idea one bit of going down into that deep, dark cellar to dig a GRAVE.

But the old man said we had to do it - and he told us again how humanity was beckoning to us to save it. He said if we didn't hurry and dig the grave and get the mummy into the grave it might be too late, as the mummy itchers were almost out and no telling what would happen in the next hour if we didn't brace up and do the manly thing like he asked us to.

We didn't know how much of what he was telling us was true and how much wasn't; but you can see how we didn't dare stall at digging the grave. He gave us an old shovel and crowbar and we

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

started down the cellar steps. Peg was in front with the flash-light. Scoop was second. Red was last. And as he followed me down the stairs he kept breathing hard on the back of my neck. I wanted to tell him to stop. It gave me the jim-jams.

There was a stale, musty smell in the cellar. When I touched one of the stone walls it was damp and clammy - just like a ghost's hands or body would be, I imagined. The darkness was so heavy beyond the fringe of the flash-light that I could almost FEEL it pressing in on me.

"We'll work fast and get out of here," said Peg in a strained voice, starting to turn up the sandy floor of the cellar.

"Dig it good and deep," said Mr. Arnoldsmitth from above.

Red held the light while Scoop and Peg worked with the shovel and crow-bar. Peg loosened the ground and Scoop shoveled the dirt to one side. The hole kept getting bigger and bigger. At length Scoop looked up, the sweat streaking his face, and said in a panting voice:

"You take the shovel a spell, Jerry. I'm almost tuckered out."

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Gritting my teeth I started to work. The dirt flew for a few minutes. Suddenly Scoop gave a screech. It scared me so I pretty nearly threw a fit. The shovel slipped from my fingers, and when I turned to where he was standing at the foot of the stairs the look on his face was awful. His mouth was open, and something was choking him. He didn't seem able to tell us what was the matter - he just pointed. I looked up. THE TRAP DOOR WAS CLOSED! Mr. Arnoldsmith had let the door down while we were at work, moving slowly so we wouldn't hear him. And as a result, there we were trapped in the cellar like rats with a half-dug mummy grave for company. Small wonder that a terrible feeling of helplessness came crowding down on me.

Peg dropped the crowbar and sprang up the steps.

"Open that door!" he yelled, crowding up on the door with his broad shoulders and furiously beating on it with his fists. But the door was bolted on the upper side and failed to give the least part of an inch.

Scoop and Peg then tried lifting on the door together, but failed to budge it. We shouted till we were hoarse, first coaxing Mr. Arnoldsmith to let us



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out; then threatening all manner of things. We even cried a bit - at least Red and Scoop and I did. It's hard to make Peg cry. He's just as gritty as a bulldog.

WHILE we were whimpering he took the crowbar and tried to pry up on the sliding bolt. Failing in this he battered on the door. At length he let the crowbar fall to the cellar floor and sat down all out of breath. It was no use!

We didn't say much after that. We just sat there and watched Red's flashlight grow dimmer and dimmer. Soon the light would entirely fade and we would be left in total darkness.

In the room above we could hear Mr. Arnoldsmitth moving about. A faint crackling came to us and we knew a fire was burning in the fireplace. Why he should start a fire was beyond us. We all had the feeling he had turned traitor and had shut us up in the cellar so he could take the mummy to town and claim the reward. Why then did he keep piling wood on the fire and not let it die out and start for town?

In those terribly wretched moments I felt pretty cheap to think how I had been played for a sucker. I had been -

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good and plenty. And all the time I had been swallowing the hook and line and sinker. I had never suspected what was happening. I had just gone about holding my head high, and bragging to myself how smart I was, and now I was shut in a cellar by an old man who had soft-soaped me to a fare-you-well - and I let him do it, because I was stuck on myself and didn't have any better sense. I thought it was nice, and all he did it for was to get the mummy into his own hands so he could turn the tables on us and cheat us out of the reward.

Right then and there I made up my mind that never again would I believe in a mysterious stranger like I had believed in Mr. Arnoldsmitth. After this I'd go to Dad with things like this and get him to tell me what I ought to do. If I'd told Dad about Mr. Arnoldsmitth being at the old Morgan house, the chances are I wouldn't be trapped in this old cellar.

But that view of things couldn't help us any just now. We could only hope that someone would happen along and let us out of the cellar before we starved to death. We knew Mr. Arnoldsmitth wouldn't let us up. We knew he'd keep us there till he got the two hun-

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dred dollars. Maybe when he was safely away he'd send a postcard back to Tutter telling where we were. But that might take several days. Could we live that long?

Peg startled us by giving a sudden yelp. He jumped from the cellar stairs and started to dance around in a circle, digging his hand down the back of his neck as though something was troubling him and he wanted to get hold of it and yank it out.

"I've been bit!" he yelled. "There it goes again! Oh, good gosh! I'M BEING BIT BY MUMMY ITCHERS! Fellows there IS such a thing as mummy itchers after all."

For a moment we were struck dumb. We thought Mr. Arnoldsmitth had fooled us into thinking the mummy had itchers, so as to get us into the cellar digging a grave while he locked us in. But now it would appear that he had told us the truth. The mummy DID have itchers! And those itchers were loose and Peg had one of them down the back of his neck and goodness knows how soon we'd have them down the backs of our necks!

After that I just wilted. It was the one thing needed to make my misery complete. But I want to tell you I got

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into action pretty fast when something took a nip at my backbone. I jumped up and yelled and rubbed my back against the rough wall.

"O-h-h-h! Ain't this awful?" wailed Scoop. "Ain't this the LIMIT!"



## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

### Here Comes the Bride!

I WANT to tell the world it isn't any fun to be shut up in a dark cellar with a lot of busy mummy itchers. It's about the worst thing that can happen. A cellar full of rats, or maybe a snake or two, is bad enough. But mummy itchers are worse than rats and snakes put together.

Of course, we found out afterwards there is no such thing as the mummy itch and Mr. Arnoldsmitth just made up that story to work us. Our itching was the result of our imagination - only maybe Peg's first nip might have been a spider bite or something. But at the moment the mummy itch was real enough to us. We scratched and scratched and the more we scratched the more we itched.

It seemed to me we had been in the cellar for hours and hours. When I thought to take a look at my watch it was just twelve-thirty. I wondered what Dad and Mother were doing. They probably were out in the street looking for me.

It wouldn't be very long before the whole town was out looking for us; and

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the thought came to me that Mr. Arnoldsmith would likely find himself in trouble if he went back to town with the mummy and the people got hold of him. They'd suspicion he was connected with our disappearance.

He was still in the room above us; and the crackling of the fire seemed louder than ever. Again I wondered. Why was he feeding the fire? What could it mean?

All of a sudden there came the awfullest racket you can imagine. About a hundred pairs of feet began running about on the floor over our heads; and we could hear people yelling and talking. We heard Bill's gruff voice; and Dad called out: "Jerry, old pal! Are you here?" There was a screech, and we knew it was Mr. Arnoldsmith having the handcuffs put on him.

"Gosh all hemlocks!" yelled Bill. "Look what the old pirate's bin burnin' up. It's the mummy!"

Right then we set up an awful racket. We yelled and pounded on the door; and Peg got the crowbar, and accidentally jabbed Red in the bread-basket, but we didn't mind a little thing like that.

It didn't take more than a jiffy

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for someone to open the trapdoor; and the first face I looked into was my dad's, and he was holding a lantern, and never as long as I live will I forget the glad light that came into his eyes when he saw me. I bounded out of the cellar and his strong arms closed about me. They held me tight, and that's just the way I wanted to be held.

"Jerry, are you hurt?" said Dad, smoothing the hair out of my eyes and looking at me sharply.

"Only the mummy itch," said I.

"What's that?" said Dad.

I told him and he just laughed. And it was then he told me there was no such thing as the mummy itch, and explained that I was itching in my imagination. Just to show you how RIGHT he was, I quit itching on the spot. The imagination IS a funny thing!

Well, there isn't much more to tell. The mummy was found to be made of wood and paper; and Mr. Arnoldsmitth wasn't Mr. Arnoldsmitth at all, but Amos Herzog, the man who sold the fake mummy to Mr. Dixon White. It was a scheme of his to sell fake mummies, then steal and destroy them to avoid detection. When he was captured he had our mummy more than half burned up, and it was the light

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

from the fire that attracted Charley Wilson's attention and prompted him to telephone to Bill. The old man was taken to jail and later sent to prison, and that's where men should be who tell lies to boys and steal mummies and take jewelry and things from fraternity houses.

Of course we didn't get any reward, because it wouldn't be right to make the college pay us two hundred dollars without getting anything in return except bad news about a mummy that wasn't a mummy after all.

But everyone admitted we had done some fine detective work, and that was kind of like pay. Bill said we were a credit to the profession, and he was proud of us. He was so nice about it, I guess we never will tell on him about the twelve hunkies he scrapped and almost licked.

We wore our stars at his wedding, because everybody in town knew about us being detectives, and there was no use trying to make a secret of it any longer. Besides, Scoop has a pair of rabbits and we're going to raise rabbits and get rich and that won't give us much time to do detecting.

The minister asked a lot of questions, and Bill said: "I will." And to



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the same questions Miss Skinner said:  
"I will."

Then we went up with the other people to shake hands with her and tell her how lucky she was to get someone to marry her, and the minute her eyes fell on me a happy light came into her face and my knees began to wobble. Good-night! She was expecting ME to kiss her! And all those people rubbering.

Scoop gave me a dig with his elbow and hissed:

"You're next, Jerry."

I knew what he said that for. He just wanted to get my goat. But it didn't work. No, sir-e-e! Him saying that made me feel all dare-devilish and I don't-care. And when Miss Skinner - I mean when Bill's wife looked down at me and said ever so softly: "You know, Jerry, I've never been kissed by a Jupiter Detective!" - right then and there I spoke up, just like a movie cave-man:

"Well if you ain't, you're going to be pretty quick!"

And I SAID it and I MEANT it and I DID it.

THE END

## THE WHISPERING MUMMY

### THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF RAMSES, (The Whispering Mummy)

By Julius R. Chenu,  
Chief Mummy Inspector

As Chief Mummy Inspector of the Juvenile Jupiter Detective Association, Tutter Branch, it is, of course my duty to keep tabs on mummies in the news. The following is called to your attention:

On May 9, 1977, the New York News-day, a Long Island paper, ran a small item about Ramses, a 3200 year old Egyptian mummy. Same name! Same mummy and same problem! Ramses was afflicted with the itch! He was full of parasites, and needed to be treated for itchers. Not, however, by burning him up in a fireplace, but by a heck of a dose of radiation.

In the New York Daily News of 5/10/77/, an article told of Ramses being shipped to Paris and was thus given the "Cure" for his infestation of fungus and insects. He got nine hours of 1.8 million rads and was then pronounced cured of the ancient itch. We understand that this also includes anything he might have picked up while roaming the French capital.

Though it had been reported that Ramses was to be received in Egypt with full military honors, this proved to be

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untrue. There were only about 50 security guards in a casual honor guard.

This makes it appear that Edwards' was in error in regards to the whispering mummy's disposition. He apparently resumed his international travels with his itchers, and the treatment apparently worked better than sinking him in a metal box in Lake Michigan or setting him afire, as in the story.

(From The Tutter Bugle, The Book)

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And This Isn't All

NOW GET REJUVENATED!



# THE REJUVENATED EGG





"THE EGG IS HATCHING-I HEARD IT-SO DID THE CAP'N"  
The Rejuvenated Egg



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# T H E   R E J U V E N A T E D   E G G

By Edward Edson Lee

(From the American Boy magazine serial which ran from December, 1925, through January, 1926. Reprinted by permission).

## Part One.

THERE it lay in a dark corner of the cave, in a sort of hollowed-out sand nest. I held my candle close to the big yellow egg, squinting hard and holding my breath. For that week I had read in the newspapers about a scientist named Roy Chapman Andrews who was offering to sell a genuine dinosaur egg for five thousand dollars.

But I wasn't lucky like Mr. Andrews. For what appeared at first glance to be a dinosaur egg turned out to be nothing more than a queer-shaped stone.

"Now that we've got it," laughed Scoop Ellery, "what are we going to do with it?"

"If no one else wants it," said I, "you can hand it over to me," and I reached for it.

"Help yourself," said Red Meyers.

## THE REJUVENATED EGG

"Yes," put in Peg Shaw, with a liberal gesture, "it's yours."

Finding the stone egg put an end to our unsuccessful afternoon hunt for cave crystals and we started for home. Coming into Zulutown which is the "woolly" end of Tutter, I parked the big egg under my coat. For Peg had suggested that we stop in at Cap'n Tinkham's house and fool our old friend with our "gooffle" egg, which is the name we had given it.

But Scoop hung back.

"I don't know as I dare to go in," said he, mysterious-like, when we came to the Cap'n's low-roofed cottage. "I might get a china egg bounced on my bean," he laughed. "For this morning the Cap'n came into Pa's grocery store to buy a dozen fresh eggs, and in counting them I put in six china eggs."

"Shucks!" came from Peg. "The old man hadn't ought to show his temper over a little thing like that. For if anyone happens to ask you, he's something of a joker, himself. Look how he had Jerry chasing all over town that day in search of a kitchen wrench."

We were now in the Cap'n's yard. But the cottage was closed, so we knew the Cap'n must be away from home.

It was supper time when I got home.

## THE REJUVENATED EGG

And when I was washing my face and hands in the kitchen sink, Dad came into the room.

"Hello, Colonel," said he, swatting me on the head with a rolled-up newspaper. "I've got a message for you from Cap'n Tinkham."

"That silly old bachelor!" spoke up Mother. "I can't understand what the boys see in him."

"The Cap'n's all right," I defended. "He lets us do everything."

"Yes," said Mother, "Mrs. Meyers told me how you and Donald baked biscuits the day you had dinner in Zulu-town. Did you actually EAT them?"

I stared. That was a queer thing for her to ask. What would we do with them if we didn't eat them?

"The Cap'n," followed up Dad, "was on his way to Ashton to get a new thingum-bob for his incubator. Said he was likely to be away all night; and he wants you to take care of his incubator. You're to go over to his barn after supper and see that the thermometer is kept at a hundred and three. If he doesn't come home on number seven, you're to take the hatching eggs out of the incubator at ten-thirty and give them a bath in lukewarm water. Probably you can get

## THE REJUVENATED EGG

one of the boys to keep you company."

"I'll get Scoop," said I.

"Yes," nodded Dad, "the Cap'n mentioned Scoop."

So Scoop and I went over. And as the evening faded into darkness, there we sat in the old barn, watching the incubator and fighting to keep awake. The Cap'n didn't return on number seven; so at ten-thirty we opened the incubator. I counted just six eggs. They looked kind of queer to me - sort of shiny, like a white door knob. And when I examined them in the lantern light . . . well, right then you could have bought us, shoes and all, for sixteen cents apiece.

Scoop sheepishly put the six china eggs into his coat pockets. He looked as if he had just swallowed a dose of castor oil.

"Let's get out of here," he growled, kicking open the barn door.

Shortly after breakfast the following morning he called me to the telephone.

"Say, Jerry, have you still got the big egg?" I told him it was in the basement. "Fine!" said he. "Now listen; Wrap it up and take it over to Red's house. But keep it out of sight. I'll be along in a jiffy."



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I let out a tickled yip. For I saw right off that he had some kind of a scheme up his sleeve for having fun. And putting a paper kimona on the big egg I beat it for Red's house, a few doors away. Peg was there. And when Scoop came we took the egg to the barn.

"It's a bit oversize," our leader grinned, measuring the stone with a tape, "but for that matter I imagine some dodo birds laid bigger eggs than others."

"It's a gooffle egg," I maintained.

"No," he said, putting the measuring tape away, "it's a dodo egg. I looked it up in Pa's encyclopedia. And it's worth a million dollars. For the newspaper says so. Read it for yourself," and he handed me a newspaper out of his coat pocket. It was a copy of the TUTTER DAILY GLOBE. And here is the article that appeared on the front page:

**QUICK! PAGE THE SHADE OF P.T. BARNUM**

---

**YOU CAN BUY STOCK IN THIS EGG  
AND BECOME A MILLIONAIRE!**

---

From Chicago radio news sources comes the amazing tale of a "rejuvenated" dodo egg, alleged to have been lately recovered from King Tutankhamen's

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tomb, which is to be hatched in a modern incubator, in or near the Windy City.

Recently a Chicago newspaper editor was approached by the egg's "promoter," a middle-aged, roving-eyed man of restless personality, who glibly related the wonder tale, offering in conclusion to let the other in on what he contended was the greatest money-making scheme in the world.

So here is your chance to get rich. For the dispatch avers that "Dodo Stock" is available to the credulous. And of course, the promoters statement is not to be questioned that the hatched dodo bird, as an attraction, will easily net its exhibitor a million dollars.

A million-dollar egg! And some people of ordinary imagination thought the "peak" price of eggs had been reached when Roy Chapman Andrews offered to sell a single dinosaur egg for five thousand dollars.

---

"What does it mean?" spoke up Peg, pointing to the word "rejuvenated."

"I looked it up in the dictionary," said Scoop, "and the definition is, 'To make young and vigorous again'."

"No one can do that to an egg," declared Peg.

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"But if it isn't true," put in Red, "why did they publish it in the newspaper?"

"Because it's interesting," said Scoop, "and anything interesting is news. The 'promoter,' of course, is some crazy guy."

I gave a groan. "And you told me my egg was worth a million dollars!"

"It is," grinned Scoop, "if you can hatch out a dodo bird. But I was joking, of course. The point is, we're going to pretend that the egg is worth a million dollars. And we'll have some fun with the Cap'n; sort of pay him back for the china egg deal. Hasn't he been bragging to us how smart he is on this egg hatching business? All right! We'll give him a chance to try out his incubator on the most valuable egg in the world."

"The Cap'n is no dumb bell," said Peg. "You know that. And when you start reciting this 'dodo' trick, he'll tumble to your scheme."

Scoop pointed to the newspaper article.

"The dodo story," he declared, "is a streak of luck. Last night I lay awake for two hours trying to figure out how we could make a joke of the big stone egg. Couldn't get anywhere. But the dodo

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article makes everything easy. The Cap'n wouldn't believe us; but he'll believe the newspaper. And when the egg is shipped to him he'll think it's the real thing. But before sending him the egg we'll write him a letter, on a fake Chicago letterhead, representing ourselves to be a concern in the egg rejuvenating business . . . Is your printing press in working order, Red?"

"Guess so."

"Well, tote it out and get it limbered up. For we've got to print our letterhead and get the typewritten letter into the post office this morning."

DIRECTLY after dinner we met at Scoop's store, for it was our leader's suggestion that we use the six eggs due the Cap'n as an excuse for our afternoon call at his house. Otherwise, if we dropped in just ahead of our letter, it might arouse his suspicions.

"Now," cautioned Scoop, "when the letter is delivered this afternoon, don't one of you immediately grab up last night's GLOBE and start yapping about the egg story on the front page. If anything, act sort of dumb. Let him do the leading. For in the moment that he gets suspicious, or joke is dead."

Excited, high-pitched voices punc-



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tured our ears when we came into the Cap'n's yard.

"Evidently," grinned Red, "the Tutter checker champions are having a friendly afternoon game."

"Sounds as though they're pulling noses," laughed Peg, "Come on!"

The squabbling players were too busy glaring at each other across the checkerboard to take note of our entrance.

"Git your sticky fingers offen my king," thundered the Cap'n.

"I hain't a-goin' to sit here like a dummy an' let you cheat me," screeched old Caleb Obed, a neighbor.

"Cheat you! Me cheat? Why, you insultin ol' he pirate!"

"That king of your'n never got to be a king regular."

"Did, too. I moved this 'un an' then this 'un and you jumped this 'un -"

"Didn't!" screeched old Caleb. "I jumped this 'un."

"Good afternoon," spoke up Scoop, drawing their attention. He held up the egg sack. "Here's some fresh eggs for you, Cap'n."

The players scowled at the interruption.

"Aigs?" muttered the Cap'n. Then he

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settled into his chair and grinned, cat-like. "Um . . . Aigs, you say. Fresh aigs, hey?" and he gave a low, cackling laugh.

"Yesterday," said Scoop, sort of hanging his head, "I made a mistake and sold you six china eggs."

"Yes," drawled the Cap'n, slowly nodding his shaggy head, "I recall some sech mistake."

"It won't happen again," said Scoop, quiet-like, wanting the other to get the idea he was ashamed of himself for having had the nerve to try and put over a joke on someone older and smarter than himself.

The narrowed brown eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

"No? Well, they hain't no hard feelin's. The best of us make mistakes. Eh, Caleb?" Down came the speaker's peg leg with a fierce thump. And he bobbed out of his chair, his fighting eyes glued to the checkerboard. "HEY!" he thundered. "Whar'd that king come from?" and he pointed with a jabbing finger.

No checker cheater ever looked more innocent than old Caleb.

"They warn't no king anchored thar a minute ago," roared the tricked one.

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"You kin take it offen the board or I hain't a-goin' to play."

A crafty light came into the cheater's eyes.

"A very good time for you to quit. Got you beat, anyhow."

Up came the Cap'n's peg leg under the checkerboard.

"Sometime when you kin play honest," said old Caleb, pausing stoop-shouldered in the doorway, "let me know an' we'll settle this matter of who is the best player."

We stuck around, talking about this and that, and presently the mail man came with the letter.

"Um . . . From Chicago," said the Cap'n, holding the envelope close to his warty nose. "Must be from my brother Hank's youngest b'y, who's workin' thar in Mister Swift's slaughter house." There was a short pause. "No," he decided slowly, "it kain't be from my nephew. 'Pears to be a business letter. But I kain't see very well. I guess one of you b'ys'll have to read it to me."

HERE IS the letter that Scoop read aloud, also the letterhead that we printed on Red's press:

## THE REJUVENATED EGG

*The Lazy Egg Shakes a Frisky Leg and the Sickly Egg Kisses the Undertaker Good-by When HUMPTY-DUMPTY Comes Into The Coop.*

### THE HUMPTY-DUMPTY EGG REJUVENATORS, (Incorporated)

HUMPTY-DUMPTYIZE Your Eggs and Help the Poor Hens. For How Would you like to be a Setting Hen and Work Faithfully for Twenty-one Days Without Knowing Whether It Was Going to be a Family or a Fizzle?

#### Humpty-Dumpty Building Chicago

Cap'n Boaz Tinkham, Incubator Expert,  
Tutter, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

We have heard about you. In fact you have been pointed out to us as the smartest egg hatcher in the state of Illinois.

So, we are sending to you, for hatching, a million-dollar dodo egg, taken out of King Tut's tomb, and lately rejuvenated in our factory by the patented Humpty-Dumpty process.

We know that you will do a first-class job. When the dodo bird had been hatched, please write to us at our



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Chicago address. The man who will call for the young dodo bird will pay you for your work.

Also, we would like to have one of your cabinet photos to hang in our office.

Respectfully,  
*John Henry Hatcher,*  
General Manager

---

"What in tarnation kind of a critter is a dodo bird?" mumbled the puzzled old man. "I never heerd tell of any sech fowl."

Scoop shrugged his shoulders and made a you-can-search-me gesture with his hands.

"Dodo bird?" mumbled the Cap'n, digging at his hair. Then his leathery face brightened. "Neow whar was it I seed somethin' 'bout a million-dollar dodo aig? Neow whar . . ." Dropping the letter he brushed us aside and pattered into the kitchen, returning with a newspaper. "Here 'tis," he cried. "On the front page."

The fluttered egg hatcher shooed us toward the door.

"You b'ys better run hum. For I've got to study up in my 'cyclopedy what a dodo bird is an' plan heow best

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to go 'bout hatchin' it. An' heow kin a body plan things with a roomful of jabberin' kids?"

We held down our giggles till we were a block from the house. Then we let loose. For, as Peg said, it was a bigger joke than Cook discovering the north pole.

Soon the story of the million-dollar dodo egg was on everybody's tongue. A joke of course . . . No one with common sense would believe such a ridiculous story . . . That is what the people said back and forth. The funny part is a great many of them DID believe it, anyhow. And there was a stream of people into Zulutown to see the wonder egg, which we had shipped to the Cap'n from Ashton. The excited old man made his callers wait on the front porch while he shaved, and polished the kitchen stove and got into his Sunday clothes. Then he let them in the front door, nervously shaking hands with them, with his necktie upside down, and they went single file into the kitchen, past the incubator, where the big egg could be seen through the glass front, and out through the east door. Sort of funeral-like.

Mr. Stair, who runs the Tutter

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newspaper, was there. He laughingly wrote down a lot of truck the Cap'n told him about the egg; and that evening there was a whole column of funny "dodo" news in the paper. The picture at the head of the column showed the Cap'n standing beside the incubator, pointing to the big egg with a pancake turner, and the south end of his Sunday necktie still pointed northwest. Mr. Stair was tickled pink to have the dodo egg to write about. For it gave his newspaper greater interest. So you can bet he didn't spoil things by hinting around that the egg was a hoax.

DAD had been called out of town on business and came home Sunday evening. I met him at the depot. He was tickled to see me and let me carry his traveling bag. On the way through town he treated me to ice cream.

But he didn't laugh when I told him about the dodo egg, as I thought he would. He said, in a grave way, that it was wrong for boys to play tricks on an old man; and four against one was wholly unfair.

Well, I tried to be stubborn in my defense. But I didn't succeed very well. For he was right. I could see it now. I just hadn't thought about it before.

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I had been too busy patting myself on the back.

"Your scheme is clever," said he quietly, "but it's tricky. Take the Humpty-Dumpty letter. It's a sort of lie all the way through. For you aren't a concern in the egg rejuvenating business, nor did the egg come out King Tut's tomb."

"He fooled us," I cried.

"True enough. And your desire to get even is perfectly natural. But I wish you had passed up the temptation with a grin. For, as I say, he's an old man, and your friend. He truthfully thinks he's an authority on egg hatching and I hate to think of his humiliation when he learns, as he must, that the egg is a hoax and that he is a neighborhood laughingstock."

"I wish I hadn't done it," I confessed unhappily.

Yes, I was good and ashamed of myself. For I saw what I had done. I don't like to hurt people. And I wanted to go to the Cap'n and square myself. But there were my chums. If I went back on them they would turn me down. I didn't like to think of that. For Scoop and Red and Peg mean a lot to me. I wondered if I could make them see



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our mistake. I hoped I could. For I didn't want to lose their friendship.

It came Monday morning, and I was helping Mother with the washing when the Cap'n called me up on the telephone.

"Jerry," he began, sort of whining-like, "kin I git you to come over an' help me fur a spell? The dodo aig needs attention an' the incubator lamp needs fillin' an' I got a' awful pain in my right laig. It's jest like gittin' knives shoved into me every time I step on it. Thar it comes neow: O-o-o-o-o!"

I explained that I was running the electric wringer for Mother and couldn't come over till the washing was done.

"But Red's out back," I concluded. "I will send him."

I was glad the Cap'n had sent for me. It made it easier for me to square myself. And when I was free I started for Zulutown. On the way I met Peg and Scoop. But before I could tell them of my determination to put the Cap'n wise, the fourth member of our gang came up on the run.

"Humpty-Dumpty's comin' to life!" panted Red.

Scoop gave a crazy yip.

"Impossible," he jeered, acting silly. "For the MOTHER GOOSE book says:

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'All the King's horses, and all the King's men, couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty together again.'

"It's so," screeched Red, jumping up and down. "The egg is hatching. I heard it. So did the Cap'n. He's got one of these ear-listener things - a doctor's stethoscope, or whatever you call it - and when I put it on the egg I could hear the heart beat. Just as plain as anything. The Cap'n says it's the dodo bird getting ready to come out of its shell."

"Shell, your granny!" exploded Peg. "That egg has no more of a shell than a grindstone. That's what it is - a stone."

"We thought it was a stone," fumbled Red, digging crazy-like at his hair. "But it can't be. For it's hatching. It must be a real dodo egg."

This put Scoop and Peg into full flight for Zulutown. Red took after them. I tried to do the same. But I couldn't run. My legs were wobbly. I could scarcely stand. It was the shock of learning all in an instant that I was a millionaire.

Of course, I wasn't a millionaire yet. But I would be as soon as the dodo bird got a hole punched through the

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shell. For the egg was mine! Whatever came out of it was mine!

The thought of owning a million dollars all in one hunk put me dizzy. I'd buy an automobile and a motor boat and a shotgun and a pair of fishing boots and a new bicycle and a bushel of marbles and a candy factory and an ice-cream factory.

Then I went ashamed of myself. I was playing pig. Yes, I was! For how about Scoop and Red and Peg? They were my pals. And I had given not a particle of thought to sharing my fortune with them, as a loyal chum should.

So, to do the right thing by my pals, I decided to give each of them ten thousand dollars. Then I raised the amount to twenty-five thousand. But even twenty-five thousand seemed pretty small as compared to my nine hundred and twenty-five thousand. So I jumped it to fifty thousand apiece. I'm not selfish.

I tried to overtake the others, to tell them of my generous decision, but they had too much of a start on me. And when I tumbled into Cap'n Tinkham's east door, several minutes later, Scoop already had the stethoscope hanging in his ears.

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"It's so, Jerry!" he shouted at me, meaning the dodo egg was hatching. "I can hear it."

CAP'N TINKHAM was fidgety and cross until we had closed the incubator. "Neow keep 'way from it," he ordered sharply, from his pillowed chair in the front room doorway. "For if you don't, the dodo is liable to git chilled in its shell. I hain't a-wantin' that to happen. So the less you kids hang 'round to bother, the better it'll suit me."

"Can't we stay and help you?" Scoop began eagerly.

"Jerry's goin' to help me. One's enough."

Scoop scowled as he kicked open the screen door. He was mad because I was the lucky one. I felt pretty big.

Under the Cap'n's directions I filled the incubator lamp and trimmed the wick. Then he put me to sweeping. This was hard work. My arms were tired and my nose got clogged.

"Neow," said the invalid, who was taking it easy, "you kin dust."

This took another half hour.

"When do we eat?" said I, parking the dust cloth on its hook.

"Well," drawled the old man, "that's up to you. They's pertaties in



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a sack on the pantry floor, an' they's aigs an' a hunk of ham, an' high up on the pantry shelf they's some canned stuff an' a pail of honey."

I didn't try to cook anything fancy. Just plain truck, like boiled potatoes and fried ham and eggs and coffee.

"Never had a better meal in all my life," bragged the Cap'n. "Everything cooked jest right. Even to the coffee. Neow they hain't one person in a hundred kin bile coffee the way I like it. But this coffee . . . Be they any more in the pot, Jerry?"

I gave him what was left.

"If you want me to," I offered, "I'll stay and cook supper for you. And we'll have hot biscuits and honey."

You see, I wanted to be close to the hatching egg. And that is why I was so willing to wait on him.

"I jest feel 'shamed of myself, lettin' you do all the work," said the Cap'n, warm-like, while I was washing the dishes. "An' when you git through with that job I hain't a-goin' to ask you to polish the stove. No, sir, you've done enough. The stove needs polishin' awful bad, as you kin see; but we'll jest let it go till some day when I'm able to be 'round. Anyway, I hain't sure

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I've got enough blackin' to go all over it. Jest look on the top shelf in the pantry, Jerry . . . Find it? Yes, that's it. Shake it up good before you put it on. That's the way."

In the time that I was polishing the stove, Scoop came quietly to the side door.

"Jerry," he told me, when I went outside, "there's a mystery about this egg. We thought it was a stone. But evidently it's a real dodo egg. But how did it come to be in the cave? Have you any idea?"

"Maybe it has a mother," I grinned, "and she was out calling the afternoon we were there and robbed the nest."

"Bunk! There never was a dodo bird on this continent. In fact, the last dodo bird died years and years ago. Pa's encyclopedia says so. No," he wound up, "the egg wasn't laid in the cave by a dodo hen. It was put there, Jerry. BY SOME PERSON."

I thought of the newspaper article.

"Do you suppose there's any connection between our egg and the Chicago egg?"

"Peg declares it's the same egg. And I believe he has the right dope. But for the life of us we can't under-

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stand WHY it was brought here from Chicago and put in the cave. It wasn't hid. Nor was it any way protected. Can you imagine yourself being so careless with a million-dollar egg?"

I couldn't, and said so.

"Peg is watching the cave from the side of Name Rock hill," Scoop went on. "Has the idea that whoever put the egg there is likely to be hanging around. Sort of trying to solve the mystery of its disappearance."

He pressed on his thinker for a moment or two.

"Quite as much of a mystery as who put the egg in the cave, and why, is the rejuvenation. Plainly there IS such a thing as egg rejuvenation, though we made a joke of it in our Humpty-Dumpty letterhead. I'd like to know the secret."

"Maybe the rejuvenating was done in the cave," I suggested, sort of feeling around in my head for a possible answer to the riddle.

The other stared at me.

"Why . . . I hadn't thought of that. But I bet you're right. And that would explain why the egg was left exposed! Sure thing! It was dipped in the rejuvenator stuff, or painted, and left

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there to dry."

There was another brief silence.

"But why was it necessary to bring the egg to Tutter to rejuvenate it?" he added, puzzled-like. "Why was the rejuvenating done in a cave?"

Here Peg tumbled breathlessly into the yard with the exciting information that a strange humpback was in the cave searching for the vanished egg.

"I saw him come up the ravine from the railroad track," panted the newcomer. "Sort of skulking along in the bushes. And when he dodged into the cave I beat it."

Scoop's eyes snapped.

"Whatever claim he has on the egg, we won't give it up."

"We'll fight for it," gritted Peg, squaring his jaw.

"Yes," our leader nodded, "we'll fight for it. But not in the way you mean. Not with our fists. We'll use our heads and outwit the other. I've got a plan. And later . . . well, we can then let the law decide who has the best claim on the hatched dodo bird, the rejuvenator or us."

There was more excited talk. And to make sure Scoop's scheme would work, I scooted into the kitchen, where the



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Cap'n was asleep in his chair, and measured the incubator and the trapdoor.

For it was agreed that we were to commit the crime that night.

"At ten o'clock," said Scoop, when we parted.

"At ten o'clock," said Peg, heavy-like.

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### Part II

"THERE'S a queer little hunchback in the cave hunting for our dodo egg!" gasped Peg, tumbling into Cap'n Tinkham's yard, where Scoop and I were talking low together.

I was playing trained nurse and kitchen maid to the Cap'n, and I was glad enough he'd sent for me when he got down in bed with a lame leg. I wanted to keep close to that egg we'd found in the cave and brought to the Cap'n, just for a joke, for him to hatch out in his incubator and make a fortune on.

That Chicago newspaper article telling how a dodo egg that had been found in some old tomb was going to be hatched out in Chicago into a bird worth a million dollars had helped us slip the joke over on the Cap'n. We did a lot of snickering on the quiet until the egg-shaped thing we'd thought was just a stone began to make queer noises inside. Hatching! Maybe that was the Chicago egg; perhaps someone had hidden it in our cave. Say the joke was going

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to be on us if anything happened to that egg if it was a real dodo egg.

From then on, we all wanted to hang around the Cap'n and his incubator. I was tickled when he picked out me. And sort of scared later when Peg came tumbling in to tell about the hunchback.

"He'll be coming here after the egg!" I yipped.

"We won't give it up," gritted Scoop. "We'll outwit him - I've got a plan - and then after old Humpty-Dumpty is hatched, we can let the law decide who owns the dodo bird." Then he dropped his voice still lower and told us his plan.

To make sure it would work, I slid into the kitchen and measured the Cap'n's incubator and his trapdoor.

"We can do it," I whispered out hoarsely.

"All right. See you at ten to-night then," Scoop muttered back, and he and Peg were off.

I SORT of shivered as the tenth stroke of the distant tower clock boomed metallic-like on the heavy night air and died into silence. For the hour was come to commit the crime. And it makes a fellow nervous to tackle a job like that without a little practice.

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"Who's got the rope and the flashlights?" inquired Scoop over the top of Cap'n Tinkham's ash pile.

"Me," said Peg.

"Come on."

There was a scuffle of feet in the darkness.

"If we get put in jail for this," whined Peg, "I'm going to lay the blame on you fellows. For you coaxed me."

Raising the kitchen window, which I had left unlocked for this purpose, our leader went noiselessly over the sill and disappeared into the black well beyond. We followed. Gee it was dark!

"Now, fellows," whispered Scoop, "let's make it snappy; but, for the love of Pete, don't fumble. For if you bump into a chair, we're likely to get the Cap'n out of bed. Remember, it's a million dollars in our pocket if we succeed." He gave a flashlight to Red. "Hold this," he instructed, "so Peg and I can see to tie the rope around the incubator. Jerry, you go down cellar and steady the incubator as we lower it through the trapdoor. Got it tied, Peg. Fine. Here we go!"

I can't say I was tickled over the cellar job. For I knew what a deep,



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dark hole it was. But I didn't crawl. And lifting the trapdoor, I went cautiously down the ladder, throwing the light ahead of me. The air was clammy. It made me think of dead people. And I gave a gurgling shriek when a spider brushed the back of my neck.

Down came the wooden incubator inch by inch.

"Can you handle it, Jerry?"

"Easy," I hissed back.

But even as I spoke something went wrong with the rope. And before I fully realized my own or Humpty-Dumpty's danger, the incubator fell with a crash, pinning me to the dirt floor.

There was a combined startled cry from above. Then Scoop and the others stumbled down the ladder to see who was the worst hurt, me, or Humpty. Of course they hoped it was me.

WANTING to make sure that Humpty was still breathing, and inwardly none the worse for his fall, I offered to get the stethoscope. But before returning with it to the cellar, I tiptoed to the Cap'n's closed bedroom door. For it had occurred to me that he might be astir having heard the incubator crash to the cellar floor.

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But the bedroom was a well of silence.

Scoop took the stethoscope and bent over the big egg.

"Still pumping," he told us, with a big grin.

Here Red started growling again in his usual cheerful way.

"It's a crazy scheme, I tell you. And it'll get us into law trouble. For as soon as the Cap'n finds his incubator's been stole, he'll telephone to Bill Hadley, the town marshal. And this is the first place they'll look."

Scoop argued that the incubator was safer in the cellar than any other place in the county.

"Besides," he concluded in justification of his scheme, "this is the only thing we can do, and play safe. For, as you say, we dassn't steal it."

"If this is borrowing," growled Red, "fish is fried cakes."

"Red, you know as well as I do that the Cap'n would have raised cain with us if we had told him the truth about the dodo egg. Let us borrow his incubator? - in a pig's eye! More than likely he would have run us out of the house on the end of his wooden leg. And worse, he might have smashed our mil-

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lion-dollar egg."

I hung back to make sure there was enough oil in the incubator lamp to keep it burning for the next twenty-four hours. Then I followed the others up the ladder.

Suddenly our leader paused and hissed for us to back up.

"There's someone on the porch."

"The hunchback," breathed Peg. "He's after the egg. Pull down the trapdoor . . . QUICK!"

Well, I don't mind saying I was scared stiff. For, with a million dollars at stake, I sort of had the feeling the hunchback would stop at nothing to recover the dodo egg - not even murder.

The intruder was now in the kitchen. We could hear him moving stealthy-like about the room. Plainly he was searching for the dodo egg. And it was not improbable that he would lift the trapdoor.

"He's in the pantry," Scoop whispered in my ear. A year dragged by. "Why doesn't he come out?"

"Who-o wants him to come out?" I shivered. "I-I don't."

Peg was listening under a small window high up in the cellar's east

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wall.

"I can hear someone in the yard," he told us, in a low voice.

Thump! thump! thump! sounded a familiar peg leg on the outside porch floor. A key turned in the door lock. The door opened.

"It's the Cap'n!" gasped Scoop, clutching my arm.

My shivers were drowned in a flood of bewilderment. For it was indeed Cap'n Tinkham, whom I had carefully helped into bed earlier in the evening. At the time he had been unable to stand on his right leg. And now he was cheerfully humming to himself as he came briskly into the house. I could conceive that in some mysterious way the leg pains had suddenly vanished. But why had he asked me to help him into bed, only to get up again when he was alone? And where had he been?

Knife edges of yellow light appeared in the floor cracks.

"Um . . ." mumbled the returned tenant. "Guess I'll have a cold biscuit a-fore I go to bed," and he pattered across the room.

All in an instant I realized his peril. And I tried to shriek a warning to him to keep out of the pantry. But



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I couldn't make my voice work. It was the sudden scare, I guess.

But Peg had his wits about him. And he jumped for the ladder. The fact that he was running into danger didn't stop him for an instant. He had no fear. He's the bravest kid in Tutter. And the best scrapper. He can play tunes on a comb, too.

There was a sudden scuffle of heavy feet on the rough pantry floor. Then a gurgling scream . . . the dull, sickening thud of a falling body.

Crowding down the fear that gripped me, I sprang up the ladder. Peg was bending over a form on the floor. It was the Cap'n. He lay directly in front of the pantry door. In a pool of blood. And there was blood on his face and head and shoulders.

I went sick to my stomach. For I can't stand the sight of fresh blood. It always upsets me.

But I felt better as soon as Peg told me the pool was catchup.

Yes, sir, the Cap'n had been knocked out by a loaded catchup bottle. And the hunchback had escaped into the night.

I'M pretty smart on the first aid stuff. For I studied up how to do it

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when I was taking my Scout tests. I know how to roll a drowned man on a barrel and how to rescue a smoked lady from a burning building and how to make a person come out of a sun fit and how to make a stretcher for a knocked-out and dragged-around flivver victim.

But the first aid book had said nothing about catchup bottles. And I was puzzled to know whether the Cap'n needed the catchup pumped out of him, as in a drowning case, or whether he needed fresh air pumped into him.

While I stood there undecided, Peg snatched up an old cloth and mopped most of the catchup off the Cap'n's face.

"Now," said he, "someone go over him with a wet towel."

"My haid," groaped the Cap'n, sitting up. "It hurts. An' they's vinegar in my eyes."

"It's catchup," explained Peg. "Don't blink!"

There was a lively howl from the old man in the time his face was being rubbed with the towel.

"How's that?" inquired Peg, squinting into the brown eyes.

"They still smart. An' everything in my haid is goin' 'round an' 'round."

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Like a top. Somethin' hit me. I went to the pantry to git a cold biscuit. An' then something jumped at me. But it wasn't a biscuit. No. Fur it had hair on it."

"It was a catchup bottle," spoke up Peg.

"Yes," the old man nodded, "it was a kaitchup bottle. And it had hair on it."

Twenty minutes later we telephoned to Doc Leland to come quick with his pill case, for the Cap'n was as crazy as a poisoned bedbug. Everything had hair on it. The bedposts and the bureau and even the wallpaper flowers. It was a relief to us when we heard Doc rattle up to the front door in his flivver.

"Well, Cap'n," the newcomer rumbled, "what seems to be the matter with you to-night?"

"It jumped at me," babbled the wild-eyed invalid. "An' it had hair on it."

"He's talking about a catchup bottle," explained Scoop.

"Nonsense," said Doc. "whoever heard of a catchup bottle with hair on it!"

"It jumped at me, it did. Jest like

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this," and the old man made a lunging, clutching motion.

"What jumped at you?"

"A kaitchup bottle. An' it had hair on it."

Doc compressed his lips and wagged his head.

"I've had 'em with snakes," he mumbled, "an' last winter when Miz Higgins had the lumbago she got an idear she was a pullet an' tried to roost on the foot-board. But in all my practice this is the first one to git knocked out by a hairy catchup bottle. What does he mean anyhow?"

We could supply no answer to the riddle. So, with a grunt, Doc set to work examining the bump on the invalid's head.

I was glad when he told us that the injury wasn't serious. For, as a millionaire, I didn't want to have on my conscience the awful thought that in getting rich I had helped to put a man crazy. And it is a fact the catchup accident never would have happened if we hadn't snitched the hunchback's cave egg and worked it off on the Cap'n as a dodo egg, which it was, of course, only we didn't know it at the time.

When the invalid was taken care of,



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Doc shooed us into the kitchen.

"Um . . . This is more serious than I thought," he said, when he had heard our story. "Calc'late I better git the police station on the 'phone right away. For this matter is got to be investigated proper."

Ten minutes later Bill Hadley, the town cop, came heavily into the house. One time when we were Juvenile Jupiter Detectives we helped him solve the mystery of a vanished mummy. So he knows us. And usually he treats us pretty good. But he looked anything but friendly when he heard our story.

"I ought to put the hull kaboodle of you into jail," he roared, in his rough way. "For what you've done here to-night hain't nothin' short of burglary."

"We had to do it," defended Scoop. "It was our only way of saving the egg. We knew if we didn't hide it the hunchback would get it away from us. And we didn't dast take it out of the incubator, because that would spoil the hatching. Can't you see, Bill? We just HAD to borrow the incubator."

I held the lamp while Bill unsuccessfully searched the kitchen for clues. Then he went into the pantry.

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"What's this sticky pail doin' on the floor?" he grunted.

I told him it was the honey pail.

"Evidently our man likes honey," he rumbled. "Fur it's licked clean. Was they much in it?"

"Two-thirds full."

"Um . . . Seems to be the only food he touched. Queer."

After a bit he rounded us up in the parlor.

"I hope you kids are feelin' pretty gritty to-night. Fur I want you to show me the way to this cave where Peg seen the hunchback. That's his hang out, I bet. An' you kin help me arrest him."

It was after eleven when we started for the cave. Bill had a gun and handcuffs. I had a lantern. The others carried clubs.

But the hunchback wasn't there.

I don't know what made me think of looking in the nest where we had found the big egg. But I did. And what I saw there pretty nearly knocked me over backwards.

Another dodo egg!

I yipped to the others to come quick. And it was Red, I think, who discovered the dodo tracks in the sand. We knew then the encyclopedia was wrong

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in telling that the dodo birds were all dead.

Bill was on his knees beside the nest.

"It's lined with hair," he muttered, and held up a handful for examination. Then he turned to us with a queer look on his face.

I knew what was in his mind. He was thinking of the Cap'n's hairy catch-up bottle.

I WAS awakened the following morning by a steady drip! drip! drip! on the porch roof just without my bedroom window.

"It's raining," I told my bedfellow, who was beginning to stir.

"Dog-gone!" cried Scoop, squinting from the window into the dripping outside world. "And this was the day we were going to capture the dodo hen."

"It won't be out to-day," I predicted.

"Queer," he said, "that a dodo hen should be alive through all these years without the encyclopedia people finding out about it. Besides, how did it get here? The dodo country is an island near Africa."

"Maybe it flew across the ocean," I grinned.

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"Rats! A dodo can't fly. It was brought here. It couldn't have gotten here in any other way."

I thought of the hunchback.

"But why," continued Scoop, biting harder on the puzzle, "was it turned loose in our hills?"

"So we could have the fun of capturing it," I told him. "But let's get up," I suggested, kicking the covers.

"Wait a minute. I want to figure this out, if I can. Take the hunchback. I don't believe we've got the right dope on that gink. For in our talk yesterday we said he put the egg in the cave to rejuvenate it. And now we know the egg was laid there by a dodo hen. That being the case, why did the man come to Cap'n Tinkham's house last night to rob our incubator? What is his interest in the hatching egg?"

It was too deep for me.

"Anyhow," concluded Scoop, "we know our incubator egg wasn't rejuvenated, as we thought. So that part of the mystery is cleared up."

I felt foolish in the thought that I had taken stock in the "rejuvenation" theory. What a crazy idea!

"We should have known it was a



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fresh egg," I grumbled. "Otherwise it wouldn't have started to hatch."

As I dressed I was a bit worried in the thought that I would have to face Dad across the breakfast table. I knew he would ask me questions. He always does when I stay out late at night. And I was afraid his questions would compel me to tell things I wanted just then to keep to myself.

You see, I hadn't exactly obeyed him. And that is why I felt so guilty, and so reluctant to face him. He had pointed out to me my mistake in tricking the Cap'n. And as you will remember, I had promised to go to my old friend with a frank confession of my wrongdoing and beg his forgiveness.

But when I had learned that the egg was hatching, I had cunningly decided to keep mum about our joke, though I knew at the time I was breaking my promise to Dad, and deceiving him. But I was sort of greedy to get my hands on the million dollars. That was it - I wanted to be rich. I could think of nothing else but the money. And I had withheld my promised confession because I had been afraid that something would happen to the hatching egg.

Besides, I wanted to bring home the

## THE REJUVENATED EGG

million dollars and surprise Dad. I wanted to see his face light up with pride, and have him pat me on the back and tell me how smart I was. I persistently told myself that everything would be all right with him when I had the money. The wrongs I had done would be overlooked.

But I needn't have been put to any worry about meeting Dad at the breakfast table. For he wasn't in the house. He was at his brick-yard, Mother told me, where they were having trouble with the big cutting machine.

The rain clouds passed away in the time we were eating breakfast, so as soon as the meal was over we picked up Red and joyously headed for Scoop's store, stopping in the police station on the way, where we learned that Cap'n Tinkham had been removed from his home to the Tutter emergency rooms. Bill told us he had made no arrest. And while we were talking about the hunchback Peg came in through the door, lugging a heavy fish net. Then we started for the cave.

Clarks Creek touches the west end of Zulutown. And in crossing the bridge we noticed that the water was clay-colored from the morning's rain. One

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spring the creek was lifted out of its banks by a cloudburst, flooding Zulutown under two feet of dirty churning water. We had fun that day. I fell in twice.

Turning into the dodo ravine we legged it for the cave with our fish net, for the sun had been blotted out by another tumbling storm cloud. And, oh, boy, how it did pour in the next ten minutes.

After the storm we hurriedly got the dodo trap ready. For, as Peg wisely pointed out, it wasn't unlikely that the dodo hen would stagger into the cave any minute under the weight of its eggs and squat on the nest. It was his scheme to keep out of sight and let the dodo get rid of its eggs. Then, before it could make its escape from the cave, we would drop the fish net over the entrance on the outside. Thus trapped in the cave, the hen's final capture would be easy.

But with all of our enthusiastic anticipation, the morning carried through without a sign of the dodo hen. And at noon, we paid Red a dime to go home and coax some sandwiches out of our folks.

"You should see the creek," he told us, upon his return with the food. "It's

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zippy! That last rain filled it to the brim."

"How's the Cap'n?" I inquired quickly, more interested in the condition of my old friend than I was in the churning creek.

"Oh," said Red, "he's all right again. Got a checker game scheduled for this afternoon, so his rival told me. That's where he was last night."

I didn't understand.

"Over at Caleb Obed's house playing checkers," the newsy one explained. "Caleb told me so on the creek bridge. 'But how did he get over to your house with a lame leg?' I quizzed. And Caleb squinted at me and says: 'Lame leg?' 'Didn't he limp when he came into your house?' says I. 'If he did,' says he, 'I didn't notice it.'"

"The leg must have gotten well in a hurry," said Scoop.

"Either that," said Red, puzzled, "or its owner was faking us."

Five o'clock came. Still no signs of the dodo hen.

"Maybe," reflected Peg, "it does its egg laying after dark. So we better stay here all night. I tell you how we'll work it; We'll draw cuts and the one getting the short straw will stay



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here and watch the nest while the rest of us go back to town for blankets and eats."

I can't say I was tickled when I drew the short straw. But I didn't grumble.

LEFT alone in the dodo cave, with a promise from my chums that they would hurry back to keep me company, I became suddenly conscious of a deeper silence in the shaded ravine. I wondered at this, apprehensive-like, till a tongue of lightning came out of the darkening horizon. Then I understood.

Once, as I walked a short distance from the cave, I heard a voice at the upper end of the ravine. It was Mr. Stoneburner calling his cows. He has a big clay pit on his farm, and often I go there with Dad, who buys the clay by the ton. Bobby and Betty Stoneburner are good kids to play with.

Driven into the darkened cave by the storm, I thought of the dodo hen. Was it likely to come to the nesting place in this storm? I didn't like the thought of capturing it alone. I didn't know how big it was or what it might do to me. It would be better, I concluded, looking out for myself, to dig for town as soon as the storm let up. Anyway, I

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had had enough of dodo trapping.

It was now pitch dark outside. I could hear the water tumbling down the ravine. And it was this, I guess, that brought the town creek into my mind. Not since the last flood had we had such a downpour. And I knew well enough what was likely to happen to Zulutown within the next hour or two.

Then in the leap of my thoughts I went cold. For I suddenly realized Humpty-Dumpty's peril. He was in the path of the probable flood. The water would fill the cellar, snuffing out the incubator lamp. Thus chilled in the shell, Humpty's heart beats would come slower and slower. Finally the heart action would cease altogether. And that would be the end of him . . . the end of my dream of owning a million dollars. Still, there was a chance to rescue him.

With no thought of the storm, I tumbled from the cave and started for town. I don't know how long I was on the way. Crossing the bridge into Zulutown, the flood's heavy current caught me about the legs. But I kept on. I got into the Cap'n's house through the east window. A fearful roar came out of the cellar. It was the water pouring in.

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I didn't stop to find a foothold on the ladder, I just clung to the sides and slid. Landing waist deep, I made a lunge for the incubator. And in another moment I had a grip on Humpty-Dumpty. I held him out of the water, which had risen to my shoulders.

I managed to get back to the ladder and lifted myself out of the water into the kitchen. Humpty-Dumpty's condition put a worry into me. He was cold and sticky. I realized I must get him warmed up in a jiffy, or he would have a fatal turn.

So I got busy with cobs and kerosene and built a fire in the kitchen stove. And when the oven was hot I wrapped a towel around Humpty and chucked him inside.

Now was a good time for me to dry my clothes, I thought. Half undressed, I suddenly went stock-still. I had heard no one; but nevertheless I knew someone was watching me. Deep in the darkness without the kitchen window was a hidden, sinister face, the eagle eyes of which were hotly boring holes through me as I stood before the fire in my shirt tail.

I realized my danger. I was likely to lose my life. For the villainous

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hunchback, desperate in his determination to recover the million-dollar egg, would kill me, as he would a bothersome mosquito, if I stood in his way. I didn't want to die. My life was worth more to me than a million dollars. So I blew out the lamp and whipped my one hundred and thirteen pounds into the pantry as quick as scat.

There was a dead silence. Then I heard footfalls. It was the hunchback cautiously tiptoeing into the house.

SPLASH!

I let go of a startled gurgling cry. For I hadn't expected to hear a sound like that. Then, in a flash, I understood. I had forgotten to close the trapdoor. And in the darkness the hunchback had fallen into the water-filled cellar.

Darting from the pantry, I slammed down the trapdoor. I did it quick. Then, panting and shaking and half scared out of my wits, I fell flat on my stomach. For the trapdoor had no latch on the upper side. The only way I could keep it closed on my prisoner was to hold it down with my weight.

I could hear the hunchback splashing in the water, which had risen to within a foot of the kitchen floor. But



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he gave no outcry. That was queer, I thought. Then the awful thought came to me that his lungs were filling with water and he could not yell. I didn't want him to die in the cellar. For if he drowned, I would be a murderer. Still, I didn't dast to let him out. For if I did that he would murder me.

I suddenly noticed the stove's open draft and red-hot lids. Gee-miny crickets! My million-dollar egg would be baked to a crisp if I didn't snatch it out of the oven. I started for the stove. But I got back to the trapdoor in a jiffy when I heard the hinges creak.

Gosh! I never was in a fix like that before. You can see what I was up against. If I momentarily got off the trapdoor, thus permitting the hunchback to escape from the cellar, I would be murdered. And if I didn't immediately get Humpty-Dumpty out of the burning oven I would lose my million-dollars.

I had a bigger job than I could handle alone. So I promptly yipped for help. And maybe you think I wasn't glad when I got an answering cry.

"I've got him captured," I screeched, when my rescuers came in through the window. "I've got him shut in the

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cellar."

Then I pulled up the trapdoor, for I had no fear of the captured hunchback now that I had help. And what do you know if I didn't find myself staring, dumbfounded-like, into the mournful dripping face of a big brown bear.

Well, there isn't much more to tell. As Scoop says our queer adventure really ended with the capture of the tame bear. Its name was Beppo, and it belonged to the hunchback, who was a gypsy. He came into town the following day and took the performing bear away with him. But first he made it do its tricks. It was a pretty smart bear.

And our dodo egg? Well, it wasn't a real egg, after all. It was a hunk of baked clay. I found that out when I dropped it on the floor after having rescued it from the oven. It broke into a dozen pieces. And when I saw what was inside of it . . .

Well, I haven't been very thick with the old Cap'n since he played that trick on us. Still, I guess we deserved what we got handed to us. For we started it.

Maybe I should write down in conclusion that it was Bobby and Betty Stoneburner who put the two clay eggs

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in the cave nest, which they had lined with hair from one of their cow's tails. I don't know why they did it, unless they had been reading about Mr. Andrews' five - thousand - dollar dinosaur egg. They're great kids to make up games.

We wondered how the Cap'n had tumbled to our joke. And when we found out, Scoop felt pretty cheap. The final paragraph of the Humpty-Dumpty letter, which invited the egg hatcher to send his photo to Chicago, was the flaw in our scheme. Scoop thought it was smart to put that in the letter. He never dreamed that the Cap'n would actually send one of his photos to Chicago. But that is exactly what the old gilly did. And when the package came back to him stamped "No such address" he immediately suspected that he had been tricked. Learning the truth about the incubator egg, he craftily made an egg of his own - a purring egg with a watch inside of it - and the story of a lame leg was just a stall to get us to do his housework while he took it easy. That was HIS idea of a clever joke.

No telling how long he would have let us slave for him. He intended keeping it up. But I guess he couldn't have fooled us many days. For we're

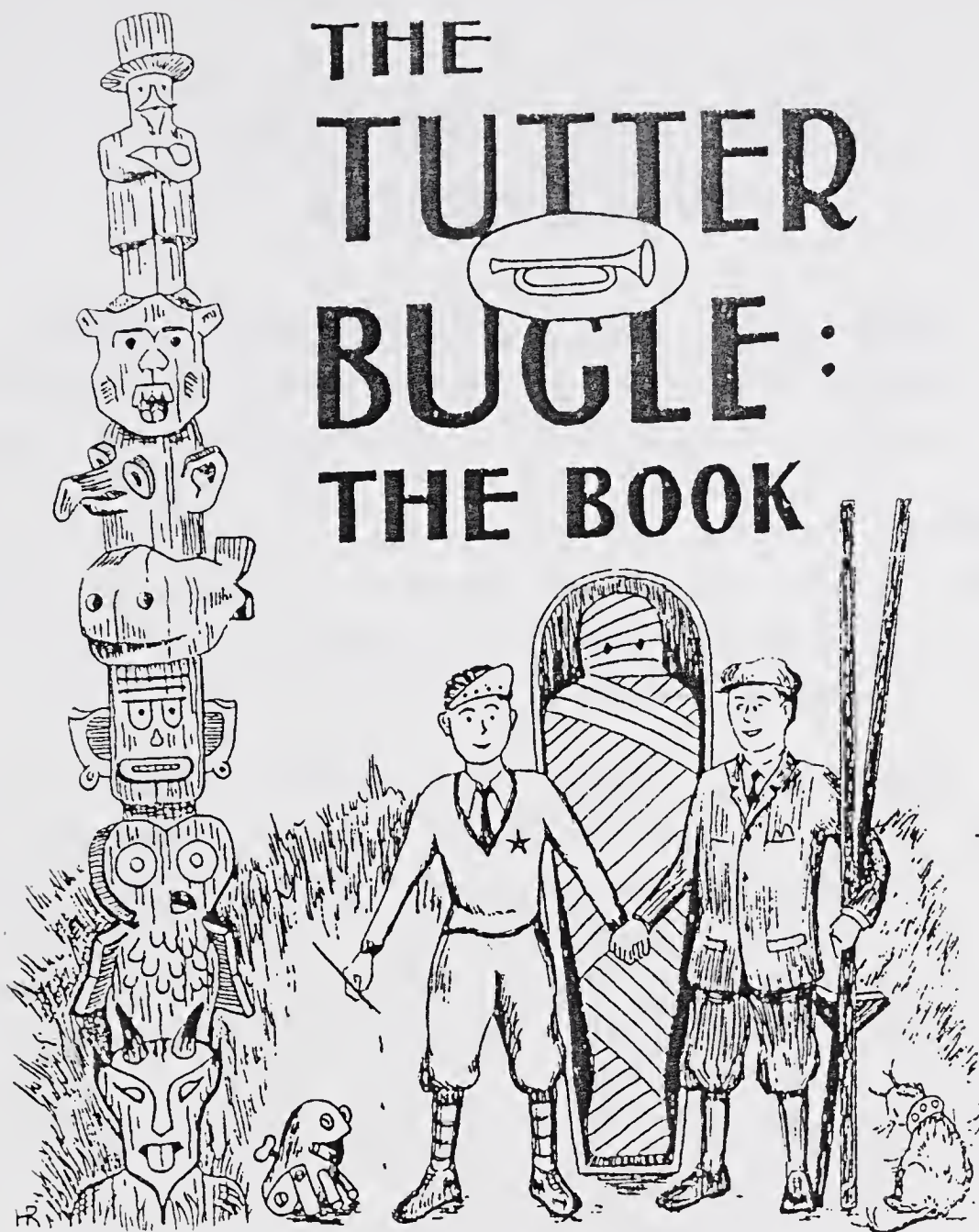
## THE REJUVENATED EGG

pretty smart.

THE END

Don't forget - Coming soon, JERRY  
TODD AND THE WIZARD'S SPELL! Watch for  
it!





## THE TUTTER BUGLE, THE BOOK

A Biography and Bibliography about Leo Edwards (Edward Edson Lee) including articles, his short stories and serials. For price write: Robert L. Johnson, 317 Pittsburg Avenue, Bisbee, AZ 85603-1238. Please include a SASE. (520)432-2401.

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School

ELK ST

Parrot  
house

Scoop's house

old  
warmly  
house

Short St.

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Dock

# Canada

Fourth  
Quay

Cement Mill

# MAP OF



Road to Ashtown →



Depot



Chicago and Rock Island R.R.

Street

Poppy's  
Pickle  
Parlor

Street

Factory district

Main

Street

church

Canal

Old  
Carriage factory



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